

CORONET

SEPTEMBER

25c



How should Germany pay for the War?

Read famed biographer Emil Ludwig's answer . . .

THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY



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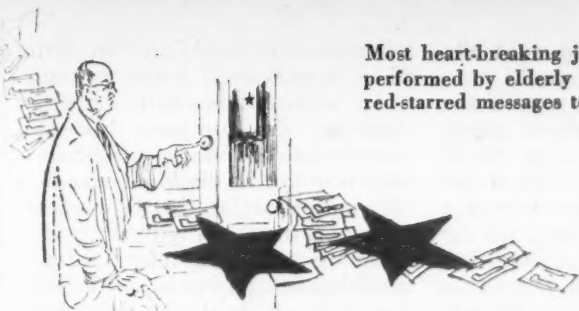
Cover Girl If raven-haired, luscious Dusty Anderson hadn't won a \$400 banknight sweepstake, she might never have left the Middlewest for New York, or been hired by Harry Conover, the model-man, or been chosen to appear in the movie *Cover Girl* or become the dream dolly of half the U.S. Army and Navy. Lucky for her she did, and lucky for Coronet readers that Zoltan Farkas caught this fetching picture of her for our cover. We hope you like it half as well as Dusty says she likes Marines.

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Most heart-breaking job on the home front is performed by elderly men who carry the grim red-starred messages to fighters' loved ones



The War Department Regrets . . .

by VICTOR BOESEN

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TO THE WAR and Navy Departments, few urgencies among human considerations of the times are more important than the certain, speedy and proper delivery to relatives of messages pertaining to loved ones in the armed forces. At the nation's entry into war, Western Union became the quasi-official notification agency for distributing the word which, to the family of the man involved, is of far more immediate interest than the rise and fall of nations.

Certain procedures were agreed upon under which delivery of each casualty telegram would be treated as a message to Garcia, and the shock of its receipt made as gentle as possible. To these original rules more are being added from the lessons of experience. It was soon learned, for example, that delivery late at night kept people awake in a sorrow that could just as well be spared them until morning. The military departments therefore ordered that no deliveries be made between the hours of ten at night and seven in the morning.

The uppermost concern always is

to be kind, and the essence of this compassion is expressed in the company's instructions to its messengers: "Your contribution in lessening the sorrow can be exemplified by the care and consideration accorded these messages. Give each casualty message the same painstaking handling you would want it to have if it were addressed to you."

Delivery must be in written form, and never by mail or telephone save in exceptional circumstances. If the addressee lives in the country, or any other place not regularly served by telegraph, a special messenger, such as a rural mail carrier off duty, is carefully selected for the task; and any extra charges for this service must never be collected from the recipient but are made good by fixed arrangement with the Washington senders.

A variant of this procedure for handling remote deliveries is to telephone the message to someone in the neighborhood of the addressee: the postmaster, garage man, storekeeper, druggist; and he, in turn, is instructed to take the message down on paper before delivering

it, telling the recipient that the original will follow by mail.

If the first messenger reports the person not at the address given, Washington is checked to see if there has been an error in transmission. Then a second or even a third messenger is sent out, on the theory that resourcefulness differs among individuals. All these failing, the message progresses through the look-up clerk at the branch office handling the wire, the main office look-up clerk, who has numerous directories at his disposal; the manager of the delivery department, and finally it goes to the city superintendent, who is a sort of Scotland Yard man taking over an assignment after provincial detectives have failed.

A message came into a Los Angeles branch one day directed to the mother of a paratrooper killed in Italy. The mother had moved from the address given, and all efforts to find her came to nothing. When the search had graduated to the downtown office, the superintendent consulted the city directory. This gave the address in hand but added the clue that the dead man had been a "messenger." Perhaps a messenger for Western Union? He had indeed, some 15 years before, and from the record of his employment a lead was found which led to his mother.

In the course of the progression from branch office to main office, draft and rationing boards serving the neighborhood of the address are called upon. Inquiries are made at the local school, the fire and police stations, stores, the post office, any other source which might have knowledge of the person's

whereabouts. Sometimes an entire block is canvassed house to house.

In seeking the help of other agencies, the company has cautioned that the nature of the message is not to be disclosed except as this may stimulate better cooperation, and then only with the understanding that the information is confidential and not to be discussed lest it reach its destination ahead of the official notice.

If all measures fail at the moment, there is still hope from the advertising which thorough inquiry gives to a quest. Often this is rewarded by voluntary clues from persons who hear of the search afterward. In Los Angeles, following a hunt in which every doorbell for a block in all directions from the address listed had been rung, someone phoned in the information wanted. People who ordinarily are slow to bestir themselves usually are anxious to help when the message has to do with a war casualty.

THE SAME emphasis given to finding a person is placed upon the manner in which the telegram is delivered into his hands. Before setting out with a casualty telegram, the regular messenger is told that it pertains to someone in the military service overseas so that, though remaining outwardly impersonal and hinting nothing of the wire's contents before it is opened, he will be alert to any reaction in which he may be helpful. But he is cautioned not to intrude himself and to withdraw at once if he senses that he is not wanted. Most people resent the presence of strangers at these times, which is why no arrangement has been made with

such groups as the Red Cross, the American Legion or the clergy to accompany messengers on these deliveries.

Every casualty message is stamped with two red stars in front of the address, which means that the messenger must obtain a signature for its receipt. Thus, he is forbidden to place it under the door or in the mail chute if no one answers the door. He will leave a notice telling of the wire and return it to the office.

Such notices are usually responded to by telephone, and the caller invariably asks that it be read to him. To do so is forbidden, unless circumstances indicate this to be a wiser course than making the caller wait until physical delivery can be made. Usually such exceptions are allowed only in the case of men.

One day a woman called the Hollywood branch in response to a notice left on her door. She identified herself as the grandmother of a boy in the service from that household who previously had been reported missing. She sensed that this second telegram would confirm their worst fears, and insisted that it be read to her over the phone, "before my daughter comes home. I can take it, she can't," she said. Her voice was firm. "Is he dead?"

The woman at Western Union who had taken the call hesitated. She had known the shock of personal tragedy in her own life. "Are you alone?" she inquired.

"Yes, but it's all right."

The grandmother was then told as gently as possible, "You won't have to worry about him any longer."

Similarly there are times when

the rule against late night delivery may be broken. Not all telegrams relating to war casualties bring bad news. A message arrived at the Hollywood office after the delivery deadline one night, but it told a mother that her son was a prisoner of Germany. The staff correctly deduced that a "missing" notice had previously gone to the mother and that therefore this news would be a relief.

It was 11 o'clock by the time a messenger got out to the house. The mother, an aircraft worker, was asleep but she was tearfully happy to be aroused for the news that her son was alive. For five weeks she had known only that he was missing.

Much of how a casualty message is put into the next of kin's hands necessarily rests with the messenger, who is expected to use his good sense when the situation, as often happens, is outside those anticipated by prepared rules. People seldom react alike to the impact of grief. Their responses run the whole gamut of emotions. A Hollywood mother, receiving the news that her son was dead, crushed the paper in her hand and looking beyond the messenger, said, "If it hadn't been my son, it would have been some other mother's."

Family members who take the news easiest, some messengers have concluded, are the war brides. Perhaps this is because there isn't time for the relationship to ripen before the young husbands go off to war. Often, no doubt, theirs is the grief too deep for tears. One young wife, having read the fatal telegram, stood bewildered a few moments, then quietly asked the

messenger to accompany her to her mother's house next door.

Hardest hit on the whole, despite the company's deference to women, are the men. Typical was the reaction of a casualty's brother, who turned pale and began to shake violently as he took the wire at the door. The messenger asked him to look after his mother, who was coming forward from a rear room, but in the end it was the mother who took care of the brother.

When a man receives bad news, according to the observations of one messenger, he turns to a woman for support. The moment a father sees the two red stars through the window of the envelope, he cries out for mother, even though the woman is his wife. "When a man's in trouble," says this observer, "his wife is his mother."

The work calls for ready resourcefulness in the messenger, and for this reason the older men who stepped into the breach throughout Western Union's system after the youngsters disappeared into uniform or factory, have worked out

advantageously for this grim task.

Called "couriers" and wearing no uniforms, these men are up to 70 years old. They emerged from pensioned retirement, or are taking time out from business or profession for a few hours each day in order to have a part in the common struggle. Most have sons or grandsons in the service.

These men may not get around so fast, but the company values their mature experience as something quite as important as speed in the handling of casualty messages. Unlike youngsters, they have experienced the meaning of grief and are as touched by the pain of it in others as if it were their own. In one courier's words—"When people read these things, there's a look comes into their eyes that haunts me even after I'm back at the office."

It is something of this same feeling in the military departments and Western Union which has moved them to make it as easy as possible for those learning that they have paid war's greatest cost.

Helping Hand

SOME MONTHS AGO, an article appeared in *Coronet* called *Miracle Man of Virginia Beach*. It was the story of Mr. Edgar Cayce and his amazing diagnoses of the physical ailments of persons he had never seen, given during a trance-like sleep.

Not long afterwards, the mother of a boy in the South Pacific received a letter from her son suggesting that she send to Mr. Cayce for a reading on her incurable illness.

"I read about him not long ago in some magazine," concluded the boy, "but I can't remember which one."

When the letter arrived, the article, neatly torn from *Coronet*, was enclosed with a penciled note: "Compliments of the censor."

—MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO



"Me stand still! I gotta fracture myself," Joan Davis, radio's top comedienne, yelled when ether experts tried to calm her down

One Woman Mirthquake

by SIDNEY CARROLL

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COMEDIENNE in America today is a long-legged lady with big hands, big feet, and a set of permanently strained vocal chords. She has a neck like a swan and a nose like a duck. Her name is Joan Davis. She makes 35 hundred a week on the radio and 75 thousand per motion picture. Last year Miss Davis, who sometimes refers to herself as "gopher puss," made four pictures. This year she will make the same number. Which all adds up to a neat sum, even after income taxes are subtracted.

The last time Mr. Crossley and his statisticians figured up their ratings for radio shows, they discovered that Miss Davis's radio program is the third most popular on the air. Only Fibber McGee and Molly, and Bob Hope are ahead of her.

To be third in Mr. Crossley's ratings is distinction enough, but to be third and to be a woman is a phenomenal paradox. It may be argued that Molly of the Fibber McGee show is up there in the Number One spot, but in the world

of radio that sort of argument doesn't count. Molly McGee is 50 per cent, more or less, of a team. Joan Davis's show is 100 per cent Joan Davis. The popularity of the program is due solely to her.

There are other points of interest about this 31-year-old veteran who likes to make jokes about her own physique and physiognomy. She is the first comedienne who ever conquered the films first and then shot to the top in radio. There have been dozens of movie-made comediennes who tried to scale the really rarefied heights of radio. The only one who ever got there is this gangling dame, with a voice like a neurotic banshee.

Speaking of her nose, Joan says: "I went to a plastic surgeon to get my nose tilted upward. Now every time I sneeze my hat blows off." On the subject of her legs: "What a nerve that fresh corporal had, saying my legs looked like match sticks! I guess I told him! They might look like sticks, but they don't match!" As to her general physique she opines: "When I play the flute I put everything I have

into it. And with my shape I can just make it." Her voice? That may be the result of heredity. Her father is a train dispatcher in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Although La Davis has been on the stage since she was seven, she didn't break into the national scene until eight years ago when she made her first picture. It was altogether fitting and proper that the man who brought Joan to the screen was Mack Sennett. She was an immediate success in films because she had two remarkable accomplishments—a trick of aiming a punch at an opponent, missing the mark, landing on her own jaw, and knocking herself out. She could also do the greatest pratt-falls ever seen on stage or screen.

Another sure-fire trick was the knack of walking nonchalantly across a floor, suddenly missing her footing, wobbling around for a few hazardous moments like a stork on roller skates, and then lighting on her tender portions with all the *élan* and all the impact of a wet towel hitting the concrete. Both made movie audiences howl with laughter and fall in love with her in the same convulsion.

Miss Davis was something new under the sun. There had been many masculine pratt-fall artists on the screen—but never a female one. As a matter of fact, her whole approach to the subject of comedy was a masculine one. She never had any respect for proper feminine deportment. She threw her skinny frame around with a wild abandon; her hands and feet were always off to the wars. She looked and acted like a dangling monkey on a stick.

Her husband, Si Wills, who is

never called by his real first name (which happens to be Serenus) used to be her partner in vaudeville. He has his own explanation of Joan's technique. "Never did see a gal who thinks and acts so much like a man," he says. "She has a man's sense of timing and comedy."

Serenus Wills knows something about comedy himself. When the team of Wills and Davis first got together in vaudeville Joan played straight and Si carried the comedy. But it didn't take friend husband long to realize who was getting the laughs. It was he who switched their positions and made Joan the comic relief of the act. They did all right as a vaudeville team, too, making as high as 15 hundred dollars a week.

These days Si Wills, quiet and modest, fits perfectly into the million-dollar corporation which has grown up around his wife. He writes her radio scripts, tailor-made, of course, to Joan's technique, the measure of which nobody knows better than Si Wills. What with top-notch radio writers at a tremendous premium these days, Mrs. Wills is extremely lucky to be married to one of the best.

EVERY RADIO act has a sort of *leitmotif*. Radio entertainers have discovered this one great fact: to be funny is not enough—there must be a theme, a steady formula, for their antics. Joan Davis's formula is one that seems to have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of millions. She is Juliet, perpetually in search of her true Romeo. Every man she meets on the airplanes is "the only man she's ever loved." And she, the predatory member of

the twosome, is the one who always makes the love.

The men who come in and out of her radio life are insensitive to her charms. They slap her on the back, make remarks about her bow legs and her face, and pay her the same sort of compliments one might pay Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy. Undaunted, Joan goes right on persevering loveward. All her radio patter is designed along these lines. "Life," she says, "is just one handsome man after another. If I can't get one, I go after another." On the airplanes, marriage is always on her mind. "Just the other day," she cackles to her audience, "I asked a handsome fellow to get married. The very next day he married one of the nicest girls you'd ever want to meet."

This is her formula, and 35 million fans a week never fail to find it hysterically funny.

IT SOMETIMES takes a comic a long while to find a radio formula. It took Joan Davis no time at all. She had made a great many movies before she ever appeared on radio and in her movie parts she always played the man-crazy sidekick of the heroine, the ugly-duckling pal with no man of her own. Consequently, when Rudy Vallee hired her to make a guest appearance on his radio show in 1941 there was no real question as to what she would be required to do. She would do exactly what she had been doing all along on the screen. She would try to hog-tie and hamstring a man. That man, naturally, would be Rudy Vallee.

Joan's first appearance on the Vallee program was something of

an historic event for everybody concerned, including the radio listening public. She made a tremendous hit. As a result of it she was hired to make four more guest appearances. After that series came another four. And the second four led to a 16-week contract.

When that was up, there was only one thing the sponsors could do—they hired her as a permanent member of the show.

Vallee and John Barrymore had been carrying the honors. Their duet became a triangle when Joan Davis entered the scene. That triangle turned out to be a perfectly balanced comic set-up, one of the few such precise balances a radio show has ever attained. There was Vallee playing a pompous master of ceremonies. There was Barrymore—aging, fading, snorting and magnificent. And there was Davis, who was like an adolescent with overgrown hormones and a screaming passion for Vallee.

They did some fine things together. Between Barrymore and Davis there was a deep, mutual admiration. Barrymore used to watch her during rehearsals, and say, "You are, my dear, the funniest woman in the world."

When Barrymore died and Vallee went into the Coast Guard, Sealtest officials, the sponsors of the program, didn't quite know what to do. They were urged to turn the program over to the one remaining member of the trio—Joan Davis. But at the same time they were reminded of the fact that no single female comic ever had attained the heights in radio, and that even though Miss Davis was undoubtedly a popular item on the show there

was no guessing just how much of the program's popularity was due directly to her. Without Vallee and Barrymore, just how far could she go? The Sealtest people eventually took a long chance and plumped the whole show in her lap. Since that auspicious event the sponsors have discovered just how far Miss Davis, on her own, could go.

In a poll recently conducted among 600 radio editors, Joan Davis was elected "Queen of Comedy." In other words, she is the most popular comedienne in America today.

THERE ARE many reasons why the funny ladies of the screen find it so difficult to transfer their talents to radio. The fundamental one, of course, is that radio technique and movie technique are worlds apart. A comic who has spent a lifetime learning to make her voice and her body blend into one inseparable style usually finds it impossible to forget her body and concentrate on her voice. The feeling she gets in front of a mike is very much the feeling of standing in a straitjacket.

On the face of it, that transition from the visual to the purely auditory would seem to be particularly tough for Joan Davis, as she happens to be an eye, ear, nose and throat actress. She is a born "mugger." She acts with her face, her feet, her hips, her fingernails, and her tonsils. She is the kinetic, or cuckoo, type, who cannot say "Good morning" without throwing herself into a contortion.

When she was first brought into a radio studio and played in front of a microphone the experts, as usual, told her to forget everything but

her voice. "Remember," they warned, "Nobody sees you over the air. They only hear you. No acrobatics, please." But Miss Davis, for the first time in recorded radio history, refused to do an act that way.

"If I can't move," she exploded, "I can't talk."

The experts tried to straitjacket her. They couldn't. They discovered soon enough that what she had told them was true: if she couldn't move she couldn't talk. "My God!" she wailed. "Me stand still? I gotta fracture myself! I gotta destroy myself!" So the experts finally shrugged their shoulders and let her destroy herself every time she said a word over the air. Much to nobody's surprise—but the experts'—Joan Davis has become the sensation of the airwaves.

There are explanations for it, of course, and one of them is that Miss Davis's voice—under any circumstances—is a funny voice. In the second place, her material is good. In the third place—and this is a fact for the experts to ponder—when Miss Davis went on the air she spoke to an audience of millions who already knew what she looked like in the movies. They knew all her goofy gymnastics by heart. When they hear the Davis voice they visualize the Davis antics.

Strangely enough the Joan Davis of real life is very little like the Joan Davis of stage, screen and radio. She is calm, relaxed, and (in spite of all her remarks to the contrary) good-looking. She wears her clothes with a particular flair and they are made by Adrian, one of Hollywood's top designers.

She lives in a handsome Colonial home with her husband and their

11-year-old daughter, Beverly. She has a passion for bright colors. The interior of her home is decked out in purples, yellows and assorted shades of peach.

For relaxation Joan plays the violin. Off-stage, her conversation is casual, but many of her casual remarks have been saved for posterity by zealous admirers. They tell of the time she looked at an actor who was obviously trying to wrestle with a hangover. His eyes were very bloodshot. She leaned over and whispered to a friend, "If he doesn't close his eyes he'll bleed to death."

In real life, Joan is a shy person. Only when the stage lights are turned on and there is a camera or an audience in front of her do the demons seem to take possession of her. Once, during the Vallee days, after weeks and weeks of build-up, she was supposed to kiss Vallee.

Vallee bent over the microphone to make the usual sound effect with his mouth and his hands. "None of that!" yelled Joan. "I've waited a year for this!" And she twisted Vallee into a half Nelson while she kissed him, literally and loudly.

Gradually, as her star continues to rise, she sees herself getting closer and closer to the fulfillment of her main ambition, that of forgetting all the pratt-falls, all the fractures, and sinking her teeth into a serious role. "One thing about my career," she says, "I've never been the victim of a good script. What I want to do is something where I don't have to destroy myself to prove that I'm funny." But as she says this, her shoulders commence to pitch in the inimitable convulsive movement, her fists clench in the Davis manner, and in the serious effort to put her point across Joan almost fractures herself.

Private Worlds

■ IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Massachusetts, an aged sea skipper was giving court testimony in an automobile accident case:

"I was hauling clear of my gateway to the norrard when I raised this fellow bearing down on me. I should say he was easily logging 40 knots. I put my wheel down hoping to clear him, but I hung in the wind just long enough to bring him abreast and he took me under the quarter. You can see where he stove me in and was all bunged up forrard himself. Trouble was, he didn't shorten down when he was making my driveway, and even then if he'd kept off a little, he'd 'uve gone astern of me."

—MILTON BACON

■ AFTER AN ABSENCE of many years, old Uncle Ben returned to his home town and dropped in at his family doctor's office seeking relief from an "ailment." The physician ran down a long list of questions about the old man's health, and finally inquired, "How are your kidneys, Uncle Ben?"

The patient brightened perceptibly and answered in a proud voice, "Well, Doc, they is all grown up now and most of 'em married and got families."

—WILLARD OWEN

■ PRAYER OF AN advertising man's child: "Give us this day our daily, golden krust, slo-baked, vitamin-enriched bread."

—Lincoln AM

The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



H E HAD JUST bought a cigar in a general merchandise store, and immediately proceeded to light it.

"Didn't you notice the sign?" asked the clerk.

"What!" exploded the customer. "You sell cigars in here, but prohibit smoking!"

The clerk smiled sweetly. "We also sell bath towels."

—MRS. A. D. CUTSHALL
Washington, D. C.

DURING A RECENT battle in Italy, the commanding officer shouted to his men. "The Germans are coming. We're outnumbered four to one, so do your stuff, men."

Old Joe, a Kentucky mountaineer, began to blaze away with his gun. After five minutes of steady firing, he stopped, leaned his rifle against a rock and lit a cigarette.

"What's the matter, there?" yelled the officer.

"Heck, Sir," replied Joe. "I got my four."

—GLORIA SLAPPEY
Park Ridge, N. J.

A BUM APPROACHED a prosperous-looking fellow on the street and asked for half a dollar for something to eat. "Tell you what I'll do," said the gentleman. "I'll buy you a drink."

"No, I don't drink," persisted the down-and-outer. "Just give me 50 cents to get something to eat!"

"Here, have a cigar," offered the other.

"All I want is a bite to eat," pleaded the panhandler. "No cigar."

"Look," offered the man with the dough. "I know some nice girls. I'll

phone and make a date and we can have some fun!"

"Please, mister," begged the bum. "All I want is half a buck to get something to eat."

"Okay," the fellow finally said, "I'll give you the 50 cents, if you'll come home with me!"

"Why should I go home with you?" asked the moocher.

"Because I want to show my wife what happens to men who don't drink, smoke or go out with women!"

—AL CROSS
Hollywood, Calif.

G EORGE WAS A remarkable old man. Janitor of a large apartment building, he was always cheerful, shuffling from one job to another with a grin on his kindly face.

"These people are always calling you, complaining and wanting something done, George," a tenant commented one day. "How do you keep everyone pleased and still have that smile on your face?"

"Well, boss," chuckled George, "I just puts my mind in neutral and let's 'em push me around."

—MARIANNE JOHNSTON
Atlanta, Georgia

R UDOLPH SPRECKELS was once registering at a fashionable California hotel. When the clerk saw the signature, he exclaimed with pleasure:

"Oh, Mr. Spreckels, you will want the Rose Suite, I am sure, and it is available today."

"I'm afraid I prefer something less expensive," demurred the guest.

"But, Mr. Spreckels," protested the

clerk, "your son always occupies the Rose Suite when he is here."

"My son has a rich dad," returned Spreckels. "I am not so fortunate."

—S. K. AUSTIN
Chicago, Ill.

THE FORT WAS in Santa Monica, and the beautiful Pacific was its front yard. A new bunch of recruits from Texas arrived, and the second day found them in for a swim.

A native son strolled over to one lad sunning on the beach and asked, "Is this the first time you've seen the Pacific?"

"Nope," drawled the unimpressed Texan. "I saw it yesterday."

—S/SGT. GILBERT HURT
New York, N. Y.

IT WAS a rather dull day, and the two little sardines were swimming aimlessly about in San Diego Bay. In a bored tone, one of the sardines suggested that they go up to San Francisco for the weekend.

"Oh, no," objected his companion. "It's much too long a swim to San Francisco."

"We could make the trip on the train," ventured the first sardine.

"What!" shouted the second, "and be jammed in like a couple of soldiers!"

—WILLIAM H. ANDREWS
Camp Cooke, Calif.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRIDE, noted for her pungent remarks, had frequently caused her highly conservative husband no end of embarrassment. Just before an ultra-ultra dinner engagement, he attempted to remedy the situation tactfully. "My dear," he admonished gently, "instead of carrying on a conversation in your usual sprightly manner, just try saying, 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Really' and 'Is that so?'"

Seated next to a bishop, the bride valiantly carried out her husband's instructions. The churchman, a bit puzzled, turned finally and, struck by

her unusual beauty, remarked slowly, "You look like an old painting."

That was too much for the bride. Her restraint evaporated and she snapped back, "Is that so! Well, you don't look so damned hot yourself!"

—MARGE MORRIS
Chicago, Ill.

PAT LOVED HIS nightly snifters, but he was trying to rid himself of the habit. The main thing which stood in his way was the tavern he had to pass every night en route home.

One evening, however, he plucked up enough will power to pass it without stopping. A few blocks farther on his long face lit up with a smile. "Well done, Pat, me boy," he said to himself. "Come back and I'll treat ye."

—WALTER J. BARTOZEK
Chicago, Ill.

THE SAILOR WAS relating his hair-raising experiences aboard a torpedoed ship. The dear little lady was listening wide-eyed.

"An' there I sees a torpedo, lady, headin' straight for us."

"Oh, dear," she gasped. "I do hope it was one of ours!" —BOBBIE BISHOP
Paris, Tex.

A STRANDED ENGLISH actor went into a sordid eating house in New York for a cheap meal. He was horrified to recognize his waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You—a waiter—in this place!"

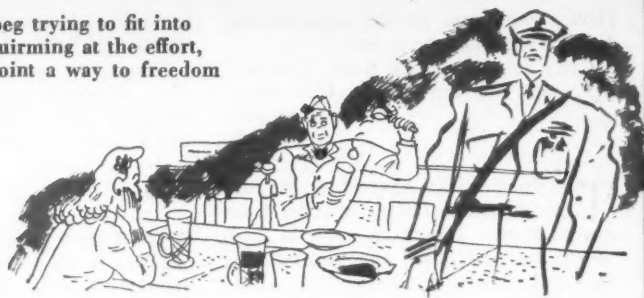
"Yes," replied the other in dignified scorn, "but I don't eat here."

—RUBY HENDERSON
College Mound, Mo.

Changing Your Address?

Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

If you are a square peg trying to fit into a round hole, and squirming at the effort, Psychodrama may point a way to freedom



Act Your Troubles Away

by GRETTA PALMER

THE BOY who passed out sodas at the corner drugstore in your town may have been a timid, stuttering young man who was always giving you chocolate when you asked for vanilla. A dope, you all said, doomed to certain failure.


Then he was drafted and went shuffling off to camp. The town forgot about him. And now—to everyone's astonishment—word has come back that the shy, incompetent boy has risen to the rank of captain and piled up a breath-taking war record. They say he will be decorated for signal bravery under fire.

What happened? Psychiatrists would say that the drug clerk, as you knew him, was tense and unhappy because he was living a life which didn't give scope to his real abilities. As soon as Selective Service shifted him to a stage on which he could play out his desired role of a soldier, he became a happy and successful man.

There are many such cases today, and they are enlightening examples of what less drastic changes of environment might do for the rest of

us, according to Dr. J. L. Moreno, the psychiatrist who has introduced a radically new treatment of mental ills to the scientific world. His method—the *psychodrama*—is based on the belief that each of us has a deep longing to play certain roles in life. If our situation is such that it limits and restricts us to parts we do not enjoy playing, we are rebellious failures. If we were suddenly moved to a new environment and given a chance to live out some other role, we might quickly become happy, well-adjusted men and women. The psychodrama allows the patient to experiment with different roles and to discover his latent longings and capacities. Then the environment can be changed to allow for the development of the most powerful roles.

The psychodrama is more than a device for helping the unhappy to adjust themselves to life. It is based on a radically new conception of psychiatry, and some serious students believe that Dr. Moreno's work marks the greatest forward step taken in this field since Sigmund Freud. In Beacon Hill Sani-



tarium at Beacon, New York, in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington and at the Psychodramatic Institute in New York City the psychodramatic theatre is used to diagnose and help patients who range from the deeply insane to the completely normal. Such physicians as Dr. W. A. White, former president of the American Psychiatric Association and Dr. Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins have expressed interest in the development.

How does the psychodrama work? Suppose that a man or woman is unhappy in marriage and contemplating a divorce. For instance, let us say you are a man who wishes to marry another woman, but you are deeply distressed over the pain you are causing your wife, and are bewildered because you know you used to love her. What has happened, through the years, to bring you to such a situation?

You visit one of the psychodramatic theatres and propound the problem. You are asked to bring your wife with you, if possible; later the "other woman" will be brought to the theatre, for another session. At some date all three of you may appear.

You and your wife are asked to step onto a low stage in a small auditorium. No one is present except the doctor in charge of your case and a few trained assistants. You and your wife are asked to re-live some situation which is currently on your minds—your last disagreeable quarrel, the moment when you proposed, the crisis when your wife discovered you no longer loved her—any scene will do. For the purpose of this re-enactment is not to give the psychi-

atrist data on what has happened between you and your wife, but to let him see, in action, how the two personalities interact. When you throw yourself spontaneously into your roles, with the doctor's permission to say whatever comes into your mind, you may reveal extraordinary feelings and longings which will surprise yourself, as much as it surprises your wife.

Strange confessions have been made on the stage of the psychodramatic theatre. A husband, who was very reluctant to accept this form of treatment, had hardly begun before he blurted out to his wife his 20-year-old suspicion that he was not the father of her son; this misconception was completely destroyed and they were later happy together.

In another case a man who had puzzled his wife by his cold behavior told her that he was in love with someone else—a fact she had never even dreamed—and made the decision, then and there, that a divorce offered the only solution.

A child who suffered great terror and anxiety whenever he passed an undertaker's parlor was encouraged to act out his fearful fantasies and to lose his unspoken dread of death; for the psychodrama investigates the relations of the individual to his imagined world, as well as to the men and women around him.

But, you may say, you cannot put Death on the stage. True enough, but you can represent such an idea symbolically by a trained individual known as an "auxiliary ego." Dr. Moreno's staff is largely made up of such men and women, who will im-

personate absent characters or abstract ideas or one role of the patient's nature which seems in conflict with the role he himself acts out. Usually the patient chooses which member of the staff comes closest to his conception of the "part" and coaches him in the characteristics he or she must stress. When an insane patient is under treatment the stage may be filled with "auxiliary egos" trained to impersonate the figures he has created in his mind, and gradually to lead him back to health.

THE PSYCHODRAMA is not, by any means, dedicated entirely to the treatment of sick personalities. Sometimes two individuals, who are completely successful in all the other relations of life, find that they antagonize each other and cannot get along. If they are members of the same household, this situation deserves treatment. And the theory underlying the psychodrama says that in such cases it may be the relationship itself which is ailing, and not either subject. (This forms a radical difference between Dr. Moreno's conceptions and those of the Freudian analysts, who would look for the causes of disagreement in the childhood experiences of one or both of the participants.)

Or suppose that two normal, attractive young people are engaged. They believe themselves to be deeply in love, yet, for some reason unknown to herself, the girl keeps deferring the marriage date. They arrange an appointment at the psychodramatic theatre and on the stage they enact scenes from their love affair. Perhaps an auxiliary ego will be called upon to help the

young woman re-live a scene with her mother, who has taken a strong attitude toward the marriage, or to help the young man re-live the situation in which he broke off a previous engagement. Any past situation which seems to have a bearing on the case—even if it was simply a silent battle between two opinions in the patient's mind—is personalized and re-enacted upon the stage.

But that still may not bring the troubles into the open. The next step, then, is to allow this couple to project themselves into the future and to enjoy a foretaste of how they would interact in the crucial moments of their married life. "Show, now, the moment when you tell him you are going to have a baby," the doctor may tell the young woman. Or "Now tell your wife that you have just been fired from your job."

When the subjects are really warmed up to their roles, so that they throw themselves into the parts without self-consciousness, they are able to reveal many undreamed-of feelings. The young woman who is hesitant about setting the wedding day may discover that she cannot accept this man in the father role, and that her need for a satisfactory partner in parenthood is greater than all others. Then, although she finds her fiancé thoroughly acceptable in the roles of lover, bread-winner and companion, she will wish to break the engagement off. Or perhaps, after making this discovery, she will decide that his failure in the father role is less important to her future happiness than his success in the others; that being the case, the

marriage probably will proceed.

For the psychiatrist does not try to steer the patients towards a particular decision; that must be their own. He only helps them to fight out their own battles, to their own decisions, while a sympathetic interpreter stands by.

The material on which this therapy works is life itself, which is constantly shifting and changing. Many a marriage has been wrecked because a man or woman found the need, after happy years, to play a new role which the other partner was not prepared to share. Many a case of deep frustration has been caused by a situation in which common sense seemed to dictate remaining at a type of work which prevented the personality from playing out the role in which it would have found suc-

cess and a sense of creative ease.

The young soda jerker is one boy to whom the exigencies of life gave his opportunity for showing what he could do in an environment that did not suppress his desire to play the role of an adventurer. But most of us are not given such an unasked-for opportunity: we must make for ourselves a life which gives our dominant desires a chance for expression. We must also permit the living-out of suppressed roles in those around us, even if this may seem contrary to the dictates of common sense.

These are some of the lessons, applicable to everyday life, of the exciting work being done by the psychodrama in promising richer living for those who before did not understand their own inner nature sufficiently to achieve happiness.

Between the Devil and the Deep



HOME ON LEAVE, a naval lieutenant took his small daughter on a shopping tour. In a crowded department-store elevator, a stout party gave the j. g. an outraged look, and smacked him squarely on the face. The j. g. compressed his lips and said nothing. As they emerged on the ground floor, his young daughter said heatedly, "I hate that woman too, papa. She stepped on my foot, so I pinched her!"

—BENNETT CERF in

The Saturday Review of Literature



THE THEATRE WAS CROWDED and a devoted couple reluctantly accepted single seats. The young lady didn't care for the arrangement and decided to remedy matters by asking the Navy officer in the seat next to her if he would mind changing seats with her escort.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered, "Pardon me—are you alone?"

The prudent Navy man gave no sign of having heard, so she asked the question a little louder. At this he turned slightly toward her but kept his eyes on the screen. "Cut it out, sister," he whispered. "My whole darned family is here tonight."

—Camp San Luis Obispo Shot 'n' Shell

Nothing but a hard peace can reform Germany says this eminent German exile, who here proposes five planks for the peace-to-come



The Moral Conquest of Germany

by EMIL LUDWIG

AFTER A FOUR-YEAR reign of Europe, Germany's dream of world dominion is bankrupt. Now the victors are confronted with the task of winning the Herrenvolk back from their idolatry of force and race to the Christian idea of morality. This is a task we cannot shirk, because only if we succeed in the moral conquest of Germany can we prevent a third war of aggression.

Public opinion on Germany is sharply divided in this country. German propaganda spreads the notion that the "poor misled German people" are innocent of their leaders' crimes. German-Americans feel a romantic urge to shield the fatherland to which, however, they do not intend to return; powerful bankers and industrialists wish to retain a solvent market for their enterprises; emigrants from Germany who long to return and regain their former positions talk about reestablishing a democratic fatherland that in truth has never existed.

Two years ago when I publicly proposed "protectorate, disarm-

ament and educational reform" as the main planks of the peace, most of the leading newspapers of this country took issue with me. Today the same editors have accepted these conditions as inevitable. Slowly the American people are beginning to realize that only a hard peace can cure a nation that is responsible, as a whole, for the power given the Nazis and for the atrocities they were allowed to commit. They see at last that the whole German people collaborated in the attempt to win world domination.

This is the essence of "protectorate and disarmament": the Allies will govern the defeated country without consulting its inhabitants. All war factories are to be destroyed, even those making toy guns for children, and all importation of raw materials for war industry forbidden. The Germans are not to be allowed an army of 100 thousand, as they were after the last war; rather, they are not to be granted a single soldier, and no German, not even a policeman, shall carry or possess firearms.

But these steps will be of no avail

if we cannot change the hearts of the Germans. This task is to be achieved in five ways:

First, we must make the German people realize that they have really lost this war. In 1918, the whole nation believed it had been duped and cheated by Wilson, who, it claimed, had not kept the promises of the Armistice. They said too that the Jews and socialists had treacherously stabbed their victorious army in the back. All classes believed and spread these lies, first mouthed before the Reichstag by Marshal Hindenburg in defending his defeat.

If the Germans had known that their army had collapsed three months before the Armistice, and that their generals had demanded this Armistice long before the first hungry sailors mutineered at Kiel, they couldn't have believed in their invincibility so stubbornly or written so many songs and poems about their superiority, and the "double betrayal" inflicted on them.

These lies gave them the moral support to justify their preparations for a new war of aggression and to begin their secret rearmaments in the first months of the new Republic. Make no mistake, the whole nation knew of these secret goings-on. The few who tried publicly to oppose it were jailed, killed, or forced to flee the country.

When the extradition of the war criminals was demanded by the Allies, as was agreed in the treaty of Versailles, the whole nation, led by its socialist government and intelligentsia too, spitefully attacked this demand as Allied impudence.

For the German, authority always wears a uniform. Only a

small corner of the Reich on the Rhine was occupied by Allied soldiers last time, and civilian commissaries did not represent a power to the German public. This time, after the defeat, Germany must be invaded by foreign uniforms of all kinds. The Germans are imaginative—their mastery of music and poetry proves that. They must see, feel, and hear the fact of their defeat. Only when they see that not a single German wears a uniform, and that the men of 20 other nations are wearing uniforms in German offices, streets, hotels and theatres — and wearing them as masters—then and then only will they know they have lost the war.

SECOND, all symbols of their military past must be done away with. Even when 22 princes had run away and the Republic had timidly raised its head after Germany's last defeat, the new democratic regime hastened to shield the emblems of the imperial era.

The last Kaiser built an entire avenue of marble monuments to his ancestors and any former ruler of his country he could think of. I think there were more than 24 such monstrosities, odious to all lovers of the fine Berlin Tiergarten Park. When in the first days of the Republic a spirited young captain asked the revolutionary government for permission to blow these marbles to kingdom come, he was buck-passed from one government office to the next. No one would take responsibility for shattering idols.

Hitler and Lenin purposely obliterated the names of the political regimes they defeated. But the Weimar Republic kept and

cherished all the Wilhelms Places, Royal Squares and Kaiserstreets of the German Empire so that even 10 years after the princes had decamped, 60 per cent of the street names in Berlin were still paying tribute to their ancestors and proclaiming past military glories.

This time radical changes must be made. This is not a triviality, it is of prime educational and psychological importance. There is no need to import foreign names to replace the Wilhelmstrasses and Hitler Squares. Germany has enough brilliant names in her own history. Where the Weimar Republic continued to celebrate the founding of Bismarck's Reich and his victories over France, the Germans of today should make the birthdays of Goethe and Schiller their public holidays.

When the German government in 1918 dared to make the old revolutionary colors of 1848 the emblem of the new Republic, almost the entire nation desecrated and ridiculed the flag. They even had to roll it up in a canvas cover when it was carried through the streets, so that it should not be spat at. The Republic had so little faith in its new standard that it adopted the old, imperial war flag, which had always remained popular in Germany, as the official flag of the newly rebuilt navy.

This old flag, as well as the swastika and the ill-omened flag of 1848, should disappear from Allied-occupied Germany. Germany's new flag might be a plain white one—an augur of peace. Symbols are not only memories; they can be promises.

The three national anthems also

must go: the *Horst Wessel Lied*, *Deutschland über alles*, and the *Wacht am Rhein*. A new hymn for a new Germany might be the chorus which closes Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The words are by Schiller, Germany's most popular poet, and the tune, which Beethoven composed as a chorus for community singing, is one of his most simple ones. The words expressed therein, "all men will be as brothers," offer hope for peace and reconciliation.

Since music means so much to Germany, the Allies should intervene at another point: Hitler has seduced and enchanted vast numbers of Germans with Wagner's musical drama. In the raiment of Wagner's orchestration, the idea of world dominion and a master race has become quite palatable to the public, and nothing has had greater effect on German youth than the *Ring der Nibelungen*. This particular work should be banned from Germany for 50 years. It is a veritable ode to the idea that brutal force and every treason is justified in the drive for power and world dominion.

The German adores command, obedience, and a complicated hierarchy of power. He needs outward signs of honor—orders, titles, red stripes on a general's pants, a gold star hanging on an officer's neck make him devotedly humble. The Allies should decorate the heroes of concentration camps, the heroes of the new Germany.

THE THIRD METHOD of moral conquest is through education of adults in their daily life. You can take provinces of their land and cut up a people's country, but, rather than

influence their minds, such steps only create new, aggressive feelings of revenge. Through a long history of military suppression, the Germans have lost the self-assurance natural to free men of other countries. They are eminently sensitive to the opinions of their neighbors, and this sensitiveness makes them react with the arrogance that has made them a hated people the world over. This very want of self-assurance makes the Germans such bad losers and so unwilling to admit defeat.

This trait cannot be abolished by lectures and books. But it can be eliminated through a burden of material sacrifices. The nation must be called upon to replace some of the destruction it wrought in other countries. This is not the old testamentary eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth justice, nor is it the bloody revenge the Russians will demand. But the Germans will never become conscious of the depravity of their lootings until they are materially deprived of some of the things they have stolen from their neighbors.

It would be impossible, within Allied standards of decency, to do unto the Germans what they have done unto the countries they invaded. But it will be necessary—for the work of reconstruction—to impose upon Germany sacrifices like those the civilians of England have made in the course of this war. Three quarters of German manpower and production will have to work for 10 years to repair the destruction made by Germany on foreign soil. This will mean a lowering of the general standard of life, and it will teach each German citizen that wars of

aggression and world conquest are an unprofitable business.

When the Germans are limited in all conveniences of daily life, when they, without being slaves, will be forced to produce for their victors, then will be the time to begin our moral conquest. Then and then only will a deep resentment grow in the hearts of the German people against those who led them to this life of humiliation.

This can be combined with a pledge given by the victors that they will evacuate the country and give self-government back to Germany as soon as she has restored all reparable damage. With a similar promise Bismarck, after his victory in 1871, induced the French to hurry up their reparation payments, so that they rid themselves of the German occupation a few years earlier than contracted.

FOURTH: for 10 years no German should be permitted to quit his country without a special permit issued to him by the Allied occupation government. Since the Germans have proclaimed themselves the first nation of the world, they should enjoy keeping to themselves. Thus can they be prevented from repeating their performances of 1920, when in giant limousines they took sightseeing tours of ravaged Belgium and France, or sent their agents to the U. S. to propagate the myth of the poor, starving Germans.

If, for a period, the Germans are excluded from the family of European nations, if only eminent scientists, artists and inventors are allowed to leave this isolated zone and return with tales of how life

goes on outside their seclusion, then perhaps they will understand that there are no master races—only neighbors living in cordial cooperation, who wish to avoid contact with a rowdy.

A fifth way to bring home to the Germans the immensity of their crimes will be the forced return of all art objects they have pillaged from the museums of Europe. The destruction of irreplaceable art relics, of the cathedrals and buildings of France, Belgium and Holland and historic English towns, must be paid for with art objects which Germany possessed *before* the war began. When all the Rembrandts from Munich, Dresden and Berlin go home to the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, when the Gainsboroughs and Turners return to the museums of London and the Pousins and Renoirs to the Louvre, the Germans will have to read little tickets hung in the places of these pictures, telling the public where these treasures have gone—and why.

The education of German children is subject matter enough for

an entire treatise. Here I will only mention that their teachers should be Germans. Strangers with foreign accents would be ludicrous to children. These teachers, however, should be under the constant control of Allied educators who would also keep watch over the teachings of all universities. German literature and art have many treasures of democratic thinking that need only to be dug out from under the dust of Nazi propaganda and pseudo-science and taught these children. Goethe alone contains enough material to educate a whole generation of Germans.

The best ideals of democracy, liberty and tolerance will be more easily accepted by these youngsters in their own language and from their own literature, than from translated foreign works.

A material conquest of Germany cannot safeguard the world from renewed Teutonic aggression longer than for the span of one generation. But a moral conquest can train the Germans to reenter a peaceful communion of nations.

Reverse Logic

✠ THERE IS A STORY told of a conversation between Hitler and Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary. After remarking that the Hungarian titles were amusing, the Fuehrer gibed, "For example, they call you 'Admiral,' yet Hungary is an inland country and has no navy."

"It may seem funny," replied Horthy, yet in Germany there is a Minister of Justice."

—ANTHONY BERNARD

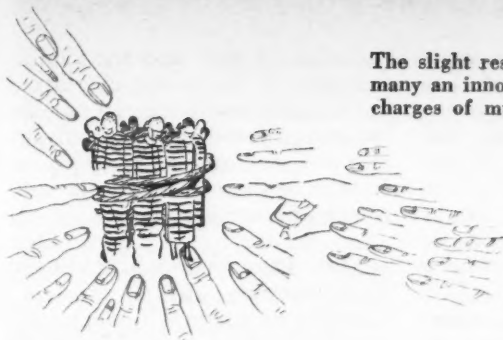
✠ STANDARDS OF VALUES in the South Sea islands have taken a strange but

realistic turn. At one camp, the finance officer keeps several thousand dollars cash in a desk drawer. Though no guard is on duty, there has never been any money missing. About 10 yards away there is a supply hut in which some medicinal whisky is stored. A three-man armed guard stands watch night and day. —MURIEL LEYDEN

✠ FIGHTING MEN in the Pacific, it is said, have changed the song to: "Praise the Lord, the ammunition passed me!"

—Camp Livingston Communique

The slight resemblance to a crook has landed many an innocent person in jail on charges of murder, forgery or other crimes



Innocents in Stripes

by CLEM WYLE

DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1934, a number of Kokomo, Indiana, merchants were fleeced by a female forger who skilfully eluded capture. Overlooking no bets, a detective accompanied by two of the victims went to Brazil, a nearby town, to question a woman once suspected of forgery. One glance at her convinced them she was blameless.

As the men were about to leave, a neighbor, Mrs. Louise Botts, entered the house. The two victims gaped at her, then shouted: "Grab her! *She's* the crook!"

Mrs. Botts, a pretty, young newlywed, was flabbergasted. "Why, I haven't been in Kokomo in over a year," she said tearfully.

In spite of this alibi, the woman was arrested and convicted. Every victim—and there were 12 of them—was so positive that she had defrauded him that there seemed to be no question of her guilt.

But, in 1935, the authorities began to wonder about the matter. Checks, identical to those passed in Kokomo, started to appear in Peru, Indiana. And oddly enough, the description of the culprit fitted

Mrs. Botts, who was still in prison.

Not until March, 1937, however, when a Vivian Dorsett was arrested, did the mystery clear up. Mrs. Botts, it developed, had been paying for Mrs. Dorsett's sins. The two looked so much alike they could have been taken for twins!

Like Mrs. Botts, scores of other people have been imprisoned for crimes they did not commit. The majority were victims of mistaken identity, although few had "twin trouble." Frequently, the accused and the real culprit looked no more alike than Gable and Durante.

Why are such errors made? Many crimes are split-second affairs. In the excitement of the moment, a witness' power of observation may fail completely.

A New York University professor used to prove this phenomenon each term to his journalism classes. During a lecture, a light-haired man in a sweater would break into the room, hit the professor over the head with a "blackjack," make a few angry threats, and run out. The students were then asked to describe the assailant and the "crime."

The results were always interesting. One experiment showed that only 15 students out of 60 reported the incident accurately. Some said the intruder carried a gun; others that he wielded a knife. Some claimed his hair was black; others that it was gray. A number of students insisted that the offender wore an overcoat.

Unfortunately, some witnesses have observed crimes no more accurately than these students. Yet they "positively identified" people who were guiltless.

But even if witnesses are more observant, there is still a chance for error. They may point to an innocent man merely because he happens to have one of the criminal's outstanding characteristics: a twisted nose, a mustache, or a head of flaming red hair.

In view of such unreliability, how is it that so few innocent men have been imprisoned? Apparently the average witness is reliable. He realizes the possibility of error and will not point a finger at anyone unless he really has a good look at him. Proof is the fact that so many criminals after they are identified immediately admit their guilt. Furthermore, those who stand trial are not always convicted by the testimony of eyewitnesses. Some are caught red-handed by the police. Others are trapped by circumstantial evidence alone, which many legal lights claim is fool-proof.

"Witnesses may lie," they contend, "but circumstances don't."

Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred probably confirm this theory. For instance, you can bet your bottom dollar that a man found after a fatal stabbing with blood-

stains on his shirt and the victim's valuables in his pocket is guilty of the murder even though no one saw him commit it. Yet, from time to time, circumstances which are equally or more damning have enmeshed innocent people.

MRS. PRISCILLA BIGGADYKE, an Englishwoman, was the victim of a maledictory chain of events. One night, neighbors heard her quarrel violently with her husband. He was dead the next evening—poisoned by a pudding she had served him, but not eaten herself. Not until years after Mrs. Biggadyke's conviction did an enemy of the family confess that he had slipped into her kitchen and planted the lethal dose.

Then there's Charles Sterling, who had the bad luck to be seen with Lizzie Grombacker, an attractive Ohioan, a few minutes before she was criminally assaulted and murdered. Sterling was hanged, but his name was cleared when Charles Herzog committed suicide near Minot, North Dakota. In a farewell letter, Herzog admitted he had slain the girl. As proof he enclosed the veil she had worn on the fatal night.

On the other hand, Ciro Gangi created his own difficulties. When Joseph Fantasia was murdered in 1927, on a Boston street, Gangi fled in panic from the scene and hid in a bakery. This aroused the suspicion of pedestrians, and they turned him over to the police. At his trial, the jury condemned him to death.

A Hollywood finale followed. At the zero hour, detectives with the aid of Gangi's brother located a woman who was an eyewitness to

the murder. She completely exonerated Gangi.

When anyone who is able to clear a defendant stays in the background so long, the reason generally is fear of reprisal by the guilty party. Ferreting out these witnesses and getting them to talk, therefore, is difficult. So is loosening the tongues of those responsible for frame-ups.

A woman who brings a false attack charge against a man, or a bookkeeper who embezzles his firm's funds and accuses another employee of holding him up, are not likely to admit they have lied, and thus lay themselves open to perjury. Nor are criminals, who see others punished for their crimes, likely to "sing." Consequently, if such people confess, they usually do so on their deathbed, or following their conviction for a different offense. In either case, they feel they have nothing to lose.

Ben Lowe of North Carolina adhered to this viewpoint. When he was found guilty of a series of automobile thefts in 1934, he told the prosecutor that he and his henchmen had robbed a bank in Denton two years before. This admission—carefully checked—cleared four other men convicted for the same crime. But, unfortunately, only three of them could be released from prison. The fourth, Joe Horn, had died there.

Sometimes expert testimony will unlock the door of a cell. For instance, Alexander Ripan, a shoemaker, was allowed to shed his lifer's uniform in 1939 after ballistic experts found that the bullets lodged in the body of Louis Tirpula of Saginaw County, Michigan, had not been fired from Ripan's gun.

In the same state the next year, Lonnie Jenkins, another lifer, heard just as welcome news from Department of Justice handwriting specialists. They proved that the farewell note pinned to the bullet-torn body of his wife, Edith Jenkins, was written by her and was not a forgery as the state had maintained. This affirmed Jenkins' long contention that Mrs. Jenkins had died by her own hand.

The Jenkins fiasco is not the only example of a crime that turned out to be no crime at all. In some instances, "bloody murders" have paled to suicides or accidents. And, on at least 10 occasions, a "murderer" has had the unique satisfaction of seeing his alleged victim turn up alive.

Charges against other types of "criminals," too, have evaporated into thin air. A Massachusetts "burglar" was already behind bars when the accuser found his "stolen" valuables in the cellar of his home. An Arkansas "arsonist," whose house burned down under suspicious circumstances, learned that his daughter had accidentally spilled the kerosene lamp that started the blaze. And a stockbroker, imprisoned for selling "phony" securities to a wealthy Illinois widow, received her apology when they started to pay handsome dividends. To the widow's credit, it should be added, she informed the sentencing judge that she had acted too hastily, and secured the broker's release.

Should these innocents be compensated? A number of public officials say that fair play demands it. As former Warden Lewis E. Lawes puts it: "An innocent man often spends the best part of his life be-

hind bars. He is usually broken in health. He has been subject to public contempt and ridicule. The least that should be done is grant him an award for his suffering."

This is rarely the case. Only the federal government, California, Wisconsin and North Dakota have statutes providing for compensation. And just a few other states have granted it through special legislation. One of them was Mississippi, which gave Will Purvis five thousand dollars in 1920.

Purvis, convicted of the ambush slaying of William Buckley, was led to the scaffold back in 1894. While he screamed his innocence, the black hood was drawn over his head, and his arms were pinioned. Then the trap was sprung. However, instead of tightening around his neck, the rope split in two.

Purvis crashed to the ground. There he lay, inert, but still alive.

It was fortunate that Purvis' sentence was commuted to life imprisonment because in 1917, Joe Beard in a deathbed confession swore that he and another man had killed Buckley and framed Purvis.

But money is not the only reward a wronged person has received—as a woman, whom we'll call Mary Smith, can testify.

A decade ago, Mary was in quite a jam. She had been found near the body of a man with whom she had once quarreled. The sheriff arrested her and placed her in jail. There she remained until exonerated by a jury, which found that the deceased had been murdered by robbers.

Today, incidentally, Mary is still in the custody of the sheriff—permanent custody. She is his wife.

Hollywood Stories

■ TWO HOLLYWOOD KIDS were talking as they walked home from school. "I've got two little brothers and one little sister," boasted one. "How many do you have?"

"I don't have any brothers and sisters," answered the second lad, "but I have three papas by my first mama and four mamas by my last papa."

—Fort Greely Kodiak Bear

■ AT FOX FILM STUDIOS, the first treatment of any yarn used to be bound in a buff cover. The second treatment would always come through in a gray cover. Then the first shooting script would be bound in light green, the revised script in dark green and the next revision, if needed, came forth in blue. Dark red was the color for the final script.

One night the studio previewed a picture for which it had high hopes. But

it didn't turn out as well as had been expected. Darryl Zanuck turned to the director of the evening's disappointment.

"We'd have had a swell picture," he said, "if we hadn't run out of colors."

—EDITH GWYNN in
The Hollywood Reporter

High on a Windy Hill

Spring comes to the western desert as if a magic wand had been waved over its rolling hills and valleys. For some six to eight enchanted weeks each spring, the Antelope Plain, near Palmdale, California, is a bright gold. The famous California poppies have laid a magic carpet, whose bright sheen is that of a newly minted goldpiece. Marjorie Lassel obliged the photographer by posing for this scene against a backdrop of cloud-strewn sky, with a flutter of a breeze in her hair and a patch of poppies at her feet.

KODACHROME BY JOSEF MUENCH

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Pattern for sturdy Americana is Senator Scott Lucas from Illinois who has a habit of talking things over with the home folks

That Man Lucas from Illinois

by CAROL HUGHES

IN HIS EARLY DAYS as a young lawyer in the small town of Havana, Illinois, Scott Lucas used to win his cases so effortlessly the prosecuting attorneys had a feeling that somehow magic was involved.

On one occasion a young Negro boy of 17 had been arrested for stealing. It was his second offense. The case was routine until Lucas ambled down to the jail and said he'd like to talk with the boy.

Surprised that the town's top lawyer would interest himself in a non-paying case, the attendants let Lucas in. Eyes popping, the young

Negro said: "What you-all want?"

Lucas eyed the boy out of a stern face: "'You-all' wants to get you out of here," said Lucas, "your mother needs you. But if you darken this door again 'you-all' is going to do what he can to see that you stay a long time—understand, Joe?"

"I sho does boss," lamented Joe, "yo wust is the wust there is. This place ain't never gonna' see me no mo. Tha's the way it is." That's the way it was.

Tall, handsome, clear-eyed Scott Lucas can, in critic's parlance, charm a bird right out of a tree. But the bird has to be worth it. Even today as a Democrat candidate for reelection to the United States Senate, Lucas doesn't traffic in political folderol or use his charm to win votes.

At a time when too many campaigns are won by the candidate with the noisiest brass band; when even the word "politician" is becoming standard definition for an unsavory character, Lucas is campaigning old American style.

With only the aid of a statesman's background and clear-cut declara-

Bright Young Star

Margaret O'Brien may not be the most beautiful child in Hollywood. But she is that blessed exception among theatrical youngsters—a completely natural, unaffected little girl who might be anybody's daughter, and who can act like a streak without ever seeming to. Many a callous moviegoer has been won over by seven-year-old Margaret in such pictures as M-G-M's *Journey for Margaret*, *Lost Angel* and her newest opus, *Meet Me in St. Louis*. "She just seems to put herself into the other child's place and goes ahead with the part," is the way Mrs. Gladys O'Brien explains her daughter's talent.

tions of what the folks back home can expect from him if reelected, he is out to get his votes. He isn't pussyfooting. He's just telling the truth—win or lose.

He likes to win and he likes a fight. When his controversial Lucas-Green (Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island) bill to provide Federal votes for soldiers, was introduced in the Senate it gave Lucas the fight of his life. Day after day the battle raged, with the opposition long and loud. The President demanded *some* soldier vote legislation. The press took up the cudgel.

Lucas worked, fought, cajoled and argued. The adamant opposers bickered and whittled. On the day doom was obvious, a newspaperman saw Lucas smiling. In fact he looked like the kitten who had just licked the cream. Buttonholing him, the reporter asked: "What goes? We're fighting for your bill, and in the face of defeat you're grinning like a Cheshire cat." Lucas lifted his hands to the newsman's shoulders in a friendly gesture: "Don't worry about *my* bill," he said, "There'll be some voting legislation, for now they'll hear from the folks back home." They heard—50 million strong.

SCOTT LUCAS has always had an abiding respect for the folks back home. When he talks to them he just says what he's about, and explains exactly what he intends to do.

Since the topic of world peace, and how it is to be achieved, is one of this campaign's important issues, Lucas went home recently to talk to the people. He thought they ought to know where he stood on

the subject before they voted for him—or didn't.

He told his home folks that since isolationism had failed he favored United States participation in a world organization. "Any such organization," he asserted, "should have all the force necessary, military or otherwise, if the peace of the world is to be maintained."

Challenged by a floor suggestion that such an organization might threaten American sovereignty, Lucas replied: "I cannot conceive of any red-blooded American entering into any agreement which would barter away his birthright or impair this country's sovereignty."

It isn't likely Lucas would. He has never bartered away his convictions to party politics. A close friend of the President, Lucas has been pretty much a New Dealer, but he has not always toed the line. He opposed Court packing and the first Tax Veto vote. He came out strongly against the extension of the Hatch Act (approved by the President). Word flew on the wind that Lucas was putting on a dress rehearsal for oblivion.

He's still there; still the President's close friend. For all the basic objectives for economic recovery had his full support. Most of the time the President had it too. He was one of Roosevelt's strongest backers on the Lend-Lease fight; he was in there pitching on all social legislation.

He favored rearming America long before the war, and he has always been an unmistakable friend of the farmer, veteran, small businessman, labor—and that unknown character, the common man.

In Washington, however, where

world-famed public figures often make themselves ridiculous to get into print, Scott Lucas still remains very much in the background. His name is news only when he has made a speech, authored a bill, or taken a stand on some vital issue. His whole political color is in his expressed views.

The Senator's genuine disgust for men elected to rule over the destinies of the nation who stoop to donkey riding or flagpole sitting to make themselves news conspicuous, irks him to the point of disgust.

All of which is responsible for his comparative obscurity and the complete despondency of high powered publicity men. As one frustrated party press agent put it: "Here is a guy whose background makes a bum out of that Horatio Alger, a guy who is just what Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson ordered when they wrote the Constitution and nobody knows about it!"

The press agent's only error was constitutional. On Lucas he was a hundred per cent. Scott was born 52 years ago in Cass County, where his father was a tenant farmer, working leased land. Scott was the last of six children. He started life sweating with the land and gritting his teeth in the face of blizzards. His boyhood was a tough and scrambled business, full of hard work and a constant fight to survive. His parents helped in the survival by passing on a great pioneer sturdiness. Scott went after the missing education.

He went barefoot. School was no picnic, but this was Abe Lincoln country and Scott read about Abe. A friend of Scott's from childhood

chides: "Scott wasn't concerned with Abe's becoming President. What he wanted to find out was what Abe ate to survive."

The pickings around the Lucas manse were pretty lean and Scott developed an early yearning for economic security. To this day he's a sucker for a farmer's hard luck story, and one of his staunchest friends. He admits: "I'm probably the closest thing to a farm casualty."

He isn't kidding. When the family moved to Mason County for the children to enter high school, things didn't improve. Scott still labored long hours at farm chores before and after school. His only relaxation was some stolen hours catfishing on the river and sandlot baseball. His older brother A.T. got in a few months of law practice before Scott was ready for college. A.T. loaned him necessary tuition and the young Illinoisan headed for Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, with a pocketful of dreams—and 50 dollars.

A PRODUCT OF strong earth, he stoked furnaces and waited on tables, studying late hours at night. Sometimes he took on more than he could tote, for now Scott had ambition. Reading about Lincoln, Douglas and Henry T. Rainey he decided to be as big a lawyer as any of them come hell or salvation.

Salvation came first in the form of baseball. Somebody told Scott the game paid money. That was a bonanza. He had been playing baseball for free. It was unheard of that somebody would pay him. The Three-I League did; enough to get through law school.

He finished his legal training in

1914, was admitted to the bar, and began practice in 1915 in the little town of Havana, Illinois, where he had grown up. When the United States entered the first World War, the ambitious lawyer became a lowly private. But not for long. The product of hard farm labor and a bushel of determination came out a lieutenant. They say of Scott Lucas today that there are three types to whom he will give a fortune in free legal advice—a farmer, a veteran and a baseball man.

The American Legion is not unmindful of the rumor. They have elected Lucas to every office and they know him to be one of their own. In 1926 he was Commander of the Department of Illinois. They sent him to Paris in 1927 where he was selected as National Judge Advocate. He has been reappointed three times by his veteran comrades.

While growing to national leadership in the American Legion, Lucas was increasing in stature as a lawyer. In 1920 he was elected state's attorney of his county. Being a rather fearless and impartial upholder of the law, it became fashionable for criminals to import outstanding lawyers to defend them against Scott. It never did much good.

IT WAS IN those days he met the girl who later became his wife, Edith Biggs, a retired farmer's daughter, and one of the wealthiest girls in the town. She worked many a day as a clerk behind the bank teller's window. Today Edith Lucas takes care of Scott, Jr. and does all of her own housework in their Washington Wardman Park rooms. But Scott W. Lucas surrenders all

Senatorial bossism when Edith and Jr. take command. Mrs. Lucas still reminds her strapping husband to wear woolies in a snowstorm, and Scott, Jr. decides the best time of year for a Senator to go fishing.

Edith Lucas has only one complaint of her statesman husband: "I still don't know how any man who travels as much as Scott can get things in a suitcase so mixed up." Once the Senator gathered up all his laundry, crammed it in a hotel pillow case without name or number and rang for service. The next day he left the hotel. It took him five weeks to get his shirts back.

The Lucas home in Havana is not a house of great consequence. A white two-story building on a quiet street, its most nostalgic factor for today's Senator is his old den stretching out at the back like a kitchen, filled to the brim with fishing rods, his old hunting guns and many gadgets of his own contrivance.

It is back to this house the Senator comes every time he has a vacation. Fifteen minutes later he emerges in an attire considered one of Havana's most unsightly. For lack of polish his shoes turn up or down according to the inclination of the creases. For hundreds of miles along the Illinois River, the Senator is known as "the Old River Pirate" because of his appearance, his catfish skill, and his ability to shoot nine mallard ducks out of every ten shots.

His devotion to this simple life is very real, but it has never softened him in the line of duty. In 1933 when he became chairman of the Illinois State Tax Commission, he discovered two major mistakes

of his predecessor. Somehow a large portion of a utility company and a large block of another property had been omitted from the tax books. Lucas quickly corrected the error.

A year later when Speaker of the House, Henry T. Rainey died, the Democrats amazed Scott by selecting him as a Congress candidate. There was hardly a dissenting vote. His platform presence, his ready grin, and as one critic put it "his god-awful clean record" got even the Republicans. In an editorial in the Republican *Waverly Journal* the editor reluctantly admitted: "Congressman Lucas is likely to wake up some fine morning and find himself something better than a Congressman . . . we Republicans don't seem to be able to do anything about it."

Five years later Lucas woke and found himself a Senator. But not by magic. Few people work as hard as Scott Lucas. In Congress, as a member of the powerful Committee on Agriculture, he assumed leadership in the Roosevelt farm program. He was the spokesman for a bloc of 50 Congressmen representing the corn and wheat farmers of the Middle West. One Eastern anti-Roosevelt newspaper quipped: "How a man can hop around like a jackrabbit 12 hours a day, read all of Roosevelt's directives, personally see 10 thousand home state visiting firemen, and still remain a perfect statesman is a little beyond us. Somehow, Scott Lucas does the trick."

WELL KNOWN in Washington is the fact that anyone can see Scott Lucas—even Elizabeth Dilling. She arrived one day with her screaming

female cohorts. The visit wasn't friendly. When the noise outside had risen to crescendo pitch, the curious-minded Scott opened his door and peered out like a small boy at a circus. "Liz" saw him. Retreat was impossible, if Scott ever thought of it. When everyone had had their say, Scott talked calmly to the group of women then held out his hand to say goodbye. Most of the women decided they liked him; most shook his hand. But not "Liz." Rushing past him to the door, she shouted: "I wouldn't shake your hand. I'd rather spit in your face." They do say the Senator backed up.

To many who know Scott Lucas only as the Senior Senator from the State of Illinois, he is considered a stern, serious-minded, militant progressive of almost Victorian deportment. But that doesn't complete the picture. He is probably Washington's most unknown and unsung poet. Under the pen name of "Senator Sorghum" the gentleman from Illinois is a rhymer of split-second precision. But, like a happy marriage, most of it will never make history.

Even the poetry is no surprise to Lucas neighbors in Havana. To them he is still just "Scott" and nobody thinks of him as Lucas the Senator. They're too much concerned with who will be the victim of his next prank. When a reporter asked the editor of the local paper to see an edition with the Senator's life story, the editor stared in amazement: "A life story of Scott Lucas! We never thought of it. Why, everybody here knows all about Scott. He's lived here all his life."

One of Lucas' oldest and closest

friends in Havana is Ed Long, owner of the Lakeside Gun Club, where Scott does all his duck hunting. Like Damon and Pythias the two have for 15 years fished the Illinois River, shot duck in "Dutchman's Hole" and ambled through the forests just "a-looking at nature." Ed is a staunch Republican. Scott a devout Democrat.

Close on their heels is old hunting guide, "Tode," a long-time friend of the Senator. "Tode" is full of stories about the Senator but would shoot on sight any person who told a bad one on "Scott." On one occasion, the Senator, "Tode" and Ed were sitting in the basement of the lodge talking about ducks, governments and kings, watching the chef color oleomargarine and pat it into nice country prints. In walked Chuck, one of the town's newest hunting guides: "My God," he said, "with rationing where did you get that country butter?" Everybody looked at Scott, knowing exactly what was coming. "Tode" says: "That Scott wasted five hun-

dred dollars in legal advice selling Chuck no less than 10 pounds of 'country butter'."

One of Washington's favorite Republican Senators probably paid his opponent, Lucas, one of his highest tributes. Said he: "Lucas is a genuinely individual voice in American government. If you prick the Senator you find a great man. Regardless of his particular political affiliations he might well stand as a model for voters everywhere. His is the background of a statesman, a symbol of what the American people should look for when they send a man to represent them in Washington, be he Republican or Democrat. A man like Lucas can't be 'tuck' in."

A Texas farmer paid the same tribute to Senator Lucas in his own way: "That man from Illinois would make a mighty fine President, but I guess he just ain't cut out to be one of them spit and polish boys that worms his way up. Just the same, a lot of us farmers 'ud bust a neck for him anytime."

Key to Contentment

■ THE OFFICE MANAGER was asked by a departing employe for a recommendation. He thought it over, then wrote, "The bearer of this letter is leaving me after this month. I am satisfied."—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash*

■ "MY WIFE RAN off with the butler," said a man to his friend.

"What a shame!" was the sympathetic response.

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down and I wasn't carrying any insurance."

"Too bad."

"I'm satisfied. And to cap everything off, my business is so bad I'm going bankrupt. But in spite of everything, I'm satisfied."

"How is that possible with all your misfortunes?" asked the friend.

"I smoke Chesterfields."

—*The U. of California Pelican*

Heartbreak Cargo



—Algiers (by cable to Coronet)

THE HILLS RISE AWAY from the sea and behind them the mountains, in a rolling, hazy line. The water is blue as a robin's egg, and in it the ships sit waiting for the little boats to come and take them to England or to Italy, or to wherever they are carrying their loads of men and goods.

The *Gripsholm* is a high, white ship. Her stern looks like the back-side of a billboard. She has a triple crown in gold on each of her two white stacks. There is a great sign on her hull—"Diplomat—Gripsholm—Sverige." Maybe you've seen her. She has been all over the world. This time, when she came to Algiers, she was loaded with people who had been all over hell.

I remember a time long ago meeting another ship that was repatriating prisoners. That one did its business at Smyrna, and it was full of Englishmen. There was a young man in khaki wearing the black beret of the tank corps. He passed me as I leaned against a balustrade on the ship.

"I beg pardon, Sir," he said. "Do you mind if I pass this way? I like to lean on the rail when I walk." He was wearing one crutch and one leg, and nobody paid any attention to him. There's a god's plenty of people with one crutch.

So here was this *Gripsholm*. A platoon of British troopers and

another of American Military Police in white helmets were lined up on the quay. You had to show your pass to get aboard.

The people in charge didn't know much about the ship—she doesn't touch at Algiers often—so you found your way by walking from deck to deck until you got to where you thought you ought to be.

And there they sat. Red hair and freckles, and hands idle in their laps, sitting in a row of deck chairs. They looked like a long row of multi-tuplets, because they were all dressed alike in khaki, and they all wore that look of shy expectancy that soldiers wear when they are about to get a medal.

There was one with a wooden leg already fitted, and one with no legs at all. There was one with the thing they put around you when you've got a broken neck. And another who didn't seem to have anything wrong that you could see. He looked right through you and didn't talk to anybody.

Down the deck a few yards, three bookkeepers were working on a list of names. They were making what I suppose would be called a roll of honor. The Associated Press picked it up no doubt, and all of the names have appeared in the hometown papers.

The men in the chairs sat waiting, looking across the harbor at the ships riding at anchor. Every

few minutes somebody important arrived. The band played.

Here comes General Catroux and General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson. Who is that brigadier? Who is the fellow with him? It was like that. And the men sat in their deck chairs with white socks on the ends of their legs, and some gossiped, but most of them didn't. And all over the place there were people.

The bookkeepers called names to each other and wrote them on the tally sheets. At last the list was finished. The colonel took it and began calling out names.

"Peterson," he called. "Jones, Brown, Smith," and every time he called a name a man would answer. An embarrassed man because everybody looked at him when he answered, and often as not he was one of those people with something missing from his body.

And when he answered, the general or the fellow in the blue serge suit who represented the legation would go over and pin a medal on him. The Purple Heart. It would break your own heart to see it.

"Jones," the colonel called, and down the line a man with an empty sleeve pushed himself out of his deck chair. "Don't get up," the colonel cried. "We will bring it to you." And the man sat back, more embarrassed than ever.

"Where are you from?" the general would ask after he had pinned the medal on the soldier's chest. The soldier would mumble

and the general would grin. The soldier's eyes were bright and his face wore a light. I suspect they all were thinking of getting home.

The photographers crowded in each time a medal went up. It isn't every day a man gets a Purple Heart, and the hometown paper can always use a two-column cut. The movie men were there too. Maybe you've seen the pictures.

You mustn't talk to these people who have been prisoners because if you do and they tell you what happened to them, maybe our enemy might mistreat others who still are prisoners. But of course you do talk to them and they do tell you what happened to them. It is not dinner table conversation.

And finally the decorations were done and the dignitaries left. On the quay the ambulances wheeled like troops on parade and drew close alongside the high, white ship. Men came down from the ship carrying litters. There were men on the litters, but they didn't look like men. They were something under a pile of gray blankets. They were stuffed into the ambulances and the ambulances went away.

I walked home alone. In front of one of the pubs a man was playing an accordion. I know him. He is a Russian, so we call him "Tovarisch."

I know the tune he was playing and I know the words to the tune. "Smile, my honey dear," he was playing, "while I kiss away each tear."

—CHESTER MORRISON



SCIENCE is wonderful. It couldn't raise Pullman windows, so it air-conditioned trains.

—Camp Wallace Trainer



Wall Street clamored to get in on one of the greatest swindles in history—the great diamond run of '72, engineered by two ace sharks

Knaves of Diamonds

by SHERMAN BAKER

THE BLINDFOLDED, bearded man rested his hands on the pommel of his saddle. His horse was led by another rider who went ahead up the narrow, climbing trail. A third rider followed, leading a packhorse loaded with camping equipment. The year was 1872. For four days, since they left the lonely frontier town of Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, they had been riding deeper into the wilderness.

At the top of a rise they came out on level ground. "Here we are," said the first rider. The men dismounted and the horses stretched their necks to snatch a few blades of grass. "Take the blindfold off, John."

The bearded man stood patiently while the blindfold was untied and then he rubbed his eyes and looked around. He was on a flat-topped wooded elevation.

"Is this the place?" asked the man who had been blindfolded.

"This is it. Take your time. It won't run away."

The bearded man unfastened the halter of his horse and knotted it to a branch with soldierly care.

He was General D. D. Colton. The two men who had brought him to this spot were Philip Arnold and John Slack. When the horses were tied, John Slack went ahead between trees and over rocks until they came to another open space where a bare bank of earth shoved itself up through the meager grass.

"This is it. This is what I promised to show you." Arnold squatted and dug into the bank with his knife. "Here's one." He picked up a curious stone. "Try here."

The general took the knife and started digging. In a few minutes he picked out another strange stone, and then another. He examined them excitedly, wet first one and then the other and rubbed them. "They're just like the ones you showed me," he shouted. "Diamonds! Diamonds! Here are the riches of the Seven Cities of Cibola!"

The great American diamond strike was on.

Like a terrier the general tore into the ground. He found nearly 50 rough diamonds before the men took him back to the horses, blindfolded him again and rode off.

General Colton realized full well the magnitude of the find. The bag of gems never left him and he talked steadily during the four-day ride back to Rawlins. An ordinarily cool-headed Californian, experienced in mining operations, the general was an agent for the San Francisco banker, William Ralston. The report to Ralston not only would be favorable, General Colton told his companions, but enthusiastic. Ralston would certainly let Arnold and Slack have all the money they needed for the development of the region. It was the greatest thing since '49.

THE SPANIARDS, first white men to explore the West, searched unceasingly for the Seven Cities of Cibola—seven glittering cities, with streets paved with gold, and houses encrusted with precious stones. They never found these Cities, and their sons and their sons' sons never found them. But the legend never died. The first Americans to push back into the unknown, Indian-infested mountains of the West were prospectors looking for gold and silver and precious stones. They found a little gold, but not much, and few escaped alive from the arrows of the Indians.

The Gold Rush of 1849 fanned the flame again, and the old legends leaped back to life. The cry of "Gold!" echoed around the world. Clerks left their counters. Doctors left their patients. Farmers left their plows. From all over the world they streamed to California. The Seven Cities of Cibola were just over every mountain range and across every ridge.

Most of the Forty-Niners never

found anything; but some did, and became rich. Eastern and European capital still remained willing to invest in Western mines.

But nobody before Philip Arnold had dreamed of diamonds in the West. Arnold went to California from Hardin County, Kentucky, during the Civil War. In California he picked up a partner, John Slack, and together they worked a profitable gold claim.

Then came the news of the discovery of the South African diamond fields. Arnold heard talk of geologic formations in Arizona and New Mexico that closely resembled the South African diamond formations.

So he put his gold mine money in the bank and took a job as bookkeeper with a company that manufactured diamond-pointed drills for mining. He learned all he could about diamonds. He studied the diamond stock the company kept on hand. He learned about the tests for diamonds, and about differences in the diamonds from the three known fields—Indian, Brazilian, and South African.

Then in 1871, Arnold left San Francisco. He returned in a few months, saying that he had been on a prospecting trip with his old partner, Slack.

Arnold and Slack brought with them a small but bulging and heavy sack. They came into town after banking hours, and asked George D. Roberts, a well-known promoter, to let them deposit their sack in his safe until the banks opened in the morning. Arnold dropped hints about the fortune they had run into while out prospecting.

As Arnold had foreseen, Roberts

opened the sack as soon as he was alone with it. The rough lumps that he found amazed him and he hurried that night to the home of the richest man he knew, William Ralston. Together, Ralston and Roberts sneaked out some of the stones, and awakened several San Francisco jewellers. Arnold knew that the jewellers in San Francisco of that day had no great knowledge of uncut diamonds. They could only test the diamonds to see if they were genuine, and then set an arbitrary price per carat. This the jewellers did. Ralston and Roberts did not go to bed that night. The first thing they did in the morning, when the two prospectors came back for their sack, was to insist that Arnold and Slack accept their money and help in developing the diamond fields.

After much persuading, Arnold and Slack decided to sell a large, but not a controlling interest in their discovery.

What had really happened was this. Arnold had made a quick trip to London during their "prospecting trip," embarking at Halifax, where he knew no Californians would see him. In London he bought about 12 thousand dollars' worth of various precious stones in the rough—mostly malformed diamond culls. On the way home, he and Slack bought a few Western garnets to mix with the collection.

San Francisco jewellers appraised the stones at around 100 thousand dollars . . .

Ralston still was cautious enough to insist that before investing his money, his personal representative must inspect the diamond discovery. Arnold agreed, stipulating

that the representative be blindfolded during the trip from the railroad to the spot. And so the reputable, responsible General D. D. Colton as the promoters' representative accompanied Arnold and Slack to Rawlins, Wyoming, and thence to the diamond fields.

When the general took his specimens back to Ralston, the jewellers said again that the stones were real. It looked like the greatest bonanza the world had ever seen.

Now was the time for Arnold to play his hand. He and Slack were in deep. Their bank roll from their former gold mine had been sunk in buying the rough gems. Arnold shoved in his chips for the big stake and sat behind his cards, impassive.

Roberts and Ralston thought the thing was too big for them to handle alone. They had to let other California magnates in on the secret. William L. Lent, General G. M. Dodge and Asbury Harpending quickly entered the syndicate. They must act fast. Some other prospector might stumble onto the diamond field. The money syndicate decided that they must rush to New York at once to get Eastern capital in on the deal.

IT IS HARD to understand now why hard-headed Western mining men would think that a diamond mine, where a hundred thousand dollars' worth of rough stones could be dug up in an afternoon with a bowie knife, would need any financing.

But in those days California financiers turned to the East for money as naturally as a child to its mother. It may be that they even harbored faint doubts. Arnold sat fast, poker-faced, with his samples.

On this trip East he cracked down once. He demanded and got 100 thousand dollars cash as a guarantee of the syndicate's good faith.

Again it is hard to understand how Tiffany, the great New York jeweller, could have been fooled. But the stage had been magnificently set, by the California promoters. General Samuel L. M. Barlow, representing all that was dignified and respectable in a New York corporation lawyer of the day, had been retained as legal representative. General Benjamin F. Butler, now a powerful Congressman, was Barlow's associate.

The secret leaked. Wall Street hummed with talk of the discovery of American diamond fields.

And so it was that Tiffany was in a receptive frame of mind when he saw the jewels. The examination took place at Barlow's mansion at One Madison Avenue. Horace Greeley was there, as was General George B. McClellan, the famous Civil War commander. McClellan was to be one of the directors of the projected corporation. On hand also were the two weather-beaten, hardy prospectors of the Sierras. Slack was scared.

"Keep your shirt on," said Arnold. "I know all about Tiffany. He's just a Yankee notions peddler. He never served an apprenticeship on the Continent, and doesn't know much about uncut stones. We're safe."

The great Tiffany glanced briefly at the diamonds and said, "They're worth at least 150 thousand dollars."

The lid was off. The Seven Cities of Cibola were found at last, and everybody wanted to stake a claim on the main street. Even the great Baron Rothschild had an iron in

the fire. But cautious Eastern promoters wanted one last inspection made. Henry Janin, the great mining engineer, whose recommendation could unlock the vaults of Wall Street, was sent, at a huge fee, to make the inspection.

Arnold wasn't afraid of Janin. It merely meant a more thorough and artistic salting job. Arnold, however, needed more money for more stones to re-salt the spot for the eminent engineer. The promoters pressed another 100 thousand dollars on the rugged, unworldly wilderness prospector. He made one more hasty trip to Europe via Halifax. This time Arnold bought about 11 hundred diamonds in London, as well as many of the cheapest stones on the Antwerp and Amsterdam market—about 50 thousand dollars' worth.

The two partners hurried back to the location, carefully planted the gems and painstakingly planned the final expedition. In the spring of 1872, the crucial inspection was made. Excited members of the party ran about, turning up diamonds, like children on an Easter egg hunt. The great Janin estimated that the mesa assayed better than 5,000 dollars a ton. On this basis, the mesa should yield five million dollars an acre, or with proper machinery, one million dollars a month.

When Arnold heard of Janin's report, he was very angry. "I have been cheated!" he cried. "I had no idea it was so valuable!" He had already signed a contract to sell his interest for 650 thousand dollars. The promoters practically forced a 450 thousand dollar cash balance on him. They sighed with relief at

being through with the simple child of the mountains when he left town, muttering curses against crooked mining sharps.

Arnold went back to his native Hardin County, with over a half million dollars, just in time.

A young government geologist by the name of Clarence King visited the diamond location. King was the founder of the United States Geological Survey.

He and his packer picked up many diamonds. Suddenly the packer gave a shout.

"Look! This is a wonderful diamond field! It not only produces diamonds, but it *cuts* them."

King looked at the stone. It had a polished facet. The partly cut diamond had gotten in with the others by mistake. It was Arnold's one little error. The game was up.

The news was reported immediately, and wires hummed around the world. The promoters dropped it, ashamed to identify themselves with the scheme. Arnold had

covered his tracks so well that many people thought he was the principal injured party. Only one of the promoters, William M. Lent, was not ashamed to go after Arnold. Lent had bought out several of the other big shots, and was in for 350 thousand dollars. He hotfooted it down to Kentucky and brought suit.

But Yankees were still wholeheartedly hated in Kentucky during the years immediately following the Civil War. The governor laughed at extradition. Arnold issued a statement that he would fight the case to the last ditch, "for the sake of suffering humanity, which has been robbed and swindled by these California mining sharks for the last 25 years."

The case was settled out of court, and Lent slunk away, a defeated man. But he had the back-handed honor of being defeated by the greatest mine-salter America has ever known—Philip Arnold, Jack of Diamonds . . .

Wells of Air

WHEN RESIDENTS of Jerome, Idaho, want air-conditioning, all they have to do is sink a hole in the ground.

Centuries ago, volcanic eruptions honeycombed the earth beneath the city with hundreds of lava tubes through which flow perpetual currents of cool, moist air. By drilling an eight-inch shaft from 30 to 200 feet deep—depending upon where the tubes lie at any particular location—the currents can be diverted into a house through the hot air lines of the furnace.

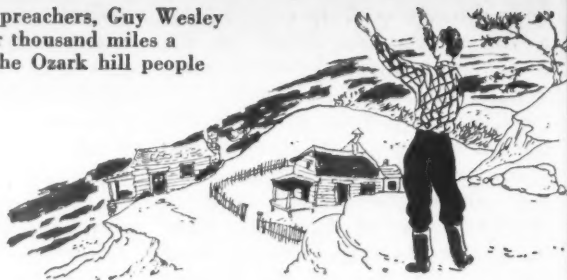
Peculiarly, when the temperature falls at the close of the day, the air currents reverse and flow back into the lava tubes, necessitating a damper to maintain the lowered temperature.

The cost of this natural air-conditioning runs from 50 to 75 dollars for the average-sized house, and one farmer, using this method to cool his milk house, claims it is much more effective than mechanical means.

—KEITH BARRETTE



Champion walker among preachers, Guy Wesley Howard hikes around four thousand miles a year in his work among the Ozark hill people



Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks

by ROBERT W. LYON

GUY WESLEY HOWARD, the walkin' preacher of the Ozarks, is 52, but looks nearer 40, and has the pep and endurance of young men in America's armed forces. To carry on his work among the hillfolk of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas, he walks around four thousand miles a year. Sometimes he tramps from 30 to 40 miles a day and conducts an average of 250 meetings yearly among the backwoods people, serving a widely scattered congregation of some 100 thousand.

On his journeys into the Ozarks, Pastor Howard wears high-topped boots (he wears out six pairs a year) and a regular hiking outfit consisting of flannel shirt and khaki breeches. As for hats, he never wears one.


Teacher and staunch friend as well as minister of the hill people, Howard conducts church, marriage and burial services for them. His meetings are held in schoolhouses, abandoned churches, homes, brush arbors (crude shelters roofed by interlacing branches of trees) and some under the blue Ozark skies.

As a preacher, he speaks with conviction and fervor. He never uses notes and his delivery has all the charm and informality of an ad-lib talk; yet each sermon is pointed sharply with phrases that impress themselves strongly on the memories of backwoods and town congregations alike.

Somehow, somewhere along the road of life, Pastor Howard has developed the faith that moves mountains and made his own the prayer of Solomon—"Give thy servant an understanding heart." His life and work bear eloquent testimony to that.

Although Howard is the regular pastor of the Christian Church in Gainesville, Missouri, he is sponsored by no one in his work among the hill people. In that he proceeds simply on faith. And this works wonders. His mail often brings unsolicited checks and the express company unloads big boxes of clothes and household necessities for needy hillfolk.

He makes no reports to anyone on these contributions, because he's a one-man organization. Yet he



keeps meticulous records and can account for every penny that passes through his hands.

Spiritual uplift, in Preacher Howard's creed, goes hand in hand with physical improvement and educational advantages. He doesn't limit his service to sermons from the pulpit. He supplies food and clothing from his own meager resources in addition to what he receives in contributions. And he takes over the educational needs by teaching school back in the hills where children are growing up without some of the simplest necessities of life. Still not content, Preacher Howard talks at innumerable pie suppers where money is raised for War Bonds and the Red Cross.

A FEW YEARS AGO, when a small-town church tried to curb his work and forceful sermons, he and his young wife put their two little girls in an orphanage and, with 62 cents in their pockets, walked out of town. They might have headed north, where a big church would have welcomed Howard's services. Instead, the walkin' preacher turned south where he felt the need for spiritual uplift was greater.

As pastor of the Gainesville Church, a quaint structure built of native stone, Howard lives in a hilltop home just outside the town. Here his congregation is as far removed from a backwoods meeting as any big-town gathering. Bankers, lawyers, teachers, realtors and newspaper folk are found in his congregation which is representative of any small-town church group.

To his Gainesville congregation, Pastor Howard speaks flawless

English and the subjects of his sermons are always thought stimulating. Members never doze comfortably through them. But out in the country, speaking to the hill people, he slips into their own vernacular, speaks to them in a language which they understand.

To get to many of their homes, Preacher Howard has to walk. There are no roads, often no bridges. The school in which he taught during the past year was at the end of a three-mile trail through the woods—a path without sight of fence or cabin along its entire length. Yet here he had 20 pupils, the oldest 19 who had enrolled in order to learn to write his name and address.

The schoolhouse windows had neither shades nor curtains. In his role of schoolmaster, Howard bought white muslin from which the girls made curtains. He bought green crêpe paper and the boys tacked it to the top sashes to soften the light that streamed through the oak trees around the building. He supplied other equipment, even crayolas for the pupils interested in drawing. Not only did he buy all these supplies from his own slim salary, but toted them all on his three-mile hike through the woods.

What was even more important to growing boys and girls, Howard gave his pupils hot lunches, prepared right in the schoolroom. Tasks in preparation were assigned to each student in orderly rotation.

The hot foods, prepared on the big wood-burning stove that heated the schoolroom, were simple—beans, potato soup and crackers, cocoa and cookies—but they were a happy supplement to the salt

pork and soda-biscuit lunches the pupils brought with them.

Before each meal, grace was said, the boys and girls taking turns offering the prayer of thanksgiving.

Preacher Howard feels that the Ozark people are among the finest on earth. He cites their rich heritage of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, and respects their independent aloofness. For that reason, they feel free to call on him in time of need.

He conducts hundreds of funeral services, all without pay, in the course of a year, often performing the duties of undertaker as well. Combing the beard of a gaunt, long bedridden mountaineer, who must be made "right pert lookin'" before he presents himself at heaven's pearly gates, is a common task for the walkin' preacher.

The number of marriages that Preacher Howard has performed are too numerous to count. Sometimes he even takes the place of the proverbial shotgun. Not so long ago, he was aroused from much-needed sleep by a pounding on the door of his hilltop home. A 17-year-old girl stood on the step. The story she told him was not new. He went with her to arouse a county official who supplied them with a marriage license. Then Howard and the frightened girl walked miles through the hills to the home of a young man who was off to join the Army the next morning.

In addition to all these activities, the tireless pastor organizes churches in communities where religious services were unknown. To get hill lads interested in better living, he organizes Boy Scout troops and Christian Endeavor Societies for both boys and girls.

Yet with all this emphasis on aiding youth, his sympathy for the needs of older folks is never lacking. Through his many contacts, he has established centers in nearby towns where medical treatment and hospitalization are extended through charitable channels. This is handled so tactfully that even the proudest hillfolk can accept help without any feeling of humiliation.

IN HIS 12 years of service among the people of the Ozarks, there is no phase of their life he hasn't encountered, even to the age-old problem of making moonshine. In one case, Howard was called to give comfort to a mother whose only son had died a violent death from his first experience with the liquid dynamite of the hills.

The boy, a lad of 14, had been informed by the young son of a moonshiner that he wasn't a man until he could take three swallows of corn "likker" and keep 'em down. The "likker" forthcoming from the hip pocket of the youthful adviser, was the "first run" which contains deadly fusel oil. The boy took his three swallows and died a horrible death within the hour. The moonshiner's son fled to the hills. And all through the night Pastor Howard stayed with the bereaved parents to prevent their taking justice into their own hands.

In another instance, this preacher-schoolmaster found himself between the devil and the deep blue sea on the subject of moonshine. He was teaching at the time in a community where the only boarding place was the home of a man who operated a still. When the moonshiner was arrested, Howard

was haled into court as a witness.

Already there was an ugly rumor through the hills that the new teacher had been the informer who tipped off the revenue agents. If he admitted his knowledge of the man's moonshine making, his life might be the forfeit. If he professed ignorance of the operation, he would lose the respect of everyone in the community. For although the hill citizenry might evade truth with startling efficiency, they hated an out-and-out liar.

When the judge asked Preacher Howard the 64-dollar question: "Do you know if this man makes moonshine?" he replied, "Your Honor, as an ordained minister, I am privileged to treat personal knowledge of this man as confidential between confessor and pastor."

Later the moonshiner was sent to prison, but Howard's stock soared in the community for that answer to the judge's query.

In an equally tough situation, however, Preacher Howard ran into stormy weather when he entered another community as a teacher. He found himself mistrusted and the neighborhood sure that he had some connection with the government. But not being a man to run away from a difficult problem, Howard stuck to his post. In a week his schoolhouse was burned to the ground. A member of the school board had paid two hill boys 10 dollars to do the job.

Undaunted, Schoolmaster Howard called a meeting of all the able-bodied men in the community and offered to donate his salary for the entire school year toward the purchase of lumber for a new school building—this on provision that

the men get together and build it. It was a deal. To be sure that stirred up bad blood aplenty between the school board member and the teacher; but the children got the schooling they needed.

This first-hand contact with crime has placed another duty on the sturdy shoulders of the pastor-teacher. It has put many a paroled prisoner in his custody. One of these is a murderer. But, so far, not one paroled parishioner has violated the pastor's trust.

PREACHER HOWARD must ever bear in mind that the typical Ozark Mountain dweller does not recognize any need for help. A hill man has the free, untrammelled soul about which poets have sung for ages. He'd rather eke out a mere existence in his beloved hills than earn the best wages the world can offer. So the preacher's careful treading to help the hill man's family, without trying to yank him off to a city job, makes him a modern Solomon in hiking boots.

Even when it comes to a problem like the one presented by Patricia Ann, Preacher Howard takes it in stride. Patricia is the tiny daughter of a 15-year-old mother and a 19-year-old father who was rejected by the draft board because he had "lung trouble." Patty weighed three pounds and seven ounces when she was born, and had advanced to seven pounds at the age of two months.

But far more heart-moving than the tiny baby was the joy in the young mother's eyes when Preacher Howard gave her a bundle of clothes for the infant and a blue polka-dot dress for herself.

All the time I was inside the humble cabin with Pastor Howard, plans churned through my mind as to how these youthful parents and their child could be spirited away to a place where they might make a decent living.

When we left, the boy-husband accompanied us to the road. He looked at the hills surrounding the tumble-down cabin, with its single window, at the woods close to the rickety pig pen in the front yard. Then his long, bony-fingered hand pointed out the pale April-washed green of the sycamore and giant oaks, the faint rosy blush of the hickory buds and the magenta glory of the redbud, just coming into blossom, as he said slowly, "Hit's shore gittin' purty round here now," his eyes shining in appreciation of the natural beauty.

When a man feels like that about his beloved hills, it's safe to say that nothing could drag him away from them. But that doesn't keep Guy

Wesley Howard, the walkin' preacher of the Ozarks, from dreaming about the school he hopes to establish in these mountains—a school that will be equipped to prepare youngsters like Patricia Ann for a better and more healthful life in this magnificent setting of nature.

Faith in his dream is strengthened by his sincere young wife, Mary, who carries the same vision in her heart as she goes about the duties of making their Gainesville hilltop house a home for the two small daughters, Louise Ann and Frieda Helen, who were long since taken from the orphanage, and a young son, Guy, Jr.

Hope for that school, sustained by never-failing faith, and the joy he finds in his work among the hill people, keep Preacher Howard from accepting offers made by big-town churches. Those things combined with that priceless gift that even the wisest of all kings desired—an understanding heart.

Battle Briefs

IT IS BECOMING increasingly difficult for the Russians to estimate the strength of German divisions, which ranged from 10 thousand to 15 thousand men during the early days of the war. Red Army men recently captured a German prisoner during the sweep through Kiev.

"Where is your division?" he was asked.

"Here," replied the prisoner. "I am the division." —TOM GOOTÉE

PROBABLY THE SHORTEST war communiqué on record is Julius Caesar's "VENI, VIDI, VICI" (I came, I saw, I conquered). But a Russian went him one better. On November 5, 1794, General Suvórov finally forced the line of forts at Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, and captured the Polish capital. He sent home the message. "HURRAH! PRAGA!"

Not to be outdone, Czarina Catherine II returned a message of congratulation and notice of promotion in one: "BRAVO! FIELD MARSHAL!"

—S. J. SABIN

As the Twig Is Bent

by CARL G. HODGES



THE LITTLE TOWN, goes the story, was buzzing with an excitement that was rare on the Kansas prairies in the early 1900's. This excitement centered around a slender, sturdy-legged, tow-haired youth who strode briskly along the twilight streets with a newspaper-wrapped package under his arm. In the parcel he carried a pair of rubber-soled shoes, a pair of boxing trunks and a sweat shirt.

"Gee Willikers," his fat companion panted, trying valiantly to keep up with him, "you'll be worn out before you ever climb into the ring. Slow up."

The tow-head grinned. "I'm just at a fine edge, Chubby, but I'll slow up if you want."

Chubby looked up at his idol who was the athletic star of the little community. "Aren't you scared just a little bit, huh?"

"Why should I be afraid? It's only a boxing match."

"Yeah, I know. But this Frankie Brown you're going to fight . . . he's a professional. Maybe you haven't had enough experience to fight him."

An easy laugh welled up from the tow-head's chest and again the grin lightened his sober features. "Chubby, I've told you a dozen times that I'm not going to fight. It's just a boxing match. Some folks in town think Frankie Brown is the best boxer. A few

think I am. So we're having a friendly bout to see who's right."

But Chubby was stubborn. "I can't see any difference," he sighed. "You can still wind up with a bloody nose or some cracked ribs. Whenever that happens, a guy's been in a fight."

THE IMPROVISED RING was a canvas strip marked by iron posts at the corners with heavy ropes strung between them. Outside those ropes the firm-lipped young Kansan was conscious of hundreds of eyes peering at him and his opponent, the stocky, thick-necked, round-headed professional, Frankie Brown. But beyond a fleeting glimpse from the corners of his laughing eyes, he had no time to think about the friends among the spectators who were shouting words of encouragement, urging him to show the skill that had made him the pride of the little town. He knew that Frankie Brown was no mean adversary.

The Kansan was lean, rangy and fast. And his excellent footwork was to his advantage. He danced back from Frankie Brown's stinging left jabs and rolled his body under the powerful right-hand punches. He realized early in the match that his only chance to win a clear-cut victory over Brown was to out-general him.

But Frankie Brown was a ring-

master too. After concentrating his stinging blows on the Kansan's body, he would suddenly shift his attack to the head, shooting punch after punch with astonishing speed and tremendous power. Always he seemed to be hammering at the most vulnerable spot.

It was a clean, hard fight. A case of one natural-born fighter pitted against another who fought because he loved it. Both had fine attacks; both possessed defensive ability that prevented the other from winning too many points. The Kansan couldn't overshadow the skill of his clever opponent. But Frankie Brown, the professional, couldn't win a clear decision over the smart Kansan. The two boxers were as evenly matched as any two who ever stepped into a ring.

There was only one way to end the bout. It was declared a draw. And, oddly enough, every spectator agreed with the judges on their verdict. Those boys were both good!

After the match was over, the smiling tow-head wrapped up his boxing paraphernalia and started home. He hadn't gone far when Frankie Brown caught up with him. "Say," he grinned, "in the ring you were throwing too many punches. I didn't have time to tell you. You've got a smart left. You carry a heavy punch. You think on your feet. You fight. You'd go far in the prize ring."

Frankie was still talking when they got to a lunchroom, and the

tow-head suggested that they stop for a sandwich and a glass of milk. And while they ate, Brown continued to paint a glowing picture of the ring career that could be the young Kansan's for the taking.

But the tow-head, frank and honest as his Kansas prairies, replied thoughtfully, "Boxing as a career is not for me. At least, not for money. It's a fine sport and a great conditioner. I like it. But the ring life of a boxer is short, even for a champion. After it's ended a man's unprepared for much else."

"Where can you do better? You could become a champion."

"Perhaps, but I'm going to college and get an education, so I'll be able to carve out a career to suit my own ideas."

The argument lasted until almost midnight, but when it was finished it was Frankie Brown's viewpoint, not the tow-head's, which had changed. He had decided to give up boxing as a career and enter college, even if it meant working his way through. "Thanks for the advice," he said.

"You're welcome, Frankie," the young Kansan laughingly replied.

At that Brown grinned back, "Forget the Frankie Brown stuff. That's just my ring name. My real name's Rockne—Knut Rockne. And say, if I should want to write you, how do I spell that last name of yours?"

"E-i-s-e-n-h-o-w-e-r. Dwight Eisenhower," the lanky Kansan smiled.



SIGN IN THE POWDER ROOM at Douglas Aircraft: "Is This Trip Really Necessary?"—EDITH GWYNN in *The Hollywood Reporter*

stop milk. con- ture the and re- s a not d a the ven d a se." You col- I'll to al- was ew- ich to ater ing the the ed. ck, uff. eal ne. ite me cis- ed.

Given the choice of a murder or an arson case, a detective will take murder any day. It takes a cool mind and science to put the heat on a firebug



How Science Fights the Firebug

by WILLIAM E. MILES

col- I'll to al- was ew- ich to ater ing the the ed. ck, uff. eal ne. ite me cis- ed.

A BUSINESS MAN, forced into bankruptcy by a competitor, decided on drastic revenge. He rigged up the doorbell of his rival's house to start a fire, took a train to another city and, while there, sent a telegram to the address. He was a hundred miles away when a Western Union messenger boy set the house on fire simply by ringing the doorbell.

That's just one sample of why, if you give a detective his choice of trying to solve a murder or an arson case, he'll take murder every time. Pyromaniacs are not only able to provide themselves with almost perfect alibis; if they do their jobs well, the evidence against them is consumed by the blaze.

More fires of a suspicious nature break out annually in the United States than in any other country in the world and more damage is caused by one incendiary blaze than by four ordinary ones, because the arsonist does everything in his power to help the fire along.

Until recently, arson paid well. In peacetime, some 90 per cent of all arson cases are attempts to col-

lect insurance—and in the past a large percentage of such attempts were well rewarded. But nowadays the firebug fighter has science on his side. Arson is not what it used to be.

The whole art of modern arson detection is based on the fact that practically every material burns at a different temperature. For example, a gasoline flame burns at 1500 degrees Fahrenheit, sugar at only 700. By studying the cross checks in the burned wood, trained arson squads can determine whether it burned naturally or whether some other material was added to help it along. If the wood burned normally, the cross checks on the charcoal have a definite size. If not, they are finer and closer together.

When a certain patent medicine warehouse burned down, the most interesting fact to the arson squad was that parts of the concrete foundation had been melted by the blaze. They knew that only a welding compound called "Thermite," which generates a temperature of 2500 degrees Centigrade, could have caused a hot enough flame to melt concrete. It wasn't hard to find out

who had purchased the chemical. That bit of arson detection sent the factory owner to the penitentiary.

Microscopes, spectroscopes, microtomes, as well as ordinary and extraordinary cameras, are firebug fighters' everyday tools. Photomicrography shows them exactly what burned in a fire and often helps find the cause. After one big fire in a fur store, in which the proprietor claimed to have lost a small fortune in rare silver fox furs, an arson squad found a few strands of hair in the wreckage. Under a microscope, real silver fox hair resembles a black line with white borders, but these had a dark, beaded appearance. They were rabbit hairs. The fur merchant had substituted skins, then set the fire, hoping to collect the insurance and still retain possession of the precious silver foxes.

One arson suspect had a perfect alibi; a tenant of the burned building swore the suspect hadn't been near for months, and his mother declared he had spent the evening with her at home. The only clue was a small splinter in his left trouser leg. A laboratory expert put the splinter in a microtome and sliced away a section $\frac{4}{1,000}$ th of a mm. thick. He made a similar section from a piece of the door jamb of the burned house. Under the microscope, the two pieces matched perfectly. With this sort of evidence against him, the arsonist confessed.

A spectroscope is a sort of first cousin to the microscope, with additional ability to reveal the chemical elements in a given material. It solves such cases as the one in which a man set fire to his home by exploding flashlight powder against

the woodwork. The powder had driven particles of magnesium into the woodwork, particles too minute to be detected by regular chemical analysis. But the spectroscope told the story. The man was awaiting the insurance payment when he was arrested.

Sometimes a sharp eye and a suspicious nature are all the arson detective needs. A pyromaniac often leaves traces—unburned matches, the odor of gasoline, tampered electric wires—which he expects will be completely destroyed by the fire. The trained detective knows what these traces mean.

Several years ago a home owner filled a cardboard hatbox with gasoline and set it at the head of the stairs. At the foot of the stairs he placed a lighted candle. Of course the gasoline soon soaked through the cardboard, trickled down the steps, met the lighted candle—and the house burned down. But the fire moved so quickly that the walls collapsed before the candle had burned up. That candle stub was all the arson detective needed to prove his case.

In many cases, arson experts can even determine the sex of the firebug. Women, they find, usually leave a trail of half-burned matches.

Bertha Warshavsky, one of the most colorful torches of all time, set hundreds of closet fires, using a method she was supposed to have invented. She looped a string around a doorknob, hung a bunch of matches from it, and a cotton fuse, about the thickness of a cigar, from the matches. Underneath this contraption, on the floor, she put a box filled with shavings and inflammable material. Bertha would

then light the cotton fuse, and by the time it burned to the matches—which fell into the box and started the blaze—she had ample opportunity to be a long way off. Bertha was arrested many times over and convicted a few times, but good defense and poor prosecution kept her free most of the time.

Despite the fact that perhaps 95 per cent of all incendiary blazes are set by such ordinary means as gasoline, oil or kerosene, torches often gyp the persons for whom they set fires by claiming to use rare chemicals and intricate mechanisms. Sometimes they even show their clients a small sample of white powder—actually just plain face powder—and cite a high-cost figure for it. This is known to the fire-setting trade as “expensing the sucker” and permits the torch to charge a good stiff price for his nefarious work. Only during the last 15 years have most states adopted new arson laws which make any attempt at arson an offense. In the old days, planned fires which didn’t come off, were not punishable.

IN ADDITION TO the fires started by these “professional” arsonists, thousands of blazes are touched off every year by so-called “pathological arsonists,” acting under an irresistible impulse and usually on the spur of the moment.

The typical pyromaniac is not a wild-eyed, disheveled creature, but very often a neat, quiet, well-mannered man or woman. Most of them, say the psychologists, suffer from a sense of inferiority and set fires in order to become the center of attraction or as rebellion against

irksome surroundings. They often complain of headaches which they say only the thrill of a fire can make them forget. Some psychiatrists claim that setting fires is an outlet by which people—young girls especially—find release for their mixed-up love life.

Hospitals, churches, schools, tenement houses, hotels and barns—in just about that order—are the favorite targets of these amateur firebugs.

Three fires broke out within a few hours recently in one of New York City’s private hospitals. While battling the last blaze, firemen came upon an 18-year-old nurse’s aid, Margaret McCaffery, lying bound and gagged on the third floor stairway. She claimed that a man she found lurking in the hall had tied her up and set the fire.

In the midst of routine questioning, a fire marshal suddenly asked: “How many matches did you use to set the first fire?”

“One,” answered the girl, caught off-guard. Then she tearfully admitted starting the fire and tying herself up to avoid suspicion.

A firebug in Delaware selected only churches and left penciled inscriptions on the altars. Chester Buchtel, a Portland, Oregon, fireman, burned about two million dollars’ worth of church property before he was apprehended.

Many otherwise normal firemen are also “firebugs” in their spare time. The theory is that they experience a feeling of heroism and glory while extinguishing the fires.

This was vividly illustrated not so long ago when 30 Long Island firemen—members of a prize-winning volunteer unit—were arrested

for setting, and then extinguishing, more than 100 fires in the course of a year. In one case, the men actually siphoned gas from the tank of their own fire engine to help the blaze along.

Pyromaniacs often try to throw off suspicion by discovering or helping to put out the fires they have started. Fire Marshal Thomas P. Brophy of New York has hung up an enviable record of arrests by getting to fires while they are still burning and keeping an eye on the faces of the people in the crowd. Pyromaniacs seldom leave the scene of a fire they've started, or—if they do—return almost inevitably to watch the result of their handiwork.

The fire-setting tendency is strong in young men and women between the ages of 16 and 18. Its

roots apparently reach far back into childhood. Dr. Helen Yarnell of Bellevue Hospital made a study of 60 children who had a history of setting fires. She found that there seem to be two age spans during which this tendency is most prevalent—one at about 6 to 8; the other at 13 or 14. The youthful firebugs usually had an unhappy life, deprived of the love and care of parents, or were shifted continually from one foster home to another.

Perhaps the only "cure" for a deliberate arsonist is a prison sentence, but the pyromaniac is mentally ill and needs a doctor's care. One man was sent to prison for starting a fire and there given the job of stoking the institution's furnace. The job was his salvation.

Voice of Experience

JOHNNY CAME HOME FROM HIGH SCHOOL with a bit of newly-acquired knowledge. "You know, Dad," he said importantly, "they say that paper can be used to keep a person warm."

"That's right, Son," returned the father wryly. "I had a mortgage that kept me sweating 20 years."

—*Montreal Daily Herald*

DURING MY FIRST YEAR as a teacher in a little farm town in northern Colorado, I found myself hard pressed for a theme topic for some eighth graders. But at last I came forth with the subject, "Why Longmont Is a Better Than Average Town." It struck me as right on the beam since the town had a good recreation park, a lighted soft ball diamond and tennis courts, and I leaned pretty heavily on all these things in describing the assignment.

Then I sat back to wait for the papers.

Now I have read a lot of masterpieces in my line of work. Once I even read a doctorate on the brilliance of the opening sentence of *Moby Dick*. But never have I seen a sentence more articulate, more inclusive, and—in its way—more effective than this eye-opener that introduced one youngster's theme:

"It isnt nuthin every happen an when they do they dont let the kids come."

—JIM MONTGOMERY

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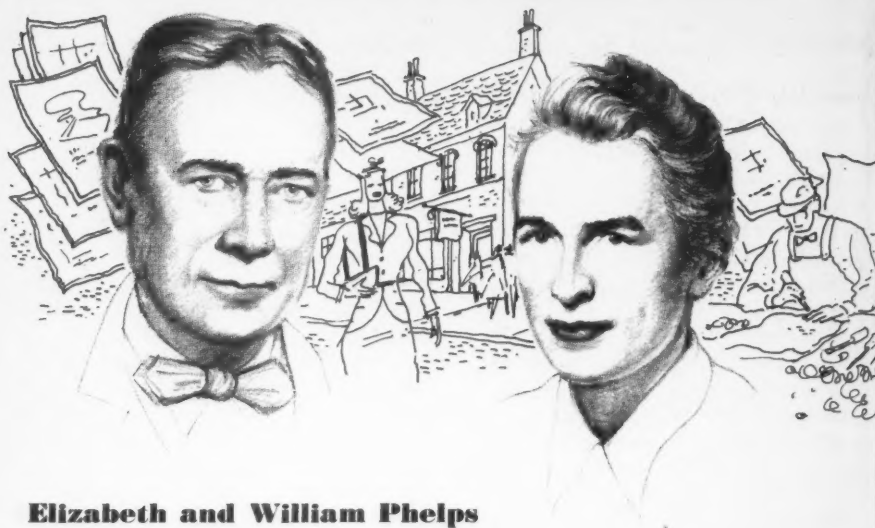
Portfolio of Personalities

Working Teams

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, partnership is a fine art. Neither the successful business partnership nor the successful love partnership is a truly common thing.

So when you find collaborators famous for their collaborations, and married and in love to boot—then you've got something. Which is what Coronet presents this month—six famous working teams, topnotchers all. Turn the page and meet . . .



Elizabeth and William Phelps

Four years ago, after seven years of marriage, Elizabeth and William Phelps made a drastic decision. Bill had been European representative for General Motors. His wife had painted and done sculpturing. Now they proposed a complete break. They would work together, and in a new field: design.

Almost from the very moment they opened their small leather workshop in Greenwich Village, they were a success. One of their first products was the now-famous shoulder bag for women which is probably the most copied design in fashion history. They soon had Adrian of Hollywood making special trips to New York to obtain original designs for his private clientele.

But more significant than the Phelps' success is the method behind it. They started small, have stayed small and intend to continue small. The Phelps believe in the "little shop." Living in Europe, they learned that it's the small

craftsman who has made the continent the world's fashion center.

They do their designing evenings and weekends. During the day, they engage in production and train assistants. The latter aren't just employees. At the end of one year, they get participation in the firm. After two, they become part owners. Eventually the shop will be turned over to them.

For the Phelps have a plan. Later there will be other shops. The proposed lineup now includes one working in bone, another in metal, still others in tanning, dyeing, weaving. All will be "little shops." All, if possible, will be operated by returning servicemen. All will be, it is hoped, forerunners of numerous shops like them throughout the country.

In four years, the Phelps have proved a point, developed a plan, begun to put it in operation—and quietly. Give them another four years and chances are they'll have America in the fashion big time.

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Olive & Walter Beech

The story of Walter and Olive Ann Beech is the good old one of the secretary who married the boss. But this one has a different kind of happy ending. The Beeches have become hero and heroine of one of the most fruitful working partnerships in industrial history.

In 1925, Olive Ann Mellor, a Kansas farm girl, came to Wichita to become a secretary. Aviation meant nothing to her. It was purely coincidence that the business school from which she graduated sent her out to answer a call from one Walter Beech.

Beech, in those days, was unknown. An "Early Bird" of aviation, he was trying to build planes the hard way, without capital, and with just 12 men in an old planing mill. While he went on barnstorming tours, to pick off stunt prizes with which to pay the men, Olive Ann kept the plant going and the workers expectant and working.

By 1930, when Walter and Olive were married, the company had become important enough for Curtiss-Wright to absorb it and for Walter to become a plush vice-president. But not for long. In 1932, Olive agreed to go back to Wichita with him so he could start over again, flying, designing planes, and risking everything they had on another company of their own.

This time they started with 15 employes and the idea for the now-famous Beechcraft plane. Today it takes 15 guards just to watch the parked cars of one shift of Beech employes. Their huge plant is turning out skyloads of planes—for high-altitude photographic mapping, command transport, navigation and bombing training and special-purpose observation.

Walter is the production and engineering genius; Olive Ann, the financial wizard. Walter's president; she's secretary-treasurer. Theirs is a thriving enterprise, a happy partnership.



Lilly & Felix Ehrenhaft

Last January a Viennese physicist stood before an audience of renowned scientists at a meeting of the American Physical Society in New York. He was Dr. Felix Ehrenhaft and he exploded a sensation.

For seven hundred years, scientists have believed that magnetism has direction but no motion; that only electricity can move. That's been an ABC of physics.

It isn't so, Dr. Ehrenhaft proclaimed to his startled audience. Magnetism does flow; it does move—in currents. And he had proved it experimentally. No one can foresee what his development will produce, but it may bring about magnetic batteries, amplifiers, vacuum tubes, generators—and from them, new scientific miracles that evade the wildest imagination.

For years in his laboratory at the Physics Institute of the University of Vienna, of which he was head, Dr. Ehrenhaft worked with

his magnets. Just before the war he came to America on a double mission: to see his son, now an American Army captain, and to talk over his experiments with American physicists. The latter gave him the cold shoulder. And understandably. His theory was so revolutionary that it couldn't be considered without experimental evidence, and Dr. Ehrenhaft had no money for a laboratory.

Before long he met Mme. Lilly Rena. She had been in America just two years—a sculptress, and a good one, on the road to fame. When they were married, however, she gladly gave up her art to become his sponsor and assistant. It was she who arranged for his hearing at the New York meeting.

Since that meeting, the Ehrenhafts have been hard at work answering the floods of inquiries pouring in, trying to encourage further research and application of the theory in which they have such great confidence.



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Anne & Frank Hummert

They are America's ace creators of the stuff that makes the day worthwhile for millions of radio-minded American housewives. In an average week they turn out 60 daytime serials. Some are *Backstage Wife*, *Just Plain Bill* and *Second Husband*. Fully eight per cent of all network time sold is devoted to Hummert thrillers.

Back in 1927, Frank Hummert, then a 35-year-old St. Louis newspaperman, saw radio as green pastures. Joining Blackett & Sample, Chicago advertising firm, as copy chief, he soon was turning out radio commercials. Three years later, Anne Ashenhurst became his assistant. Together, they began to hatch ideas for radio serials.

Their very first two were hits: *Betty and Bob*, now departed, and *Just Plain Bill*, still going strong after 11 years. By 1935, Frank and Anne had become Mr. and Mrs.

Hummert, the agency had become Blackett-Sample-Hummert and the ingenious authors' annual take was close to 150 thousand dollars.

Today the saga of the Hummerts is still building. Recently they took their soap opera factory out of the agency, formed their own organization. Now they work both in their Park Avenue office in New York and in their home in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Frank and Anne dig up the story idea. They dictate a broad outline for each day's show. A staff of 12 writers goes to work, filling in the outline, supplying the dialogue. Back it comes to the Hummerts for checking and okay. Then to the casting and production department, and finally on the air.

It's probably the greatest mass production of drama ever known. And if the highbrows don't like it, the Hummerts can point to their Crossley ratings. Evidently Mrs. America, in the millions, loves it.



José Ferrer & Uta Hagen

There are two unusual things about the current Broadway production of *Othello*. The first: its record of the longest continuous run on Broadway and probably in the world of any Shakespearean play. The second: its Ferrers, José and Uta Hagen.

It isn't very often that two youngsters rise together in the theatre, study and help each other, stick together through all the vicissitudes and "ham" temptations of the boards and then achieve stardom together. But that's what the Ferrers have done.

Uta Hagen, daughter of a composer, was brought up in Madison, Wisconsin. After studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, she got her theatrical start in Eve Le Gallienne's production of *Hamlet* at Cape Cod. She made her Broadway debut in 1938 in *The Seagull*, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

José Ferrer was born in Puerto Rico, attended elementary school in the United States and received his higher education in Puerto Rico, Switzerland, and at Princeton University. After an initiation in summer stock, he appeared on Broadway in *Spring Dance*.

Uta and José met in summer stock in 1938 in something called *Latitude of Love*. They were married that summer and ever since, with the exception of the season when their daughter, Letitia, was born, have been working in private and appearing on the stage together. They're now co-starred.

José speaks French and Spanish fluently, can get along in German and Italian. Uta speaks German and French and is now studying Russian. Between them, they can study the theatre in five languages.

Audiences are important to the Ferrers, but nothing is so important as each to the other. Which, in no small way, accounts for their tremendous success.

Sylvia Fine & Danny Kaye

A few months ago, when a new picture hit the first-run houses on Broadway, critics raved about a great new comedy sensation.

Danny Kaye does have the first genuinely new comedy style in years. No jokes, but he keeps high foreheads gasping with his caricatures of a Moscow Art Theatre actor, does flawless impersonations.

But even more interesting than the fact that Danny is hot is how come. The answer: Sylvia Fine, now Mrs. Kaye.

They met at a rehearsal for a little theatre revue in 1939. Sylvia was a young, up-and-coming writer of lyrics and music. Danny was nobody. For five summers he had played summer camps, serving as general funny man, but Broadway had stayed closed to him.

At the rehearsal, Sylvia thought she saw possibilities in Danny. She took him to Max Liebman, with whom she was writing *Straw Hat*

Revue, and Danny was given a part: He got some good press notices out of the role, but nothing sensational. When the show closed, he and Sylvia were married.

Then luck changed. Sylvia began to write all Danny's material. He got a job at La Martinique, a night club, where, using all Sylvia's numbers, he smashed. Moss Hart gave him a lead part in *Lady in the Dark*—and he was the sensation of the season. Now with his first picture, *Up in Arms*, Danny is the Hollywood find of the year.

The Kayes are not alike. She's even tempered, he's volatile. She's analytic, he goes by instinct. She walks, Danny runs. But she talks and Danny listens. She's his severest critic. And he won't make a personal appearance anywhere unless she's along, accompanying him at the piano.

It's an effective working partnership if there ever was one. As Danny sums it up: "Sylvia has a good head on my shoulders."



He Autographs Your Money

by GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW



AN ELDERLY MAN, passing through a Florida city, proffered his personal check in payment of a bill. "Sorry, Sir," said the clerk, "but we can't accept your check. We don't know you."

The customer smiled. "Well, maybe you'll take one of *these* checks." He handed over a 20 dollar bill and pointed to one corner. "There, you see, is my name."

Open-mouthed, the clerk stared at the signature of the Treasurer of the United States.

An "Information Please" expert, asked to name the nation's Treasurer, replied "Henry Morgenthau, Jr." Seven out of ten people would give the same answer. But look in the lower left-hand corner of a dollar bill—a five, ten or any denomination—and the name you'll find is W. A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States.

These incidents are typical. The public probably knows less about the Treasurer than any other high national official. In addition, his friends say that William Julian is the most modest man in the government service. The inadequate, seven-line biography in *Who's Who* neglects even to mention the fact that he was born!

Every weekday you will find Julian in a comparatively unpretentious suite of offices on the first floor of the great Treasury building over which he presides. A genial, vigorous gentleman of 77, who looks 60,

he has signed—by die reproduction—over 46 billions of dollars, or more money than any other one man in the history of the country and probably of the world.

As Treasurer, Julian is just about the only man in government service required to give bond. And with Morgenthau, he, of all Americans, is not permitted—by virtue of an outmoded law on the statute books since 1789—to buy War Bonds.

Although the office of Treasurer of the United States came into being with the nation, most people have never heard of the men—Hillegas, Spinner and Burke, for example—who have held this position. Yet their names, if not on people's lips, were in the pockets of millions of American citizens.

Under Congressional decree, the Treasurer of the United States is the man who handles the nation's money. Though there is no truth in the legend that upon taking office the Treasurer "is required to count every bill and every coin in the Treasury," still he must make periodic reports of the country's cash-on-hand, and be able to tell exactly how much the nation has at any hour of any day.

Money is Julian's business. He receives it from the mints and from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing; he stores it in the Treasury's vaults; and he disburses it in bulk as needed. He pays interest and principal on the public debt and

receives, if any, payments made on what other nations owe us.

Showing a friend through the Treasury vaults one day, Julian pointed to a room filled with bales of beautifully-engraved, foreign promissory notes covering the billions which the United States had loaned other nations during the first World War. "If that were mine and someone offered me two-fifty for the lot," he said, "I'd take it without a moment's hesitation."

While money streams out of the Treasury by the ton, old currency comes pouring back for redemption at the rate of more than a million dollars a day—currency worn out from handling, mutilated by rats, defaced by weather and sometimes partially destroyed by fire.

"Speaking of old currency," remarks Julian, "it may surprise you to know that the average life of a dollar bill is from six to eight weeks, which is one reason the presses at the Bureau have to keep going. A five dollar bill lasts three times as long; a ten dollar bill five times, and one thousand, five thousand and

ten thousand dollar bills live to be real old boys." A veritable mint of information, he adds, "And did you know that a million dollars in one dollar bills weighs a ton?"

Julian had already retired from an active career as organizer and president of two banks in Ohio when, in 1933, President Roosevelt offered him the nation's Treasurership.

"What the devil do you want with it?" Julian's friends asked. "You have more than enough money now!"

"Well," Julian twinkled over his glasses, "if this administration is going to break me, I want to be down there in Washington to see how they do it!"

Though he likes to joke about his job and the commodity he handles, Julian's pride in his work occasionally crops out.

"One of my good Republican friends likes to tell me that I've got my name on more bad money than any other man alive," he said one time. "But, at that, it's the best money in the world today!"

Time's A-Wasting

✱ HENRY KAISER, rapid-fire shipbuilder, had an appointment with a group of Washington officials. Arriving 30 minutes late, he apologized, explaining that he had to wait half an hour for a taxi.

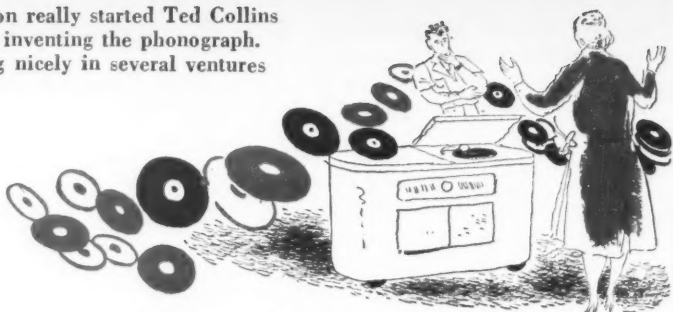
"Half an hour!" exclaimed one official. "Why on earth didn't you build one?"
—CLARA M. BUSH

✱ AN RAF OFFICER touring Canada was impressed by the number of young students practicing parachute jumps.

"Don't they have such practice in England?" he was asked.

"Well, no," returned the officer mildly. "Why practice something that a man has to do perfectly the first time?"
—L. H. LA MOTHE

Thomas A. Edison really started Ted Collins on his career by inventing the phonograph. Now Ted's doing nicely in several ventures



Kate Smith's Alter Ego

by JOHN REDDY

THERE IS A TALE in radio that when Ted Collins was a youngster a beaming woman once asked him, "Young man, do you play any musical instrument?"

"Sure," replied young Collins eagerly, "the phonograph."

Although that was rather an ancient gag even then, Master Collins wasn't kidding. He can probably play the phonograph better than anyone who ever lived. At least he's the only virtuoso who ever made the phonograph play to the tune of 10 million dollars, seven speedboats and a professional football team for good measure.

Ted still plays only the phonograph, but he's learned enough about music to:

1. Corral Kate Smith, probably radio's top feminine singer, whose weekly radio audience numbers more than 45 million people.

2. Pick more song hits than practically anyone.

Nor is Collins' ability to spot a good thing confined to music. He has an uncanny knack for being able to pick a winner in anything from an amateur night at the cor-

ner theatre to the fifth at Hialeah. He spotted Rudy Vallee in a college band, Abbott and Costello in a Brooklyn burlesque and the Aldrich Family in the imagination of Clifford Goldsmith, a Broadway playwright. His latest discovery is the "It Pays to Be Ignorant" program which Ted plucked off a little local radio station in New York.

Ironically, despite his almost psychic instinct for sniffing out buried talent, Ted stumbled across Kate Smith, his first and most fateful discovery, by missing a train. He was living out at Rockaway Beach, a suburb of New York, at the time and missed a late train home. To kill time he wandered into a musical comedy called "Flying High." Kate was featured as a comic dancer and stooge, but when she sang a song called *Without Love* the Collins ears lifted abruptly.

Here was a voice such as he'd never heard on all his stacks of phonograph records. He decided to try to get it on the records which, by then, he was peddling instead of just playing. Ted fished out a card, scribbled "strictly business"

across it and sent it backstage.

Despite the disarming assurance, Kate looked at the card skeptically and murmured, "Ted Collins. Never heard of him. Tell him I don't want to see him."

With that she tore the card in two and let the pieces flutter into a wastebasket. A great friendship would have died a-borning, if the stage doorman who brought the card back hadn't persuaded Kate to see Collins. The rest is history in radio.

Kate made the phonograph records for Ted and before long he wangled her a spot on the then infant Columbia Broadcasting System. She started May 1, 1931, singing 15 minutes five times a week for 10 dollars a program.

Now she gets roughly 10 thousand a week, most of which goes into their corporation known as KATED, Inc. In addition, Kate and Ted have raised four million for the Red Cross and nearly 200 million dollars for Uncle Sam in War Bond sales.

Since Kate sings just the same now as she did in 1931, the difference between her 10 dollar a program then and the 10 thousand a week now is due largely to the financial acumen of Collins.

In his association with Kate, Collins is looked on somewhat as a 20th century Svengali minus the beard. But where Svengali made Trilby a great singer by hypnotizing her, Ted made Kate a great singer by a process much more reliable. He picks her songs, produces and announces her programs and manages her affairs.

Despite the analogy with Svengali, Collins is not a sinister char-

acter with a black beard and an evil eye. He is a short, amiable looking fellow with curly black hair, brown eyes and the bored manner of a true Broadwayite. Born October 12, 1899, on 46th Street near Ninth Avenue, in the section of New York known as "Hell's Kitchen," he was christened Joseph Martin Collins, acquiring the Ted from his father, who once served as physician to President Theodore Roosevelt and nicknamed his young offspring in honor of T. R.

Young Ted attended Holy Cross parochial school and served as an altar boy for the late Father Francis Duffy of New York's "Fighting 69th" fame.

When the United States entered the first World War and Father Duffy went overseas with his beloved 69th, his erstwhile altar boy, then a young sprout of 17, joined the Navy and served aboard the transport *Henderson* hauling doughboys to France.

When the war ended, Ted chucked his gob's uniform and entered Fordham University, where he resumed the study of music by playing the phonograph which was known in those days as the "gramophone." His ability to play *K-K-K Katy* and *The Beautiful Ohio* on the gramophone failed to impress the good Jesuits of Rose Hill as a sign of musical genius, but he has probably made more money from it than a musical genius ever saw.

This ability paid its first dividend one day when Ted walked into the Columbia Phonograph Company to buy a record. The company was so astonished at Ted's vast lore of phonograph records that they hired him on the spot, and he forthwith

proceeded to sell more records than anyone else.

When Rudy Vallee, Gene Autry and Cliff Edwards weren't considered good enough for Columbia's 75-cent records, Ted put them on cheaper discs and sold them by the bushel. He became a record salesman at 22, was promoted to sales manager at 23 and a few months later was made recording manager, the youngest in the company's history. In fact, that's what he was the fateful night in 1930 when he accidentally heard Kate warbling at the Apollo theatre in New York.

Although radio was then in its swaddling clothes and there was some question among the skeptics as to whether it was here to stay, Ted grabbed his new-found singer by one hand and plunged headlong into the air waves. They made quite a splash.

Kate was known chiefly as a dancer and comedienne, but Ted—never one to do things by halves—put her on the air opposite Amos 'n Andy, then at the height of their popularity. Despite the competition, she was a success overnight. But Ted had even bigger ideas. He kept plugging away until he had built his 15-minute program into the full hour variety program with Kate as singing mistress of ceremonies still heard Friday nights at eight o'clock, E.W.T. over CBS.

Not content with having built Kate into a big success as a singer, Collins turned to something new. He launched her as a commentator. Now, "Kate Smith Speaks," heard at noon, E.W.T., tops all five-a-week daytime programs in listener popularity.

When the war broke out, it was decided to have Kate incorporate about five minutes of the latest news in her quarter-hour program. But when she looked at the first handful of dispatches, she said, "I can't read all this tragedy and suffering. Here, Ted, you read it."

As easily as that, Collins became a part of Kate's daytime program. He was already announcing her evening show on which he was launched just as accidentally.

It happened in Los Angeles where Ted had taken Kate to make her first movie, *Hello Everybody*. She was broadcasting three times a week for La Palina cigars and part of her program was devoted to interviewing various people working in the picture with her. This night she was to interview one of the extras, a small boy about 10 years old, but when she introduced the youngster he took one stricken look at the dreaded microphone, burst into tears and dashed across the studio to bury his head in his mother's lap. There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Ted, who had been watching the proceedings with a solicitous eye, coolly stepped up to the microphone and said in a high-pitched, childish voice:

"Thank you, Aunt Kate. We're glad to have you in Hollywood and we hope you'll come again soon."

The secret of Collins' success, if it is any secret, is his ability to pick not only people who will click but the songs and acts that will make them click. This was illustrated from Kate's early broadcasts when Ted picked as her theme song *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*, a ditty that Kate had collaborated on and then tossed on a shelf

to gather dust. This song has been more closely associated with Kate than any other except, of course, *God Bless America*. That, incidentally, was another Collins choice after Irving Berlin, who composed it, pooh-poohed the piece as not being good enough.

It is difficult to account for this unerring sixth sense of Collins' since he neither reads music nor plays any instrument. "The composers come and sing their stuff to me," Ted says. "I pick songs that way. I've had a few lemons but usually I can spot a hit."

HOWEVER, Ted's formidable reputation as a sure-fire picker is not an unmixed blessing. Some aspiring songwriters call him hard-boiled, with no understanding of their problems and their art.

But for somebody who is supposed to be a hard-hearted materialist, Ted sometimes has a tough time living up to the role. For instance, although he is noted for his ability to rake in dollars, he and Kate forked over 128 thousand dollars out of their own pockets to take their show on a tour of Army camps last year. He beats the bushes constantly for new talent, but he is stoutly loyal to the people who started with him. Jack Miller, who played the piano for Kate on her first program 13 years ago, now leads their orchestra. Jane Tompkins, who was taking shorthand from Ted when he discovered Kate, is now one of their writers and one of the best in the business. Ted and Kate sealed their first agreement with a handclasp and have never had a written agreement.

The Smith-Collins teamwork is

so close that many people assume that they are secretly married or at least romantically attached. This affords both Kate and Ted considerable amusement, as Ted is happily married and, in fact, will celebrate his 25th wedding anniversary next Thanksgiving. His attractive blonde wife, Jeanette, usually travels with them and is one of Kate's closest friends. The Collins have a 22-year-old daughter, Adelaide, who is married to Sergeant Frank Fitzgerald, an Army Air Force gunner.

In New York, Kate lives in an apartment on lower Park Avenue while Ted lives with his wife and daughter in an apartment on Central Park West.

Ted usually gets up around eight in the morning, has a cigarette and coffee with his wife, and then looks over the news coming in on the United Press teletype in his apartment. After spending a couple of hours preparing his five-minute news portion of their program, Ted catches a cab around 11 a.m. for Kate's apartment. They go on the air at noon, broadcasting directly beneath an oil painting of Kate in the living room of her apartment on the 17th floor, high above the drone of Park Avenue traffic.

After the broadcast, Ted heads for his office on Columbus Circle where he spends the rest of the day listening to songs, talking to entertainers, getting ready for the Friday night program and taking care of the thousand and one other details connected with running a big enterprise. Collins drives himself hard, existing on about four hours' sleep a night and innumerable cups of coffee during the day.

Ted scoffs at the idea that he is superstitious, yet he steadfastly refuses to leave the place he was working when he first found Kate, although the building at 1819 Broadway is quite a way off radio's beaten track.

His only concession to the new order of things was to move from the 21st to the 23rd floor at 1819 Broadway. There he has a resplendent suite of offices.

Despite the splendor of his surroundings, Collins usually wears baggy slacks, a nondescript sports shirt and scuffed suede shoes. He cares nothing for social life and goes night clubbing only in the line of duty when looking for talent. He is a teetotaler and drinks nothing stronger than coffee and chocolate milk, which he loves.

A basketball player for Scranton and Carbondale, Pennsylvania, as a kid, for six years Ted owned the Celtics, one of the greatest pro-

fessional basketball teams ever assembled. He is a rabid Fordham football fan and has missed only one Fordham game in the last nine years. Once he took his entire radio troupe all the way to Dallas, Texas, so as not to miss seeing his beloved Rams play Texas A and M in the Cotton Bowl.

Now Ted has gone into football in a big way himself by plunking down 50 thousand dollars cash for the Boston franchise in the National pro Football League. Although professional football flopped in Boston once, even under the aegis of George Preston Marshall, the wet-wash tycoon, the rival pro football moguls are not taking the new interloper lightly. Of course Ted's big problem now is to find players, but people know Ted well enough by now to realize that if there's any hidden gridiron talent around he'll spot it, even if it's in the daisy chain at Vassar.

Harum Scare 'em

THE FORMER CBS ANNOUNCER, Major Andre Baruch, brought this one back from the Mediterranean war theatre. A North African pasha was telling him about his push button system, enabling him to contact any room in the harem. When he had finished he asked Baruch what it would cost to install a closed radio circuit in the elaborate establishment. Major Baruch gave him a rough idea. The pasha gazed off into space for a moment, then turned and asked innocently:

"By the way, Major Baruch, how is television coming along in America?"

—LARRY WOLTERS

IN 1915, THE PARKER AMUSEMENT COMPANY, makers of carousels in Leavenworth, Kansas, had a most unusual order. They were asked to ship a 16-thousand-dollar, 48-horse merry-go-round to the Island of Java. The machine was purchased by the Sultan of Java for the pleasure and entertainment of his 48 wives.

—MILTON BACON



Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To those Red Cross girls overseas whose job it is to sit with the wounded and comfort them before they are wheeled into the operating rooms . . . To George Murphy of the movies, who has a face out of *Finnegans Wake*, and who sings, dances, acts, always with assurance and charm . . . To Ella Mae Morse, the best thing that's happened to swing singing since Dinah Shore . . . To *Left Hand, Right Hand!* reminiscences of the well-born, rich, and incredibly goofy Sitwell family, by Sir Osbert, who happens to be one of them . . . To Edward Chodorov, whose play *Decision* was panned by the critics and neglected by the public—proving once again that the way to have a flop on Broadway in this year of disgrace is to write something which has something to say.

File and Forget: According to Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, who should know whereof he speaks, most Eskimos have never seen an igloo, and they wear long gloves and fur collars—not to ward off the cold, but to protect themselves from mosquitoes . . . There is a town in Wales called *Ilanfair-pwllgwyngyllgogerychryndrobyllantysiliogogogoch*. In plain English it means "The Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool near Saint Tysilio's church near a red cave."

Research workers at the University of Denver recently queried a number of citizens on the Bill of Rights. They found out that 23 per cent of the people queried had never heard of the Bill of Rights—or weren't sure whether or not they had. And add this insult to that injury: Other researchers say that 27 million Americans don't know that the Japs hold the Philippines . . . The constant companion of Marshall Tito is a dog—a German police dog . . .

Winston Churchill likes to sit up until three a. m., just talking with guests. There are two men in the British Commonwealth of Nations who refuse to sit up with him: Jan Smuts always bids his host a polite goodnight in time to be in bed by eleven. And General Montgomery once ushered Churchill out of his tent in the African desert so that he himself could retire by ten. . . . On her estate in Hawaii, Doris Duke has a diving board that cost 20 thousand dollars . . . And while your illusions are collapsing like ninepins you might as well know that Paul V. McNutt's teeth are false . . .

Quote—Unquote: GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: "A nation is only as strong as the minds of its boobs."

SIR PHILIP GIBBS: "It is better to give than to lend—and it costs about the same anyway."

His antics and repartee belong more often to the back-room than the drawing room; yet he is a *rara avis* when it comes to verities



There's No Pet Like a Parrot

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

IT HAS BEEN SAID that when man crossed the abyss between the worlds of instinct and reason, the dog was the only animal that willfully followed. In the feathered kingdom, the same might be said of parrots. Certainly no other bird has evinced such a genuine liking for the continued company of man, such clownish antics or such a terrific sense of humor. And outside a politician with ulcers, no other bird can cast a more jaundiced eye on the world, in certain moods, than this Peck's Bad Boy of birddom.

In grandma's day, few well-furnished parlors were complete without a Poll who invariably squawked for a cracker or just embarrassed grandpa by telling someone in the family to go to hell while the preacher was calling and the members of the family were all on their best behavior.

But the parrot can't be blamed for his language. He just repeats what he hears humans say. To be sure he's not always tactful, but no one could ever accuse him of not being a truthful imitator. Perhaps if he could be taught the philosophy

of Talleyrand—that language was given man to conceal his thoughts, not to express them, he might develop parlor manners.

Nevertheless, he can be a rakehell or a singer of hymns. The mantle of the latter fell on Old Bill whose mistress had taught him to sing *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*. One night, while we were listening to him, a woman in the group laughed at his raucous tones. Instead of flying into a rage and cussing her out, he stopped in the middle of the song, walked majestically along his perch as he eyed her gravely and said, "You'd better go home," then went on singing.

Do parrots think and experience the same emotions as man? Some stories told by owners point that they do. For instance, one man tells how his cockatoo, for which he had built a small ferris wheel, would coax to be swung around on it. When the wheel was spun, he'd laugh and scream with delight as he clung to the spokes. When it stopped, he'd drop to the ground, dance and sway, shouting excitedly, "Oh, boy! Did we have fun!"

That they can get angry and be jealous was proven by a woman who owned one. Her husband squirmed a bit when she told the story, but the point was clear. Seems Friend Husband, when he got cross would sometimes slap her and say, "There, Lulu, take that!"

One morning she stopped to pat the family dog on her way to Poll's cage with breakfast. When she turned to the parrot, he cast a baleful eye at her, reached through the wire and snapped a button off her dress, yelling, yes, "There, Lulu, take that!" before he ruffled his feathers, sulked and refused to eat.

It may be that parrots don't think. It's a lot more fun to believe they do. But if you still insist on being an agnostic, how would you explain the following?

One old green bird, allowed the freedom of a small country store, observed all customers and listened to remarks made by the clerks after they left. A woman who always brought a crock of rancid butter in exchange for staples, elicited the remark, "more stinkin' butter," with gestures, after her departure.

All this Poll observed gravely. Then one morning when the lady entered, she waddled slowly across a showcase and queried, "More stinkin' butter today, ma'am?" and cocked a speculative eye at the crock on the counter. Of course the store lost a customer, but the owner considered it good riddance.

As practical jokers, you can't beat the parrot people. One rakish bird that spent his time in the orchard on sunny days took great delight in hiding and imitating other birds with mischievous pur-

pose. Hidden in foliage, he would mock first one bird then another. When there was quite a gathering, he would yell, "Shoo outa here! Git!" Then break into uproarious laughter as the frightened songsters scattered.

Another caused her owner untold embarrassment and forced her to make an apology to her next-door neighbor. Unbeknown, Patsy Poll, hidden from view, waited until she saw the neighbor going by, then she would call, "Good morning, Old Bald Top."

After a few days of this, the man marched angrily up to the front door and rang the bell furiously. When Mrs. J. answered, he said grimly, "I know I'm bald-headed, madame, but I don't think it's kind of your gardener to taunt me with the fact every morning."

Mrs. J. apologized and called the gardener to account. Quite justly, he denied the accusation. When Patsy was discovered to be the culprit, it still didn't cover the fact that she must have heard some member of the family refer to their neighbor as "Old Bald Top."

SCIENTISTS will tell you that parrots learn merely by rote, that a parrot's head, throat and beak are so formed as to make speech a simple matter. To this, most fanciers will only shrug, avoiding arguments. At any rate, there are a lot of laughs in parrots and some of them have better memories than their owners and tongues sharp as a razor.

Proof of their memory came from a woman who never owned a Poll but who always spoke casually to one in a florist shop when she came

in for posies. After a long illness over a period of months, she dropped into the shop one morning, and found a strange clerk at the counter. Chappy was dozing on his perch; but the moment he heard her voice, he woke and chattered excitedly, "Hello there. Where you been? I missed you."

"A tall tale," skeptics will say, but no one up on their "parrotology" would hesitate about believing it, nor this one of the old bird and the soldier in a post exchange. Stationed in a sub-zero zone, this chap had the habit of running into the PX every morning for cigarettes, where the parrot always eyed him from his perch with mild reproach because he invariably left the door open while he got his smokes.

Chilled from the icy blast, the bird would sway in discomfort and try to huddle into his gaudy coat. One bitter morning proved too much. Leaning forward the moment Johnny Doughboy opened the door, he shouted in fury, "Shut the door, dammit! Cold as hell in here."

From that day on G.I. Joe never failed to close the door. And strangely enough, the parrot never spoke to him again.

All right, you admit that the voice of the parrot is pitched in true human key. That the jay and the raven speak, too, after a gravel-toned fashion. "But what good are they?" you say. Probably very little, except as the butt of jokes and the subject for cartoons. Yet, on the other hand, here is the only bird which does what horse and dog lovers often wish their pets could do. Too, he is bringing his wit, friendship and intrigue to many of

our armed forces in the outposts of civilization today. And for that reason alone, Old Poll deserves a plug.

The parrot, along with his blood relatives, the cockatoo, the macaw and the lory, has always been associated with soldiers and sailors returning from far places. And when our men come home, no doubt many a sharp-tongued jungle Puck will tag along.

A MARINE lately returned from island warfare swears that a patriotic old parrot saved his life, and that a flock of them that lived in the jungle above his foxhole saved him from the misery of loneliness. His particular pet, curious and trusting, would come down and peer into the foxhole. The marine talked to him, and after awhile the parrot caught on. One phrase was his special delight.

But along with his "talk" lessons, the parrot carried the mischievous habit of annoying an unsuspecting—and also curious—monkey by nipping his tail. One day the sly monk turned the tables, and Poll lost most of his tail feathers. Frightened and in a rage, the bird shouted "Kill the b——," the phrase that had struck his fancy.

The marine obliged by taking a pot shot at the grudge-holding monkey, and thereby laid the groundwork for further drama. A short while later, a Jap sniper managed to wriggle up into a tree that commanded a view of the marine's foxhole. Waiting until he dozed, the Nip raised his rifle. But as he did so his gun barrel must have come in contact with Poll's tail feathers—what there was left of them (at

least that's the way the Yank reconstructed the incident). At any rate, the parrot screamed in rage, "Kill the b——," over and over.

Again the marine was in a position to carry out Poll's instructions, and you couldn't criticize him now if he littered his home with parrots.

As for those who dote on genealogy and make a business of digging up family trees, that of the parrot is nothing to sneeze at. Rome and Carthage knew them first when soldiers coming back from conquests in Africa amazed their families and friends by bringing birds that actually talked. Northern Europe was initiated by Columbus who brought brilliant macaws from tropical America. Parrots are probably the oldest bird species which have stayed much the same since evolution began giving wings to earthbound creatures.

If you've ever wondered what makes it possible for the parrot to cut didoes and do fancy acrobatics, the answer is—the formation of its feet. Parrots have four toes, two pointing forward, two backward. This makes it possible for them to cling solidly and swing from branch

to branch, top or bottom side up.

Parrot stories, volumes of them, might be collected from every part of the world, and from the 600 odd species of the parrot family. Some of the tales, taken from the slave-trading era, could be garnered from the birds themselves, though it is extremely doubtful whether they would look well in print. There are records of Polls which have passed down through as many as four generations, birds which knew every cuss word of the high seas from Africa to New Orleans.

Some parrots are still just precocious kids at 80. One bird, inherited through several generations from Captain Murdock Wilson, African slave trader, was known by actual records inherited with it to be 130 years old.

From that item, should you contemplate the purchase of a parrot, it might be wise to remember that Poll should be reared in dignity and on decent conversation. If you don't, your great, great grandchildren may well be shocked over uncontested proof of the terribly pungent language their revered ancestor used.

The Pen Is Mightier . . .



THE COMMANDER of a French Foreign Legion outpost in North Africa got word of the American invasion. "*Les Americains*," he told his men, "are warriors *magnifiques*. We must prepare to surrender."

The very next day a small company of uniformed Americans advanced on the post. Not a shot was fired. The French commander marched up to the leader, bearing his sword on outstretched hands. "And to whom," he asked, "do I have the honor of surrendering?"

The American accepted the proffered sword. "You have the honor, Sir," he replied, "of surrendering to the Associated Press."

—*This Week*

So you want to be a country editor ala William Allen White? The local gentry want a tactful press, not a free one, warns a rural journalist



A Free Press Doesn't Pay in My Town

by ROBERT E. HARLOW

SOME TIME AGO a contest was conducted for an essay on "*The Freedom of the Press and what it means.*" No doubt the prize will be won by some idealist who does not have to meet the payroll of a country newspaper every Saturday before the bank closes.

There is no such thing as "Freedom of the Press" for the publisher of a country newspaper. He cannot conduct one and remain in business. His readers do not want a free press. They want a tactful press.

A country publisher might be free in discussing and presenting news which did not touch his community, but this would not interest his readers. They want local news. They get the big stuff from city newspapers. When it comes to handling the local data the publisher must be sure the copy and his financial statement balance.

I acknowledge, and without shame, that in the past few weeks my newspaper has considered it wise to omit at least a half dozen top local news stories, although the facts were common gossip. To have printed these items would have cost

me friends and money. To print stories which would cost me friends and money would in a short time put me out of business.

My weekly is published in a resort community, where the wealthy members of the cottage colony expect protection from the local press. If in New York one of their sons were guilty of some spectacular misbehavior, the *New York News* could play the story under headlines because the *News* does not give a damn whether or not the boy's family subscribes to the *News*. But if the boy cuts some didoes here I ignore it in my paper. I need the family's subscription. If I stepped out of line in giving bad publicity to one of their number the whole cottage colony would be down on me.

If the wife of a leading colony member gets high at a cocktail party and drives her car into a store's show window, that's a good picture story in New York. But if it happens here you won't see anything about it in the local free press. If the daughter of a prominent family elopes with a gardener

the romance does not appear in our society notes. The family has too many Dear Friends among our subscribers. The country editor learns quickly what is news and what is a private matter.

At this point I wish to arise and challenge the oft-repeated assertion that the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*, published by the late William Allen White, is a country newspaper, and that Mr. White was a typical country editor. A country newspaper is something far removed from the Emporia *Gazette*. And country editors and publishers are distantly removed from a William Allen White.

In the first place, a country newspaper is a weekly, not a daily. In the second place, it is published in a community in which the publisher cannot afford to offend one subscriber, let alone a minority group of subscribers. In the third place, the country publisher is not an aloof magnate. He is in daily personal contact with his town and with everybody in it. A country newspaper shop like ours is a place where the publisher works at everything from printers' devil to delivery boy—with the less important jobs of news writing and editing sandwiched in between.

Last Thursday night we (all four of us including Mrs. Publisher) ran off a 12 page weekly. As I, a poor ink-stained wretch, placed the type into the last four pages, I envisioned the story-book country editor, with his feet on his desk, talking politics with some of the local boys, surrounded by an aura of editorial grandeur.

With real country editors there is no editorial grandeur. On the con-

trary, on the day after publication you begin to hear from your readers about the typographical, spelling, construction and factual errors you have committed.

But you have your income as correspondent for the big wire services or city newspapers. At least you can do a good job of reporting for them? Oh, yes.

I recall the incident of a raid on a certain discreditable resort in a certain Pennsylvania town. A number of prominent local gentlemen were among the gamblers when the pinch was made. The local country editor was correspondent of a big city newspaper. He took his courage in hand and wired in the bare facts of the raid with no names. He dared to mention that a number of well-known people had been gathered in. The telegraph editor of the city daily furiously telegraphed his correspondent for a story with names as shown by the police records. The correspondent wired back:

"I have to live here."

The country publisher not only has to live in his town, he has to make his living there.

I have attempted to solve the problem by conducting what I term a Fair Press. I do not aspire to a Free Press. I attain a Fair Press by doing my best to treat all the people in the village the same. I do not print anything which might offend *any* reader or his family or friends. The only exception ought to be in case of murder. Up to now no one has committed a murder, for which I am thankful. That would be a problem. I hope if there is a murderer he will be someone of little influence.

Constant readers of our paper

who do not live in town and obtain the local gossip by word of mouth, must think that we are an angelic lot. No one ever gets into trouble in print. Our readers do not need to use rose colored glasses when they scan our columns. We supply the tint on our own presses.

The only police news we have published recently concerned some city slickers who were card sharps. They worked our largest resort hotel until they were discovered and tossed out of town. These cheaters were strangers and had no friends so we handled the story in style. It gave us a splendid opportunity to praise the local police.

OUR TOWN is visited from November through April by many prominent persons. We have had many big shots of all political parties. Most of our guests are well behaved. But not all. One breezed into the dining room of our leading hotel without a coat. The dining room head waiter, who has been on the job for 30 years, politely asked the big shot to put on a coat before dining. The important man was under the influence. He objected. An interesting battle ensued. The whole town talked about the fracas—but not our newspaper.

A mayor of a New York State city is a fox hunter. He rode after the local pack one day. His horse refused a jump and tossed the mayor over his head. The idol of his home town landed in a sitting position. When he got back to the big hotel he walked in holding a crushed bowler hat in one hand and holding the other where he hurt worst. This happened before I had become so thoroughly sensitive to

the nuances of country publishing.

I took pride in my story about His Honor's horsemanship.

The next morning the Hunt club put everybody and the hounds on me. They even objected because I said the hounds chased the fox. It seems that hounds trail a fox; they never chase one.

But the mayor in this instance crossed up the Hunt club. He bought 20 copies of the paper and took pains to see that the item was reprinted by his home journals. He said it would win him votes.

This was an exception to the rule.

Our paper does not conduct an editorial column. We make a serious effort to amuse our readers without offending them.

Certain items on the borderline can be used if given a humorous slant. This has been established after years of experience. The story about the fox hunt was one such.

We have the usual number of literarily inclined persons, including poets. When they send in anything we publish it. I find that bad efforts by local authors give our readers more entertainment than well done pieces.

Our publication day is Friday. This means we put in our hardest effort from Wednesday morning until Friday morning.

Last Thursday was a typical day. I was up at eight o'clock. I went down to the shop and tossed type into the first four pages, which were run on our flatbed press Thursday morning. Then I washed off the ink. I picked up all the hotel arrivals, wrote a half dozen local stories, gobbled a sandwich at the drugstore, returned to the shop and tossed in the type for the second

four pages. This included reading the galleys of type and putting in the corrections. When these pages were ready I washed off the ink.

Next I covered the sports items. We are a golf and horse center. A harness horse matinee and a golf tournament were in progress. I covered these in person and wrote the stories. It was then suppertime. I took a shower and ate supper. By eight I was back at the shop.

I put the type into the last four pages and washed off the ink again. Then I joined my wife in the folding and mailing department. We had to insert section three into section two while one was being printed. Then we inserted sections two and three into section one.

After the first 200 inserts your back feels as if someone were pounding it. By the first 400 you no longer can feel pain. When the paper is put together there is the wrapping to do. This last job goes on from midnight until three or four a.m.

After that we use our car to make the deliveries around town and to the post office.

Then we wash up and so to bed.

The next day we listen to comments on the errors and mistakes four of us made in putting out a 12 page newspaper.

But the other day a departing seasonal guest said to me:

"The *Outlook* amuses me."

I felt we were getting somewhere.

Pro Patria

IT WAS DURING THE RECENT ADVANCE of the Russians toward the Polish border. A furious battle was in progress. At the field headquarters, a staff officer directed the fighting by telephone orders to the various combat units. Suddenly one of the lines went dead. The enemy attack was especially fierce in that sector, and it was imperative that the line be repaired at once.

A moment later Technical Sergeant Gordolobov was crawling along the telephone cable, inspecting it inch by inch. Shells were bursting on all sides, their fragments whistling shrilly as they sailed through the air. Hugging the ground, the sergeant pressed on, knowing that the battle depended on his speed in locating and repairing the damaged line.

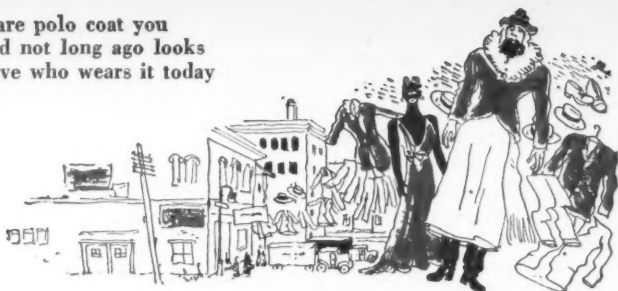


On a knoll, in full view of the enemy he finally found the severed wire. As he reached for the torn ends, a shell exploded, shattering one leg and wounding both arms. Half insane with pain, he worked furiously to repair the cable. Unable to reach for the pliers, he clamped his teeth tightly on the twisted ends. Then blackness enveloped him.

At field headquarters, the telephone line was working again. Orders were given in time, the battle was won.

As the troops moved in to their new position, the staff officer noticed Gordolobov's absence. A search was made and he was discovered lying in a pool of blood. He was dead, but his teeth were still clamped on the wire ends.—NINA N. SELIVANOVA

That friendly, threadbare polo coat you grudgingly relinquished not long ago looks mighty fine to the native who wears it today



Bonanza in Second-Hand Clothes

by BEATRICE OPPENHEIM

WHETHER AN old coat is discarded in Maine or California, the chances are it will ultimately find its way to New York City's Elizabeth Street, the world's super second-hand clothing mart. And from Elizabeth Street it very likely will travel to some distant corner of the globe.

At this lower East Side center—just a couple of run-down square blocks bounded by the Bowery and Chinatown—millions of tons of wilted but serviceable garments are launched on a brand new career of usefulness. Some go to American towns, but more than half find their way to remote communities in Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, West and Central Africa, the Near East, Arabia, India.

An outmoded afternoon dress, bearing the label of a fancy Fifth Avenue shop, graces the black wife of a rubber plantation laborer deep in the Belgian Congo. A jacket from Oshkosh or Kalamazoo is sported by a Tunisian over his long-skirted cotton *dhoti*. A woman's plush coat from a New England village becomes the pride of an Arabian man-

about-town who appreciates its resemblance to fur. A pair of old work shoes ends up as a Nigerian tin miner's Sunday best.

Pants and hats rarely go abroad. In big demand by farm and factory workers below the Mason-Dixon line, they are reserved for what Elizabeth Street refers to as the "Southern trade."

You may buy clothing in 60- or 125-pound burlap bales on Elizabeth Street, or you may browse all day for a single piece of apparel. Here you can find a \$3.95 business suit, a \$6.95 dress suit, a 96-cent evening dress, a Keystone Kop's uniform, even a Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat or a pair of puttees from World War I.

Approximately 10 million used garments are bought and sold here every year in the many retail stores and wholesale warehouses. The leading Elizabeth Street concern, the Dadourian Export Company, boasts a yearly business of one million dollars. Ten smaller competitors do a combined annual business of two million dollars.

And what's more, Elizabeth



Street merchants expect to play a major part in the re-clothing of millions of tattered men and women in war-blighted areas abroad. They have already supplied 10 thousand tons of reconditioned clothes to the Procurement Division of the U.S. Treasury Department for the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation. A single government order called for 200 thousand winter coats and 100 thousand dresses—a part of the *Merchandise des Allies* which followed our victorious armies into Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia. Each article and each bale carried a red, white and blue sticker bearing the American flag and the message: "From the United States of America, one of the United Nations."

To what extent these merchants will participate in the even larger program of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, no one yet knows. But, measuring stockpiles of new clothing against anticipated needs, they believe their rags-to-riches story has just begun.

STIMULATED BY government purchases, Elizabeth Street recently has been improving its products. Most garments are dry-cleaned before resale. Millions of missing buttons are replaced, hundreds of thousands of ripped seams mended. The Dadourian Export Company, which occupies two six-story buildings and employs 200 persons, devotes a whole floor to the rejuvenation of dry-cleaned clothes.

Second-hand wearing apparel by the bale is not such a pig-in-the-poke purchase as one might expect. There is a clearly differentiated

range of merchandise from "cheap" to "de luxe."

Treasury Department contracts called for "best-in-the-trade" merchandise—35-cent dresses, dollar jackets, 96-cent women's winter coats. This meant dry-cleaned, fumigated, repaired garments, with no fading, missing buttons or broken zippers and no patches except in linings. According to Treasury Department inspectors who supervised the baling, these standards were faithfully adhered to.

A cigarette burn or broken zipper demotes an otherwise acceptable garment from the "best in the trade" to the 25-cent class; small, easily repaired tears signify the 15-cent stack; a more badly torn or frayed garment becomes an eight-cent bargain number. Obviously irreparable garments are sold by the pound for rags.

Women's dresses and coats, discarded by the fashion-conscious long before they are worn out, are Elizabeth Street's best buys. Men's jackets and coats, due to sturdy fabrics and high original cost, are considered good buys. Smaller items, such as men's shirts and women's shoes, are not recommended for export by official agencies. They can be bought cheaply enough new. Unused, heavy Army field boots of the last war are selling briskly as work shoes. However, until rationing restrictions were taken off footgear retailing under three dollars, they were a dead item. The patriotic wholesaler who owned the generation-old shoes had been insisting on a ration coupon for each pair.

Every venerable garment—the elevator operator's uniform with

tarnished brass buttons, the yellowed straw skimmer, the be-draggled evening wrap and the patched-at-the-elbows pea jacket—is saleable merchandise.

Only a small part of Elizabeth Street's wares are brought there directly by itinerant cash-clothes men who haggle at back doors with housewives. These men, loaded with bundles and sacks, come in from New York City's five boroughs every afternoon. Smaller Elizabeth Street dealers, retailers especially, bid for their wares; the big wholesalers do not bother.

More than 50 per cent of the clothing comes by circuitous routes. Picked up by a junkman in a rural community, a jacket will pass on to a small town junk dealer, big-city dealer, used-clothing wholesaler, and finally arrive on Elizabeth Street as part of a carload lot.

The northeastern and midwestern states and Northern California are the biggest sources of supply. The southern states represent the biggest domestic market.

Men's suits have the quickest turnover. Mr. Jones's old winter tweed, sold by his wife for one dollar in the morning, is expected to fetch \$1.50 on Elizabeth Street in the afternoon. After a cleaning and a few quick repairs, it may be displayed as a \$4.95 Bowery special.

In pre-war days, Elizabeth Street firms prepared profusely illustrated catalogues from which customers among the nation's three thousand retail secondhand clothing stores selected their merchandise. Drawings, inspired by *Esquire* and *Vogue*, showed snappily tailored men's suits and overcoats, smart dresses and luxuriously-furred coats, but

a line at the bottom of each page frankly warned: "Illustrations merely give idea of articles offered."

No garment is too out of date to find a buyer on Elizabeth Street; and the big merchants don't worry about stock that stays on hand year after year.

One concern has floor to ceiling stacks, each as big as a suburban garage, of World War I uniforms. These are no longer shipped abroad. When hostilities cease, however, the "Yip, Yip Yaphank" era military outfits will become civilian garb in an African village.

The war, which has made America salvage conscious, has brought pride to the dealers. "After all," boasted one as he watched a truck being loaded, "we're turning what would otherwise have been waste into badly needed commodities."

The neat brown bales on the sidewalk before him were earmarked for the port of Matadi, one hundred miles up the Congo River. From there the discarded American clothes will be sent on to villages deep in the jungle. Wherever civilization has touched—even lightly—there is business for Elizabeth Street.

Melancholy Baby

Belying his sad eyes, furrowed brow and drooping ears, this lovable cocker spaniel isn't contemplating the woes of the world. He's just snatching a brief rest after a mad scamper through the reeds which fringe a section of shore at Laguna Beach, California. A second later that black-button nose quivered in excitement as it sniffed another bit of wild life scurrying for cover; the reeds rattled and the merry chase was on again. But first the cocker stopped to catch his breath—which gave a scouting Mead-Maddick photographer the chance to catch this shot.

KODACHROME FROM MEAD-MADDICK

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Connie Mack: Baseball's Patriarch

by PAUL GALLICO

YOU ARE LOOKING upon the face of a great American patriarch.

It is Cornelius McGillicuddy, known to every boy in the land as Connie Mack.

His job and his life's work have been the managership of the Philadelphia American League Club, the Philadelphia Athletics.

But his integrity, his wisdom, his sportsmanship and philosophy have had an effect upon the nation, far surpassing the limits of his profession. He is more than the grand old man of baseball. He is one of the grand old men of America.

For among other things, he is the symbol of opportunity.

His joy has been the finding and developing of youth, the building of pennant winning baseball teams out of young, raw and ambitious material. He has followed this pattern consistently throughout his long and honorable career.

He has placed his faith in the young and the untried and in his ability to mold them into perfection. He has been a tireless searcher along those rocky roads to eminence, and a guide and teacher. He has been a father to many of his players, but this quality of his somehow overflowed. The strong stream of his wisdom and the philosophy of opportunity spilled out from the ball parks of the country, his hardy paternity joined with the rivers of national consciousness, until there is hardly a man, woman or child who is not aware of Connie

Mack and the things for which he stands.

Connie Mack is most famous perhaps for his curious destruction of his great ball clubs at the height of their power. In 1914, he suddenly broke up his four-time pennant winning team with the 100 thousand dollar infield consisting of Stuffy McInnis, Eddie Collins, Jack Barry and Home Run Baker. He did it again, in 1932, after winning three pennants in a row.

And yet it is not inconsistent, for the strain of patriarchy runs strong in Connie Mack, and that is akin to nature. On earth, once the young have matured, once perfection has been attained and the flower full bloomed, nature loses interest.

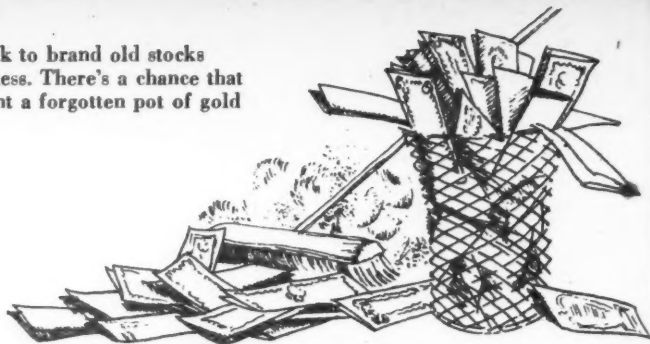
Her work is done. Her products can then shift for themselves. She saves her forces for the generation which is to follow.

It is this pattern of nature that Connie Mack has followed. He has kept his own youth far beyond the time allotted to man by presiding over the quick life-span of his athletes, by helping them to grow from callow boys to self-reliant manhood, and then turning them loose in the world.

To countless American boys he has been father and adviser as well as coach and instructor.

To Connie Mack they are an eternal fountain of youth, the young, sports-loving, ambitious boys of America.

Don't be too quick to brand old stocks and bonds worthless. There's a chance that they may represent a forgotten pot of gold



Year 'Round Santa Claus

by LESLIE H. HORN

THE BUSINESS of Claude Blackey, stocks and bonds investigator extraordinaire of Boston, Massachusetts, is to get money for "worthless" stock. Some 100 million dollars—enough money to buy all the fur coats in the United States in two years—is held in American banks for securities whose holders have disappeared or have papered their attics with certificates they thought to be valueless. It's Claude Blackey's job to dip into this forgotten pot of gold and come up with something for his clients.

His clients range from the little old lady who needed just a few more dollars to live out the rest of her life in the old folks' home, to the Englishman who invested in railroad bonds 30 years ago but thought his buy was worthless because the issuing company had been absorbed by another. For the little old lady, Blackey dug into an attic trunk, found some old stock certificates, cashed them in for enough money to take care of her the rest of her life. For the Englishman, Blackey recovered 100 thousand dollars. Such large amounts

are frequently realized, Mr. Blackey explains, but most forgotten securities bring in from 50 to 300 dollars a certificate.

It's not surprising that 100 million dollars molders unclaimed in U.S. banks. Since 1851, over 7,500,000 corporations have been formed in this country, Canada and Mexico. In Massachusetts alone 150 thousand new corporations were created in the last 75 years. Two thousand new companies are formed each year and about 1,500 disappear, a refining process which has hewn down the total to about 25 thousand extant corporations.

Each corporation may issue one to five kinds of stock and the same number of bond issues. Dead companies, prior to receivership, may have one to three more issues. And then there are the securities custom-built for the unhappy sucker—such as were once offered by a railroad promotion group. The railroad was never built, but two million dollars in bonds and three million in stocks were floated.

According to Claude Blackey, the job of finding money in such

financial ruins is a simple one, but actually it isn't simple for anyone but Mr. Blackey. He often realizes cash on securities other brokers have investigated and pronounced worthless. Blackey has minutely detailed knowledge of what's been going on in financial circles for the last hundred years. He has files which cover his Boston office wall to wall and floor to ceiling. And he has developed various off-the-record techniques which he refers to cryptically as "trade secrets."

Before the war, the whole world was his territory. He once followed a bond holder to Lithuania to pay him money which had been realized from the redemption of supposedly worthless stocks. Usually such man-hunts are carried on by mail. To find one owner of some 30-year-old stock certificates, Blackey had to trace every one of the man's 30 years through five states—Massachusetts to Florida, to Louisiana, to Michigan, and then to California. The result of that search was many hundreds of dollars, both for pursuer and pursued.

CLAUDE BLACKKEY's research often leads him up the dimmer alleys of American history. In appraising some Virginia bonds of pre-Civil War days, his investigation showed that the bonds were stolen by Union soldiers when Richmond was sacked. They had no value because they were never legally issued.

Another Blackey discovery is the fact that the city of Washington, D.C., was exploited by a privately owned land company in which George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and other of our colonial figures invested and

owned stock. At first the real estate development was unsuccessful; Mrs. Madison said in a letter that the White House was "surrounded by a sea of mud." Yet the U.S. Treasury will still redeem the stock of this land company, and many certificates are still at large.

Many interesting circumstances surround the formation of early corporations and weave patterns interesting enough to be fiction, Mr. Blackey reports. There was the instance of the Midwestern power utility in a small city. The company was deeply in the red when the power plant was struck by lightning and set afire. The city had a receiver appointed, bought the transmission lines and built a municipal plant.

Later a fire insurance company found that they had a large policy on the destroyed plant and paid the money into the court that had appointed the receiver. The clerk deposited the money to the account of the case which had been closed. Publicity had already been printed in security manuals that the bonds were worthless.

Yet bondholders of this small utility can still receive a good payment on presentation of their securities to the court, because of the discovery of the fire insurance policy on the property.

A prominent railroad was foreclosed many years ago by trustees for the bondholders, and partial return was made to the owners of the bonds on presentation to the trustees' bank. It was generally assumed even by the trustees that such payment exhausts the possibility of value in bonds.

But a second bank, found through

Mr. Blackey's search, had a prior transaction with the railroad in granting it a loan against collateral which was not sold until after the bond foreclosure.

Being assets applicable to any deficiency, bondholders are entitled to their pro rata share of the excess collateral. And, Mr. Blackey says, there are many of these bonds still around and unredeemed.

Many folks, he reports, who hold securities insist on getting every dime they paid out. They refuse to settle. Two sisters in Brooklyn each owned a thousand dollars' worth of bonds which had been defaulted many years ago and were thought to be worthless. However, the affairs of the company which had issued the bonds were wisely handled and there was 700 dollars

paid per thousand when the matter was closed by receivers.

One of the sisters took the 700 dollars while the other refused to take anything less than the original thousand. In the meantime the bank which contained the fund from which bonds were redeemable failed, depriving the adamant sister of even the 700 dollars.

One of Mr. Blackey's favorite clients was the old gentleman who didn't want him to waste his time trying to cash in securities "when he could be out looking for a job." When the securities finally did yield an interesting sum, the old gentleman refused to touch the money. "Worthless," said he, despite Blackey's careful explanations. "Always were no good and couldn't be good now."

With a Grain of Sand

■ "I JUST LOVE FLIERS," said the sweet young thing, eying the insignia of a handsome major.

"But I'm not a flier," said the officer. "This insignia is the Caduceus of the Medical Corps. It's the winged staff of Mercury with two serpents twined around it."

"Well," she replied amiably, "I love wings anyway—even on snakes!"

—*Washington Post*

■ AS A CHILD, Woodrow Wilson loved to accompany his preacher father on his parish calls. One day, as the two were jogging along in their horse-and-buggy, they were accosted by a miserly member of the congregation.

"How is it, Mr. Wilson," scoffed the tightwad, "that your horse is fat and sleek but you're so skinny?"

"There's a good reason for it, Mr.

Jergis," returned the elder Wilson. "I feed the horse—but members of the parish feed me."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ AN AMERICAN WRITER, covering the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, was startled to receive a cablegram from a fellow correspondent in London.

"How are you?" it read.

"Okay," the puzzled war-front writer cabled. "Why?"

Back came this answer: "Heard you were killed. Sorry."—BIRT DARLING

■ THE DOORBELL PELED. Peering from an upstairs window, the lady of the house saw that the man at the door was carrying a salesman's grip.

"I don't want none," she shouted.

"Lady," returned the salesman sharply, "how do you know I'm not selling grammars?"—C. B. KENAMORE

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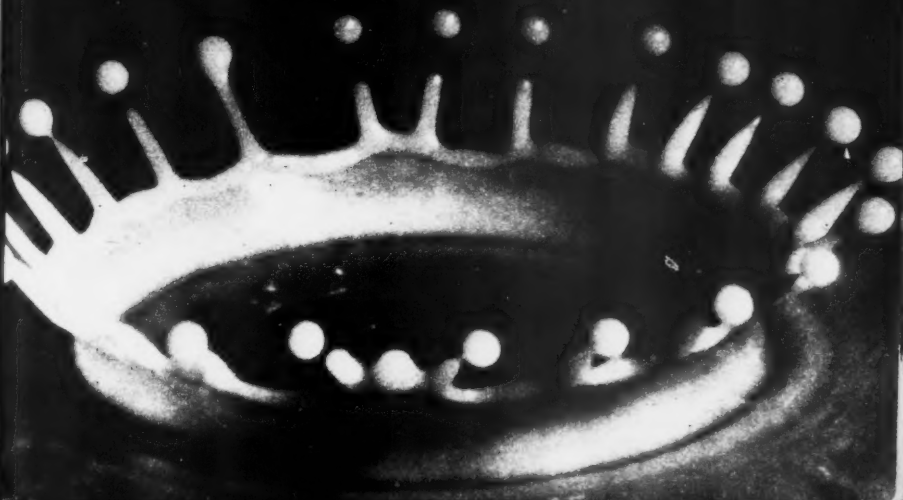
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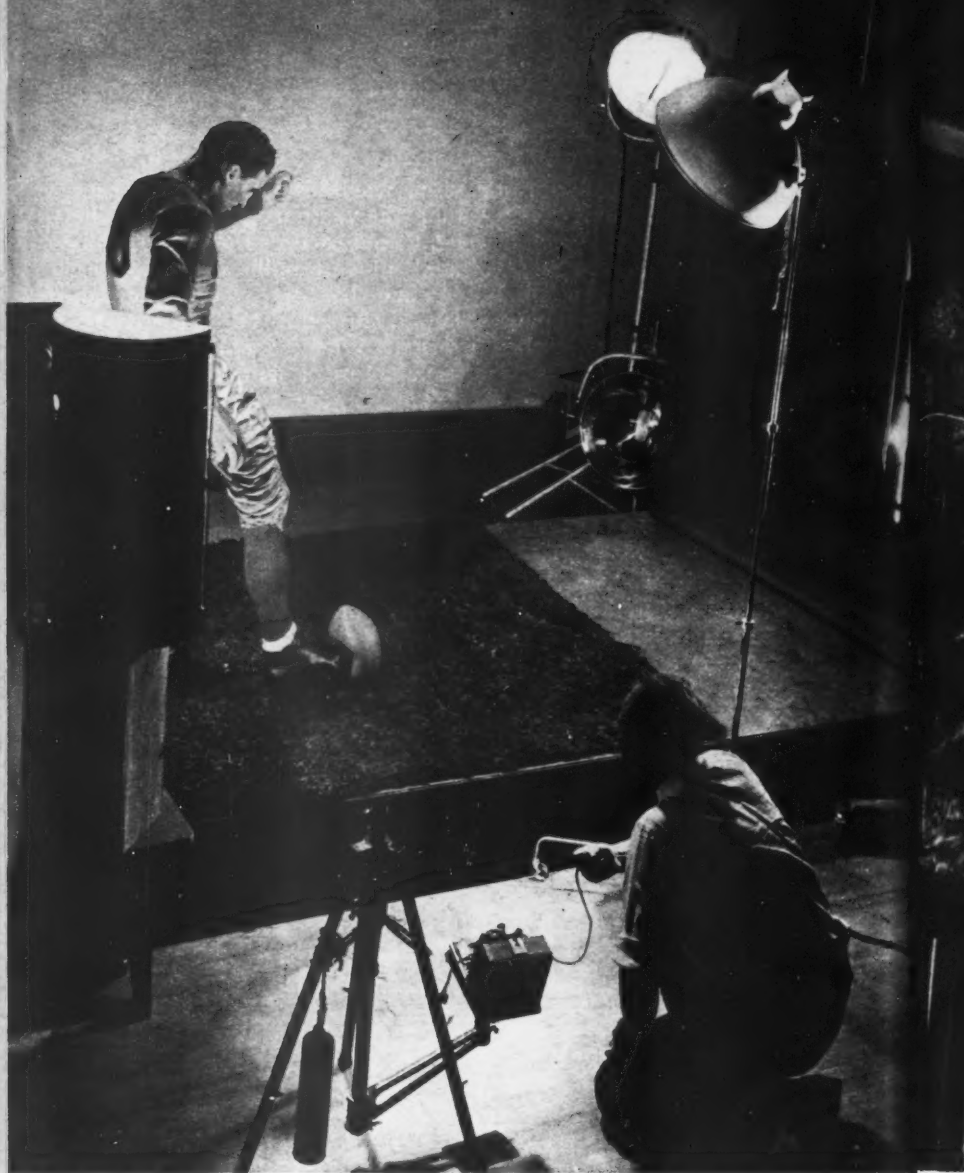
THROUGH THE magic medium of the stroboscopic camera—as developed by Professor Harold E. Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—time and motion have become man's playthings. For the Edgerton stroboscope is so incredibly fast that it can photograph the trademark on the blade of an electric fan, turning at two thousand revolutions a minute, or a bullet in flight at a half mile a second. In stroboscopic photography, an instantaneous flash of light is synchronized with the opening and closing of a mechanical shutter. The speed of the flash is controlled, so that either a single picture or a series can be taken.

Stroboscopic photography, however, does not render standard cameras obsolete; they are actually used in the Edgerton method. The big difference is in the stroboscopic

tube, which is many times faster than the ordinary flash bulb. The light itself exceeds that of 50 thousand 40-watt bulbs.

Time has thus been juggled, slowed, frozen and actually reversed. When, for instance, the flashing rate of light is the same per second as the revolutions of an electric fan, the fan as photographed appears to be standing still. When the light-flash rate exceeds the revolution rate, the fan actually appears to be going *backward*. Coronet in the following pages presents some of the outstanding experimental photos of Dr. Edgerton, and some representative shots by Gjon Mili, the first photographer to use the Edgerton method commercially. The "Coronet" below was actually produced by a drop of milk falling upon a plate covered with a thin layer of milk.





1. *As the lights flash, Dr. Edgerton himself releases the shutter during the split-second in which the toe of the kicker bashes in the football. The boot penetrates at least half the diameter of the ball.*



- 2.** *A shot for the family album which only the fast camera can take. Compare it to the ordinary candid camera shot of father-and-son, and notice the added informality and candor it achieves.*

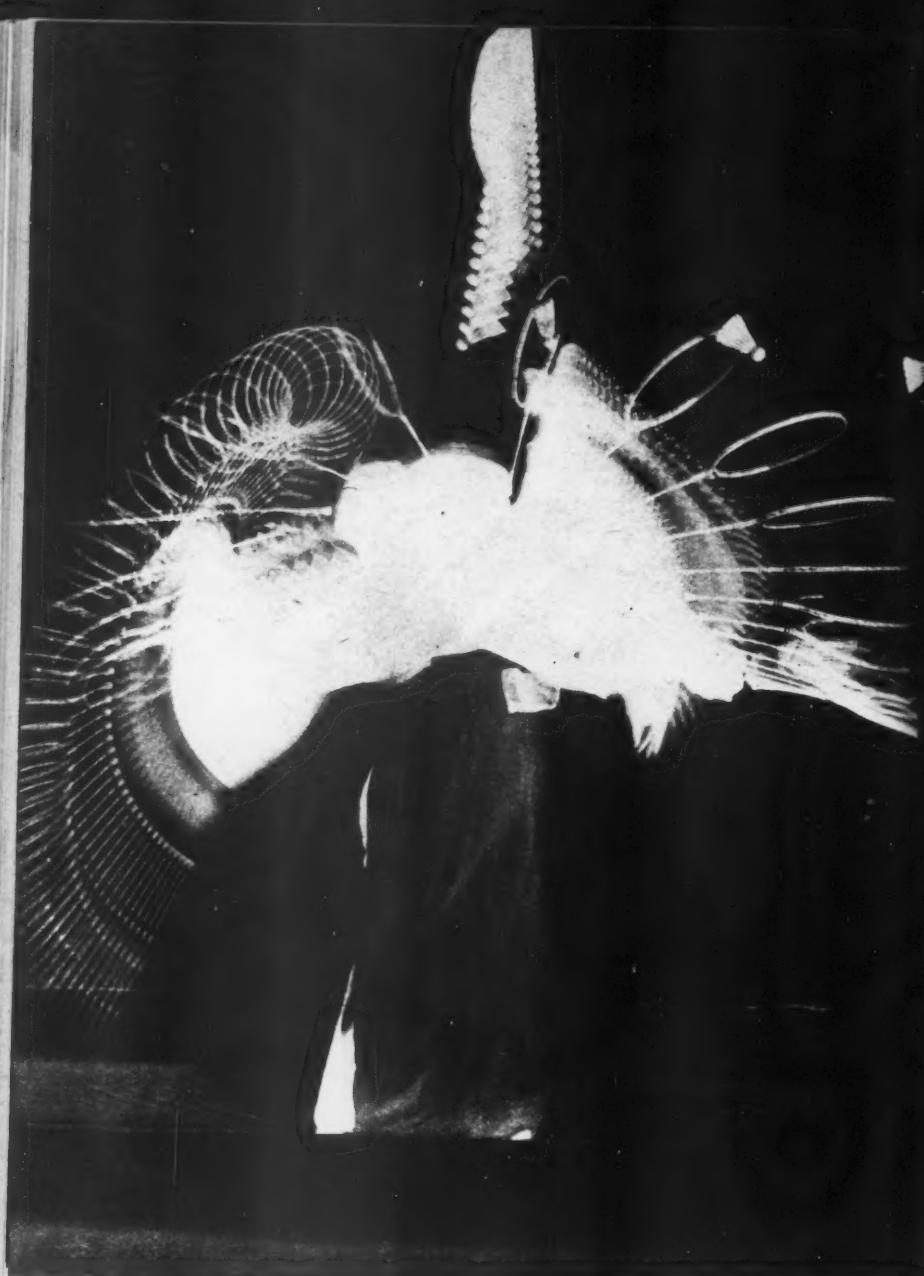


- 3.** *No, it's not glass or ice, but plain tap water flowing from a faucet. Notice that the water is streamlined near the faucet, but quickly thereafter becomes turbulent. Length of exposure—one 50-thousandth of a second.*

4.



4. *As a hammer shatters a bottle, flying glass is fixed for an instant. To get this shot, Edgerton used a box which computes the relative speeds of light and sound. A microphone picked up the sound of the impact, tipped off the flash instantaneously.*



- 5.** This is known as multiple exposure—newest extension of ultra-high speed technique. By blending successive images, it preserves the entire flowing record of a badminton stroke. The record shows that the racket's tip vibrates back and forth after impact.

6.



6. *Man at work, this time exercising. These composite photos are obtained by taking superimposed pictures on the same plate at successive intervals of time, the intervals being controlled and known.*

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7. *Landing, perfect, as Gjon Mili's study of a cat—Blackout in Motion—proves. Mili was the first photographer to use the Edgerton fast camera professionally and he has pioneered in its artistic and commercial use.*



Mili
has

B. *Impatient with the static, stilted qualities of most magazine fashion photos, Mili adds silken movement, as well as added sales punch, to this dress advertisement.*



9. To the fast-moving world of sports, the fast camera is a godsend. In this repetitive image of the late John Borican, one-time Decathlon champion, Mili captures the trade secrets of a well-trained javelin-thrower.

10.



- 10.** *A scene of quiet dignity and repose—yet it took a camera operating at one thirty-thousandth of a second to catch this expression on the face of Dolly, a famous Greenwich Village character.*



11. *As scientist Edgerton and artist Mili conceive photography, most cameras fail to use the instantaneous quality of light source. It remained for the Edgerton camera to give a light fast enough for any source—with happy results like this.*

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- 12.** *Color, speed and the multiple image merge here to create a subtle and poetic mood as the famous ballerina, Sono Osato, dances for the fast camera.*



13. *And all the life, richness and bounding energy of the Oberek, Polish folk dance, is just as easily recorded in a fraction of a second by the stroboscope.*

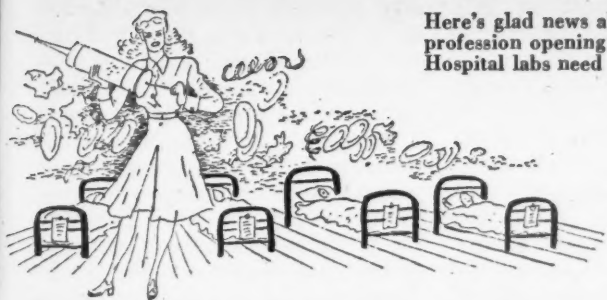


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14. *A photographer without benefit of stroboscopic equipment may labor a week to capture a composition like this—and still fail. Though the fast camera is subject, of course, to the whims of Lady Luck, the element of chance is much reduced.*



15. *Speed photography is now in general use, commercially and scientifically, and you may already have seen many samples of it. Proof that it can be a real art medium also is this portrait of one of our contemporary comic "greats"—Jimmy Savo.*



Here's glad news about a new scientific profession opening up to men and women. Hospital labs need technologists—now

You're Needed in a Laboratory

by R. M. CUNNINGHAM, JR.

THROUGH THE microscope, Mary Campbell looked at the drop of serum on her slide. In the operating room down the hall lay a man who had begun to hemorrhage following a critical operation. Without a blood transfusion, he would die—perhaps in an hour, perhaps in 20 minutes. A transfusion of the wrong type of blood meant his death. It was up to Mary.

She studied the thousands of blood cells, looking in the bright spotlight of the microscopic field like so many tiny, glistening snowflakes. Tensely she watched for the formation of dark irregular splotches—"agglutination," technologists call it—the signal that the blood cells were clumping together. She saw none. So she turned away from the microscope. "Suitable donor," she wrote hastily on a card and handed it to the waiting attendant. Shortly after, precious life-giving blood was flowing into the veins of a man whose life, in another day and age, would have been lost.

For those few moments, while she was completing the delicate cross-matching of donor's cells with pa-

tient's serum and patient's cells with donor's serum, Mary Campbell held a man's life in her hands. Such life-and-death decisions are a laboratory technologist's daily business.

Technologists help physicians diagnose, follow up, and treat disease. They help ascertain the results of the doctor's treatment and, if the patient dies, the cause of his death. Such blood-matching tests as Mary Campbell performed are only a part of their daily routine. Technologists help "freeze" and stain paper-thin sections of tissue to determine the presence of cancer. They perform the urinalyses, blood counts, Kahn and Wassermann tests, which reveal the existence of diabetes, anemia, syphilis and other diseases often unsuspected either by the doctor or the patient. And very often their work is done in split seconds, with the patient in the operating room and an anxious surgeon awaiting the verdict.

In a general hospital 65 to 70 per cent of the tests are blood examinations and routine urinalyses; some of the rest are electrocardiograms and basal metabolism tests. "Dull

routine," you might say, and in a way it is. But there is hardly a single "dull routine" test a laboratory technologist performs which might not save a life.

War has given technologists new and difficult jobs. Americans are on the move to the north, south, east and west, and they are contracting and bringing home diseases heretofore almost unknown in the United States. The rest of the medical profession can line up for the fight only after laboratory technicians tell them what they're fighting.

The malarial mosquito, *Anopheles*, is an example. Laboratory technologists are working diligently to help identify the parasites it carries and to find drugs to combat the fever. In the search for a new drug—an improvement on the widely used atabrine—technologists at the University of Tennessee are trying out hundreds of compounds on monkeys injected with the malarial parasites. The results of each trial are sent to chemists who perform further tests and report back to the technologists. Some 2,000 compounds have already been tried and discarded (they aren't as good as atabrine) but the testing goes steadily on. Every test might be a discovery of world-wide importance.

Yanks fighting in malaria-infested areas would be saved unlimited suffering if their doctors could test them for malaria before they develop standard symptoms. A soldier can be infected with malaria and yet, in certain stages, microscopic examination of his blood will not reveal the parasite. So research technologists are hunting down a "complement fixation" test, similar in principle to the Wassermann syphilis

test, in which some substance can be introduced into the blood and will combine there with the antibodies always found in the blood stream when malaria is present.

A technologist's work is especially arduous if he is sweating over a microscope in an improvised jungle laboratory. Under just such conditions technologists working with Army and Navy doctors in the South Pacific are fighting tsutsugamushi fever, a disabling disease prevalent among the Japs and now endangering our own troops. Since the fever is spread rapidly by mites picked up from grasses, shrubbery and rodents, fast, accurate diagnosis is half the fight. To do it, technologists make blood tests and smears of fluid from the pleural cavity. Saving lives is a hard but important way to fight the war.

IN WAR or peacetime, laboratory medicine is a sort of bridge between scientific research and bedside practice. In terms of volume, a hospital's technologists do more work than its surgeons or doctors. For example, at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Chicago over 120 thousand laboratory examinations are performed in a year, but only 4,000 operations. In the 3,000 hospitals approved by the American College of Surgeons, less than half of all patients need surgery, while laboratory tests average eight to ten to the patient and a single patient may have literally hundreds of tests. The laboratory, not the operating room, is chiefly responsible for the fact that the number of people who turn to hospitals for care and aid has doubled in the past 20 years.

About 70 per cent of all qualified

technologists work in hospitals; others are needed in doctors' offices, public health departments—even in industry. Technologist Ruth Thomas, for example, is employed in the laboratory maintained by a manufacturer in California who is turning out lead-plate storage batteries for the Navy. One day Ruth Thomas found that a sample of blood, taken routinely for testing from worker Joe McGann, showed a sharply diminished content of hemoglobin—the oxygen-carrying pigment of the red blood corpuscles. Quickly she stained red cells from Joe's blood for examination under the microscope. The pink background of the cells was stippled with bluish dots—evidence of lead poisoning. Joe was reported immediately to the plant medical department for treatment. Later, he returned to work—but to a job in which he didn't have to handle lead plates.

The health of an entire community often hangs on how well a technologist does her routine jobs—investigating the causes for an epidemic, testing water, milk, foods, or sewage. Last spring a doctor in a small Michigan town called on a youngster who complained of a sore throat. The throat *was* inflamed, but the doctor thought the boy acted sicker than he should. To be safe, he took a throat culture. Then he drove 40 miles to the county public health laboratory. "Take a look at it," he said, handing the culture to the laboratory technologist. "Then call me."

Hours later, the technologist straightened up from her microscope and raced to the telephone. The smear she'd made from the

boy's throat culture revealed a few of the striped, rod-like micro-organisms of diphtheria. With this information, doctors and public health officers in the area swung into action. Result: early, specific treatment saved the child and no other cases were reported in that county.

BECAUSE SHE deals with life and death, a technologist's training must be as exacting (as far as it goes) as a physician's. During the past 40 years medicine has been revolutionized by the laboratory, primarily because of the invention of miraculously fine precision instruments. But even the most accurate modern instrument is valueless if the people who use it are inaccurate. So laboratory technologists must develop a manual dexterity almost as miraculous as the instruments with which they work.

Furthermore, a technologist must understand the basic sciences out of which the various laboratory procedures were born. The usual prerequisite for admission to any of our 200-odd schools for technologists includes two years of accredited college work in chemistry and biology or bacteriology. Girls who qualify then get a year or a year and a half of intensive laboratory training in chemistry, bacteriology, serology (study of serums), parasitology, hematology (blood), histology (tissues), and in the techniques for examining sputum, urine and gastric contents. Some schools correlate the course in medical technology with regular undergraduate work in the science department leading to the bachelor's degree. Graduates today can expect immediate employment—patholo-

gists estimate that over a thousand technologists are wanted for hospital staffs alone, and the need is growing—at salaries ranging from 1,200 to 2,500 dollars a year, frequently plus room and board. A few top jobs in big city hospitals and medical centers pay 4,000 dollars or more, and the number of these opportunities, too, is increasing.

And their numbers will increase rather than decrease after the war. Medicine leans more and more heavily on the laboratory. Veterans' hospitals, public health services and clinics will grow enormously—all of them requiring large staffs of trained technologists. The profession will probably undergo one big post-war change: more technologists will be men. In Europe they have always been men but in this country 90 per cent of technologists seem to be women. Thousands of

men will have received the rudiments of laboratory training in the Army and Navy—a head start for a peacetime career.

Good judgment and a level head are requirements for the job. Of course a scientific bent is a prime requisite; but sometimes common sense, such as one student showed recently during an examination, is just as good:

"What is the first test you'd make on an emergency patient suffering unconsciousness of unknown cause?" the examining instructor asked.

The rest of the class chose between an electrocardiogram to rule out possible heart disease; blood sugar determination in case of diabetic coma; and other complicated procedures. This student thought a moment, and then wrote: "I'd smell his breath."

The Three Caballeros



The Three Caballeros, presented herewith by Coronet, brings to the screen an entertainment technique that may, in its way, prove as revolutionary as sound or color. The technique, which is a Disney adaptation of the regular process screen to his own medium, permits live action personalities to appear in the same scenes with animated figures or backgrounds. For example, we see the Flying Serape with Donald Duck, José Carioca and Panchito aboard—all animated characters—landing on the real beach at Acapulco and the three fellows disporting in the sands with real life bathing beauties.

As a prelude of future application of the medium, columnists have hinted that Ginger Rogers may appear in Disney's version of *Alice in Wonderland*. Ginger will play Alice, and all the other characters and backgrounds will be done by Disney.

Obviously with a medium as flexible as this, there is little conceived by the imagination that cannot be brought to the screen. *The Three Caballeros* is just the first step in that direction—and perhaps will prove an historic film.

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Cinemelle



Walt Disney's "The Three Caballeros"

THIS IS THE musical story of three boon companions who go swash-buckling through Latin-America in quest of adventure. Their names are Panchito, a Mexican Charro rooster; José Carioca, a Brazilian parrot-about-town; and Donald Duck, a Hollywood actor.

It all begins on Donald's birthday (actually his 10th) . . .



1. At breakfast he finds a huge package sent to him by his friends in South America. Inside are a lot of smaller parcels, including a miniature movie projector that unreels the story of Pablo, a South Pole Penguin who just couldn't keep his feet warm.



2. Then Donald meets some "Aves Raras" (Rare Birds). Especially rare is a little Flying Burrito—or donkey—who takes part in the strangest horse race that was ever staged in South America.



3. Hearing peculiar noises from another one of his parcels, Donald strips off the ribbon and wrapping. It is a book . . .

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4. which immediately pops open and out bounces his old friend, José Carioca from Rio de Janeiro. Believing that Donald needs some excitement in his life, José gets Donald aboard a train (above) bound for the fabulous and beautiful city of Baía.





5. Swayed by the soft magic of the tropic night, Donald falls desperately in love with Aurora, the cookie vendor. His leading ladies are three Latin-American musical stars—Aurora Miranda of Brazil (above), Dora Luz and Carmen Molina of Mexico.



6. To save Donald from himself—and possibly to keep Aurora for himself—José manages to get Donald out of Baia. The two open a huge package marked “Mexico.” Whereupon with a great whooping and yelling



7. . . . and strumming their guitars, they meet Panchito, a gentleman cowboy from Mexico City. In “The Three Caballeros,” Panchito, a Mexican charro rooster, receives co-star billing with Donald Duck and José Carioca. A new Disney discovery, he was really discovered in the cutting room—actually caught stealing scenes from Donald Duck who, up to this point, has long been known as the master sceneswiper on the Disney lot. One of the most fascinating things about Panchito is the fact that he owns a Magic Flying Serape. The three Caballeros scramble aboard and Panchito proudly takes them off to see his beloved Mexico.



8. *In Chihuahua, Donald loses his heart and head again—over Carmen Molina—when he sees her dancing the famed “Jesuita.” The movie’s 16 songs were written by Latin-America’s tunesmiths—Ary Barroso, Augustin Lara and Manuel Esperón.*

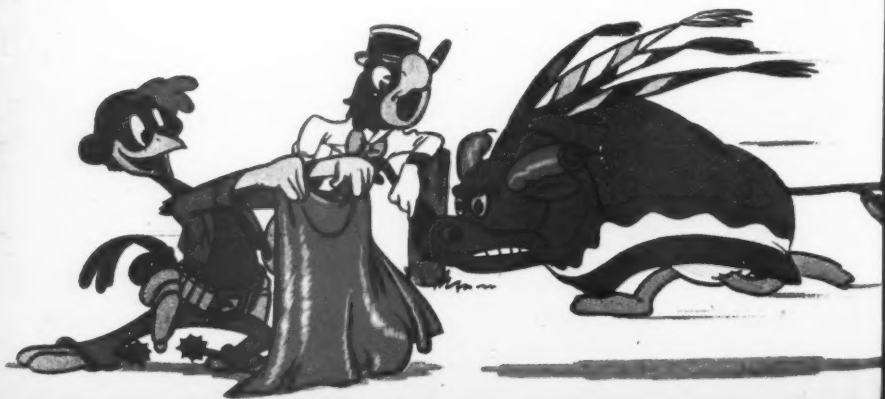


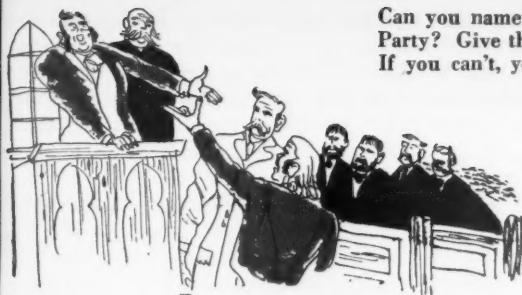
9. Donald is thrilled and moved to see the little Mexican children on their "Las Posadas"—the traditional Christmas custom which commemorates the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Then Donald watches the children break the "Pinata"—another national custom. It is filled with goodies for everyone.





10. *The Magic Flying Serape takes the Caballeros to the beach at Acapulco, where the most beautiful bathing beauties in the world are reputed to be found. The boys investigate . . . After many adventures and romances, Donald finds himself not only involved in a bullfight; but he ends up playing the bull. The three Caballeros declare their mutual friendship and admiration. Further, they pledge that nothing—with the possible exception of a senorita or two—can ever come between them again.*





Can you name the founder of the Republican Party? Give the state and town of its birth? If you can't, you will find the answers here

Birth of the G. O. P.

by PERRITON MAXWELL AND ALAN HYND

IF, SOME TIME between now and election day, you wish to pull a timely information-please on one of your friends, ask him who Alvan Bovay was. Chances are you won't have to part with any encyclopedias after asking the question. As a matter of fact, Tom Dewey himself probably hasn't known for too long that it was Alvan Bovay, a politically-conscious young lawyer and real estate operator, who called a meeting one night 90 years ago in the Congregational Church of the town of Ripon, Wisconsin and founded the Republican Party.

Bovay came out of the wings of obscurity and began to play his first small role on the stage of the nation's history in the year of 1851 when, at the age of 30, he was a practicing lawyer in New York City. That was the year when he met Horace Greeley, the man who dipped his quill pen in vitriol and whipped public opinion into line in the editorial columns of his famous old New York *Tribune*.

Greeley, then in his forties, and the young and enthusiastic Bovay both liked good food. They had

many a fine and leisurely luncheon at Lovejoy's Hotel in Park Row, a block below the *Tribune*. The talk that followed those meals was directly responsible for the creation and organization of the Republican Party.

From the time he had come down to the big city from up-state New York, by way of a small college in Vermont, young Bovay had been a staunch Whig. The Whigs, who had established themselves as a party in 1834, stood for internal improvements, a high protective tariff and a strong central government—and so did Bovay. But Bovay saw trouble ahead at the national conventions of the Whigs and the Democrats in 1848, when Lewis Cass, the Democratic nominee, and Zachary Taylor, choice of the Whigs, had to face the problem of slavery. To free or not to free the colored man was the question that was taking precedence over all others in the minds of both thinking and unthinking voters.

Bovay didn't like his party's candidate, or Millard Fillmore, Taylor's running mate, either. "But I

was a loyal party man," Bovay told me, a few weeks before his death in 1904, "and it was difficult for a strong party man like myself to break with tradition and fixed political habit."

When Taylor, a Virginian, was elected the twelfth president of the United States and then had very little to say, one way or the other, about the slavery problem, Bovay felt like taking a walk. He didn't, though, nor did he walk when Taylor died and Vice President Fillmore, a New Yorker with southern sympathies, took over the reins.

The slave controversy was fast moving toward an apex of violence when Bovay met Horace Greeley. Over the lunches in Lovejoy's, Bovay and Greeley argued politics by the hour. Bovay used to needle him about his political stand. "I tell you, Mr. Greeley," he would say with all his courtroom persuasion, "the Whig Party will have to stop straddling the fence and come out in the open on the issue of human bondage. Why, even as I speak to you, sir, I can feel the foundations of our party crumbling."

Greeley didn't admit it to Bovay at first, but he, too, clearly saw the danger of the various factions that were forming within the Whig ranks—factions as bitterly opposed as those that were to form within the Republican ranks nine decades later. Bovay, divining Greeley's inner feelings, began a subtle campaign to bring the editor around to his way of thinking and, by the same token, to get Greeley—the most potent opinion-molder in the land—to prevent the party's eventual disintegration.

One day in 1851, not long after

he had met Greeley, Bovay had to leave New York for the West to look after some personal business interests. During his absence, however, he conducted a constant and lively correspondence with the great editor.

In spite of Bovay's campaign, Greeley had yet to attack the Whigs for internal dissension. When he returned to New York in 1852, Bovay went directly to Greeley's editorial sanctum. The editor didn't seem too enthusiastic about seeing his friend again, but Bovay maneuvered Greeley to Lovejoy's.

THE TWO MEN were not without a topic for after-lunch conversation. The Whigs were holding their national convention, and were split among three men—Fillmore (who sought reelection), Daniel Webster and General Winfield Scott. The general was, at the moment, low man in the balloting.

"Do you believe in prophecy?" Bovay asked Greeley.

"Not unless I know the prophet pretty damned well," replied the editor.

"I'm the prophet," said Bovay, smiling. "And I prophesy that General Scott will be nominated, even though he is low man in the balloting at the moment."

Greeley glowered at Bovay. "Now, how did you ever arrive at such a conclusion?" he demanded.

Envoy to the Arctic, an article on the explorer Stefansson which appeared in the June *Coronet*, was erroneously ascribed to the authorship of Gerard Piel, whereas the article was in fact written by A. D. Pitney and was intended to have been so credited.

"The delegates are for the most part pro-slavery," answered Bovay. "They'll nominate the candidate who feels most strongly the way they do on the slavery question, and that candidate is General Scott."

"Bovay," said Greeley, "you're a braying ass. But at least you're entertaining. Would you mind telling me just what would happen in the election if General Scott were nominated?"

"We shall be defeated so badly that the Whigs will be annihilated as a party. Even some of the staunchest party-line Whigs will refuse to stand for what General Scott stands for."

Greeley, tugging at his chin-whiskers, impressed Bovay as a man who saw the unpleasant truth but didn't want to face it. It was then that Bovay made another prediction. A new national party, he said, was bound to spring up because of both the Whig and Democratic refusal to face the growing anti-slavery sentiment in all sections except the South. "The new party will bring back, I hope," said Bovay, "all the scattered elements that have dropped away from us because we have quarrelled among ourselves and refused to come out against the pro-slavery elements."

"That's a pretty dream, Bovay," said Greeley, "but since you've thought this matter out so completely, perhaps you even have a name in mind for your new party."

Indeed Bovay had a name in mind. The new party was to be called the Republican Party. "The word *Republican* will be understood and favored by the man in the street," he went on, "especially by the young fellows who like some-

thing different and who are casting their first vote. Names, Mr. Greeley, are *things* to the great mass of mankind. *Republican* is a better name than *Democrat*. *Democrat* means, 'I am as good as you are.' *Republican* means, 'You are as good as I am.' "

SURE ENOUGH, Scott was nominated in 1852. But in the election the general carried only five states in the North. Many Whigs knew that they had passed the handwriting-on-the-wall stage. The party was in such a state of disintegration, in fact, that Bovay was haunted by the fear that it would be absorbed by the Democratic Party.

By this time Bovay had moved his home to Ripon, Wisconsin, where he gave up the law to deal in farm land, but he was just as persuasive there as he had been in New York. The returns had hardly been counted when he called together a number of his friends—all good party-line Whigs, as he had been—up to this time.

Bovay suggested to his friends the formation of a new party. But as much as his friends liked him he could not get them openly to go along with him. It was one thing to go over to the Free Soilers, or the Liberty Party, both of which were constituted of the old anti-slavery Whigs, but it was something else again to form a completely new party which was open to everybody, even Democrats.

Bovay realized that while it was plain to everyone that the Whig name was dead it would take a dramatic national event to get people to agree with him—an event of some kind that would cause

everybody to come out into the open, one way or the other, on the slavery issue.

Bovay knew that his hour was nearing when, late in 1853, the Kansas-Nebraska bill was introduced in Congress. The pro-slavery faction in the Senate and House opposed the measure since the bill contained a provision whereby the question of slavery was to be left to the people who had settled the Kansas and Nebraska territory.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill, perhaps more than any other single event, cleaved the country on the slavery issue. The Whigs, who failed to beat the bill, were thoroughly shellacked for their pro-slavery attitude by both politicians and editors. Bovay kept his ear to the ground. The time had come, he decided, to try once more to found the Republican Party.

Bovay appealed again to his friends in Ripon and called an informal meeting in the Congregational Church. He resorted to all of his old courtroom persuasion and sent his anti-slavery friends home talking to themselves. He kept the pot boiling and on the night of March 20, 1854 there was a second, and much larger, gathering in the church in the little Wisconsin town. Standing in the pulpit, Bovay said, "I can't tell you, gentlemen, what the name of our new party will be, but I can tell you what it *ought* to be. We should call ourselves the *Republican Party*."

The cheering didn't stop for several minutes and as Bovay's friends walked out into the March night the name of the party whose banner Abraham Lincoln was one day to carry had been embraced. The

next day Bovay wrote to Greeley, telling the editor what had happened and asking his aid in publicizing the new name of Republican.

Bovay's long campaign to bring Greeley around now came into fullest blossom. The great editor went to work and in his singularly effective language made out a blistering case against the pro-slavery Whig leaders. He pictured them "as black as the Democrats themselves." Democrats were, to the Greeley of that period, a breed of people who were pre-natally damned.

Then Greeley trotted out, for a waiting country's approval, the name Republican. Greeley had a lot of curve on the ball during that particular period. He had to, for he stood to lose a considerable portion of his tremendous *Tribune* following by his sudden and violent advocacy of the new Republican Party and the blasting of the Whigs. But Greeley kept throwing one curve after another, and every one cut the heart of the plate.

The spirit of the meeting in the little Wisconsin church, followed as it was by Greeley's editorials, spread throughout the country like a prairie fire. Similar meetings were held in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and in the New England states. Bovay's name of Republican caught on—and held.

It was almost as if Bovay had placed a candle in a window for the deflected Whigs. They all came home to the new party—such groups as the anti-slavery Conscience Whigs of Massachusetts, the Free Soilers, the Know Nothings, the Abolitionists and the New Yorkers, led by William H. Sew-

ard and Thurlow Weed. In one single year—1856—the Republican Party grew to national stature.

Buchanan beat the first Republican nominee—John C. Frémont—in the new party's first presidential test. But two years later, in 1858, the Republicans won in the Congressional elections and in 1860 they put up a candidate named Abraham Lincoln.

It was as a cub reporter in 1904 that I saw Bovay not long before his death. He was a mellow, snow-crowned and hearty man of 83 who had come back from the West to

spend his last days in a quiet corner of Brooklyn.

More than three decades had now passed since his great and good friend, Horace Greeley, had passed on. "A strange thing about Greeley," Bovay told me. "He was only 61 when he died. He didn't live long after General Grant beat him for the Presidency. I think Greeley died of a broken heart—and maybe because he brooded over the fact that despite everything he had done to found the Republican Party he ran for the Presidency as a Democrat."

Collectors' Items

DO YOU FIND poultry raising a good paying thing?" asked a visitor of his suburbanite friend. "Well, my son does fine with it," was the reply. "I bought the fowls for him, I pay for their feed, I buy the eggs from him and he eats them."

—Pathfinder

ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT families in a small Southern town was noted for three things: the beauty of its daughters, the lavishness of its hospitality, and the fact that it never paid its bills.

One day "Aunt" Roseanna, their cheerful and enormous colored retainer, took to her bed. When home medication brought no improvement, the family doctor was summoned.

Standing over Roseanna's bed he asked her where she hurt.

"I don't hurt, Doc."

"Then what seems to be the matter?"

"Nothing 'cept I ain't been paid no wages in nigh on to five years!"

"What makes you think staying in bed will make them pay you?"

"It always has before."

"You mean you've gone to bed before and they paid you what they owed you?"

"That's right, Doc."

"Move over, Roseanna."

—JOSEPH HILL

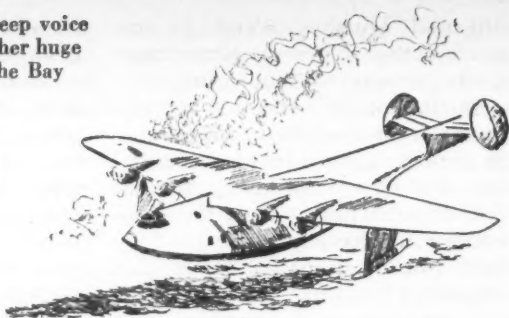
DEFERENTIALLY HE ASKED for the loan of five dollars. "Sure," said his friend, handing out a crisp new bill.

The borrower started to walk away. "Er-ah-just a minute," said the friend politely. "When can I have it back?"

"For heaven's sake," cried the borrower indignantly. "Stop hounding me!"

—GEORGE WISWELL

San Franciscans all know her deep voice and their eyes turn skyward as her huge shadow darkens the waters of the Bay



"Old Lady" at Work

by JANE ESHLEMAN CONANT

OVER SAN FRANCISCO flights of planes crisscross the clouds in their errands of war and people don't look up. But when one low rumble rises into a roar all eyes turn skyward. From the windy canyons of the financial district, from the swarming shipyards and from the high-hung spans of the bay bridges they stare up at the huge shape in the sky. It's the Mars, outward bound.

Its size is astounding. It is not a dream, it is reality.

Pictures and promises of fantastically big planes of fantastic capacity have fed our imaginations, fleets of air leviathans flying the global air routes. Now the watchers realize that these things can come true. They are looking at one. Not a prediction or a sketch but a super-ship in magnificent being.

The crowds stand in awe to watch the Mars because they know she is only the first. One can believe anything now. This is the herald of the giant airships to come. The Mars! The Mars! People stop work and rush out into the streets to see the Navy's incredibly huge 70-

ton flying boat on her majestic way.

They see more than the world's biggest operating aircraft starting on a Navy mission across the Pacific. They realize that they are looking at the airship of the future. They see a dream of tomorrow become a reality before their eyes. Its size is the marvel that brings everybody to a stand. It is so enormous that it frightens some of the watchers.

Not so long ago the first sight of the Clippers was amazing. Now the Mars dwarfs them.

To one seeing the Mars in the air for the first time it takes a little while to realize that she is telescoping today into tomorrow by doing a practical job. The great ship is giving the Navy its post-war aviation right now by regular shuttle trips across the ocean. Her crew is so used to her reliable routine flights that they have named her "The Old Lady."

Not because she is slow or awkward in the air. "She handles better than any seaplane I have ever flown," says her pilot, Lieutenant Commander William E. Coney, of Baltimore, Maryland. The Mars

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withstood brutal punishment on her test flights before being put on the regular Pacific run. She holds the world record for the longest overwater flight, the heaviest cargo and the greatest overall load ever pulled into the sky. She took off from San Francisco Bay January 22, 1944, on her first trans-Pacific flight and made Hawaii in 13 hours, 18 minutes. On the return trip she shaved this time 61 minutes.

THE FIRST impression on going aboard the Mars is her hugeness. She is primarily—*big*. Her wings are 200 feet from tip to tip. Her body is 117 feet long and 25 feet from keel to wing top. She has two decks. Her four Wright engines develop 2,200 horsepower apiece. Unloaded, she can take off in 12 seconds. She can carry 173 fully equipped troops besides her crew of 15. With her 35 thousand pounds payload capacity she can carry in one of her compartments a piece of machinery that would use the entire tonnage of a Clipper, and at the same time can carry a load of freight and men.

The second impression is that she is strictly functional. One feels that as soon as one goes aboard by the hatch to the wardroom. This compartment is just forward of the tail section and is about half the size of a city passenger bus. Folding bunks line the sides. The walls are the bare metal skeleton and skin of the ship. The room has the clean, simple austerity of any ship of war. This one section is as big as the entire inside space of many cargo and passenger carrying planes.

Forward of the wardroom is a big galley. Next are the amazingly big cargo holds. From the forward end

a companionway leads to the flight deck. Noticeably there is plenty of headroom. Crew quarters are aft on the upper deck. There are big compartments in the wings for the engineers to service the engines in flight. Accommodations include showers in the lavatory.

Great service is being done for the Navy by the Mars, flying the sea routes with men and matériel, relieving the transport fleet and cutting to hours the days of time that would be required by water transportation. But there is a melancholy note in the Old Lady's dramatic role as harbinger of her greater sisters to come. The queen of the sky is already singing her swan song. Already she is obsolescent. In a few more months she will be outclassed by huskier newcomers on the skyways.

Twenty Mars sister ships, bigger, stronger and more capable are being built at the Martin plant in Maryland and the Navy expects to begin putting them into Pacific service by the first of next year. These will be 80-ton ships, surpassing the Old Lady in capacity and engine power. Their fittings will permit quick conversion for duty as hospital planes, passenger transports or troop carriers. They will have hatches to admit full-sized heavy trucks, cargo space for seven jeeps and even more field guns or other heavy-duty supplies.

And after them? The pencils are busy on the drawing boards. Scale models are being tested in the wind tunnels. The trumpets are blowing for the super-ships.

Glenn Martin, who built the Mars, has designed 125-ton airliners and is planning others of

250 tons. Shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser predicts plane departures from San Francisco to Honolulu every hour on the hour in peacetime. Pan-American Airways talks of 153 passenger clippers and hundred dollar fares across the Atlantic. Last fall Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan-American, said in New York: "Man now stands on the

threshold of the age of flight—the Air Age. San Francisco and Shanghai, New York and Moscow, Miami and Capetown, will be, figuratively, just across the street."

In the city by the golden gate the people looking up as the huge dark bulk of the Mars passes over feel that the threshold has already been crossed.

Behind the Front Page

■ WHEN WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST was trying to buy a newspaper in New York City, many years ago, he cabled the late James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *New York Herald*, who was in Paris at the time: "PLEASE PUT PRICE ON N. Y. HERALD."

Bennett cabled back: "THREE CENTS DAILY, FIVE CENTS SUNDAY."

—JEAN TENNYSON

■ EDITOR SAMUEL BOWLES, of the *Springfield Republican*, would never admit that his paper was wrong. Once, it is said, the *Republican* erroneously reported the death of a citizen who happened to be very much alive. Informed of the case, Bowles commented, "I'm sorry, but if the *Republican* says he's dead, then he's dead." It was only after much pleading that he relented to the extent of printing the person's name the next day in the birth notices.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

■ ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER LEGEND, a new managing editor took over his job on the *Kansas City Star*, known for its ultra conservative make-up, on the day the Armistice was signed. With the biggest news story of the century on hand, the harried editor was unable to find anything larger than half-inch type in which to run a streamer headline. After a hectic search, he finally located some slightly larger type in a

safe in the dusty basement. It was still too small, but there was no choice.

The following morning, the board of directors met and called for the new editor's resignation. "How could you?" mourned the board chairman. "One-inch type on a story like that—"

"It was press time," apologized the editor, "and it was all I could find. If there's anything I can do—"

"Do!" sputtered the chairman. "You've already done it. We were saving that type for the Second Coming!"

—RICHARD NOSSAMAN

■ WHEN HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE was editing the *World*, one of his reporters came in to tender his resignation, explaining that he was going to start a little country newspaper of his own. "And I would like some advice, Sir," added the reporter, "on how you think I ought to run it."

"You've come to the wrong person," said Swope. "Ask one of my subscribers!"

—HARRY BRAND

■ THE *New York World* used to print its shipping news on the same page with the obituaries. One day the captions got mixed, and a long list of names which should have appeared under obits, appeared under the shipping head:

PASSED THROUGH HELL GATE YESTERDAY.
—WALTER WINCHELL

Going the GI Rounds



It was before the war, and an Italian fruit dealer was being examined for citizenship. Things were going along all right until the man behind the desk asked, "How many states are there in the Union?"

"Look, Mister," said the applicant. "You know your business. I know mine. You ask me how many states in the Union. I ask you, how many bananas in a bunch?"

"And what is the baby's name?" asked the chaplain softly.

The sailor smiled proudly as he hoisted the little fellow up on his arm. "Chauncey William Robert Montgomery Sterling."

Up shot the chaplain's eyebrows, and he turned to his assistant. "More water, please."

She had lowered herself gingerly into the dentist chair and, with a tight grasp on the arms, steeled herself for the ordeal. But when the dentist apologetically explained that he was out of gas, she leaped to her feet:

"Ye gods—do you dentists pull that line too?"

The patter of tiny feet was heard at the head of the stairs. "Hush," said the mother softly and she raised her hand to silence the members of the bridge club. "The children are going to

deliver their goodnight message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen!"

"Mama," came a shrill whisper, "Willie found a cockroach!"

The judge turned a baleful eye on the defendant. "What induced you to strike your wife?"

With a barely perceptible shrug, the little man answered, "Well, she had her back to me, she was bent over, the frying pan was handy and the back door was open—so I took a chance."

In every other respect he was the epitome of the dignified Englishman. But clearly visible on his lap was a pair of his wife's shoes which had just been repaired, and to save paper they had not been wrapped.

Across the train aisle, a knowing stranger smiled sardonically. "Not going to let her gad about, eh guv'ner?"

Although seemingly immersed in the Bible, the minister was uncomfortably aware of the many stops and the slow speed the train was making. The conductor passed him and remarked joshingly, "Find anything about the railroad in that book?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," returned the clergyman. "In the very first chapter it says the Lord made every creeping thing."

So famous is Dr. John Frederick Erdmann as a surgeon that the late Irvin Cobb suggested his patients form an "Opened by Erdmann" club



Opened by Erdmann

by AIKEN WELCH

FOR FIFTY years Dr. John Frederick Erdmann has been the wonder surgeon of his profession, a "doctor's doctor." Twenty-five years ago he was turned down as a bad insurance risk. Ten years ago he went through the motions of "retiring" from active practice. But this year—his eightieth—he performed 200 operations, bringing his total to well over 20 thousand.

The honors that have piled upon him with the years have not affected two of the steadiest hands in the business; for many years ago he deliberately cultivated ambidexterity. He is probably the only living surgeon who daily meets his own likeness in a bronze bust, respectfully dedicated to him upon his "retirement." An apocryphal yarn implies that he occasionally thumbs his nose as he passes by.

This likeness in bronze dominates an auditorium in New York's Post-Graduate Hospital, where he still makes his daily rounds every morning at eight. Usually he enters wearing a red carnation smartly jutting out of his buttonhole. As he sees the nurse, he plucks it out hasti-

ly, throws it behind him and submits his lapel graciously for a fresh flower. This is repeated on every floor of the hospital.

After three hours, his trim, solid, well-tailored little figure strides into his home office. His hat remains cocked over his right eye as he parades through the classic marble outer room where his patients perk up at the sartorial elegance he displays: gray tweed flecked with red, a pink shirt, and a green tie on which darker green turtles are swimming. Sometimes he alternates with a fishfly tie, and sometimes with a spotted red and yellow. He was once known to his friends as "red necktie Johnny."

On the very day of that eightieth anniversary of his birth, Dr. Erdmann made the event personally significant by performing a major operation at the Post-Graduate Hospital with the prodigious speed and unerring deftness that have brought him fame and riches. He continues to dazzle his fellow-surgeons with the "Erdmann technique" of operating, which consists chiefly of preternatural tech-

nical skill and lightning speed.

That quality, no doubt, accounts for his position, even today, as surgical consultant to 15 New York hospitals, in addition to his popularity as a consultant with many doctors throughout the country. Add to that his professorial accomplishments—half a century of academic activity in two of the nation's best medical schools—and you begin to realize that he may rightfully be called the Dean of American surgeons.

Although he is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Fellow of the American Medical Association and frequently associated in an official capacity with the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Erdmann values even more his role as a teacher. For many years he held the post of professor of practical anatomy at the Bellevue Medical School, after which he spent another 26 years, both as a professor and as director of surgery, at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School. There he taught the art of the operation to thousands of already established doctors who left their practices—in all parts of the country—for a season of expert instruction under the famed Dr. Erdmann. He taught, as he practiced, surgery on all parts of the body. Many of his pupils today are chiefs of hospitals and clinics, practicing the art they learned from him.

Many of his patients refuse to yield themselves to anyone else's knife. A whole generation regards him as its surgeon. The late Irvin S. Cobb, author of *Speaking of Operations*, suggested that the veterans form an "Opened by Erdmann" club. Charter members

would include Enrico Caruso, George M. Cohan, Samuel Untermyer, Lillian Wald, former New York governor Benjamin Odell, many personages in the millionaires' directory and the downtown gunman, Monk Eastman. Erdmann himself has never been opened up.

His old patients challenge him years later with a "you don't remember me" remark. He then will tell them their names, the rooms they occupied in which hospital, and what window their beds faced. So accurate a visual memory may in part account for his phenomenal knowledge of anatomy. He possesses a minute consciousness of human muscles, nerves, blood vessels—their location, their pathology, their actual appearance deep in the human body. That is one of the constituents of his great sureness. It takes a well-earned self-confidence to admit before his colleagues, as he did on one occasion 20 minutes after he had made his opening slash in the abdomen of a patient, "I can't seem to get oriented here." But when he did, the operation was swift and successful, and the patient lived a long and useful life.

Too busy to cultivate the suave manner of a fashionable doctor, he is reported to have said bluntly to a woman who refused to face the seriousness of her illness: "All I know is that you have a thousand-dollar operation under your gown."

Yet he inspires confidence in spite of his bluff lack of ceremony, retained from days when his patients were poorer and less elegant. They wouldn't trust a doctor who was soft with them. Dr. Erdmann still has a weakness for his "Third

Avenue" patients, to whom he is known as a merciful man who can tell them what's wrong in language they understand. He has continued his practice with them, varying his fees from practically nothing to nothing. He does not like to speak of his charitable work, since he takes it for granted that every good doctor does likewise.

Sometimes, when his manner takes a sarcastic turn, it has worked to his detriment. Once, after an operation on a young girl, her grandmother, grateful for his kindness and skill, hesitatingly offered him a billfold she had embroidered.

"If only purses could feed hungry mouths," he exclaimed wittily.

"What is your fee?" she asked, taken aback. When he replied that it was two hundred dollars, she withdrew three of the one-hundred dollar bills from the wallet and returned it to him. He admits she taught him something about women.

LIKE MANY another M.D., Erdmann merits a reputation as an artful raconteur of the not too delicate story. A well-known New York physician, whose mother is of the generation that will have nobody but Erdmann, visited that esteemed and scholarly surgeon on a recent trip to Manhattan. When her son returned west with her, he was astonished to hear his extremely circumspect mother tell a doubtful story to a number of friends. Upon inquiry, his mother admitted that she hadn't quite seen the point of the story, adding, "But everybody laughed and, after all, Dr. Erdmann told it to me, so I know it must be all right."

John Frederick Erdmann's four-

score years have seen the revolution in surgery from the days of the bearded, frock-coated surgeon who wiped the scalpel on his sleeve to the men in sterile white gowns and rubber gloves moving quickly and surely over an unconscious figure. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, while the Civil War was still raging, he grew up in Chillicothe, where his Sunday School teacher confided to a friend that young John was brilliant but would not apply himself. One day she desperately advised: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, observe its ways and be wise." John mulled over the quotation, and ever since the ant has been observing Erdmann.

After only two years of high school, he worked 14 hours a day in a dry goods store, after which he accepted a position as bottlewasher to a pharmacist. In his spare time he learned that profession. Upon receiving his license in 1884, he began at once to study medicine under the old system, with Dr. Rufus R. Hall as his preceptor. Three years later the student-doctor was overjoyed at winning the competition at Bellevue Hospital and Medical College, where he soon shared the honors of acting house surgeon with another doctor.

Still in his early twenties, young John Erdmann grew a beard and dignity with it. He had become assistant to Dr. Joseph Bryant. People were still having operations at home more often than not, and the new surgeon carried with him a superb portable operating table and a coffin-shaped sterilizer which held enough sheets, towels, dressings and instruments for most cases. First assistant and anaesthetist was

the local doctor. Before rubber gloves came along, cotton gloves were stacked upon a tray and discarded as they were soiled.

During the free silver debate in 1893, Dr. Erdmann accompanied the operating surgeon, Dr. Bryant, to remove a sarcoma from the jaw of President Grover Cleveland. To avoid a panic, the President was brought secretly in a yacht anchored off Battery Landing and, while seated in a chair against the mast, took anaesthesia. The patient outlived the operation by 15 years and died of something else.

During all his professional years, Dr. Erdmann has subordinated everything to the practice of surgery. When asked how such a busy surgeon could find time to recall all the medical literature he replied

with a twinkle: "A surgeon who doesn't keep up soon finds he is no longer a busy surgeon." Of late years, recreational moments have claimed him more. He has even done some deep sea fishing. This year he took the prize for the largest trout caught on the opening day of the season at the Long Island Country Club. His reading is no longer limited chiefly to professional writings; he reads and enjoys novels, but he wants it clearly understood that he is far from senile enough to turn to biography.

Dr. J. Bentley Squier, inventor of the portable operating table, sums up Dr. Erdmann's dynamic and socially useful career with this scholarly quotation:

"It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity."

Kid Stuff

❖ "AND NOW CAN anyone tell me where God lives?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"I can, teacher," responded one bright lad. "He lives in our bathroom."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because every morning my dad yells at the bathroom door, 'God! are you still in there!'" —*Arizona Contact*

❖ "LIFE IS SURE a funny proposition," drawled the cowboy-humorist Will Rogers. "The first half is ruined by our parents when we're kids—and the other half is ruined by our kids."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

❖ "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, little boy?" asked the minister.

"William," answered the lad.

"And how old are you, William?"

"According to my school examina-

tion, I have a psychological age of 10, a moral age of three, anatomically I'm seven, mentally I'm nine, but if you are referring to my chronological age I'm eight."

—*Oklahoma Aggrievator*

❖ THE FAMILY was sitting around in the parlor after church. Dad criticized the sermon, mother the organist and sister the choir. But little Billy's was the crowning remark: "I think it was a darn good show for a nickel."

—*Camp Callan Range Finder*

❖ SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY is no mental giant—but he stoutly refuses to harbor an inferiority complex. When someone asked recently how he was getting along at school, he replied, "I think I'm doing all right. I am the fastest one in the slow group."

—*Quote (Maxwell Droke)*

Wives have been known to do strange things when husbands lose their jobs. Luckily, few have gone to the extremes Lydia Struck did



Four Loves Had Lydia

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

HAD ANYONE TOLD Lydia Struck's observing neighbors what fate had in store for her one fine May morning in the spring of 1864—to be exact, the day her husband, Patrolman Edward Struck of Manhattan's police force, lost his job—that person would undoubtedly have been considered a raving maniac. For a leopard changing his spots could hardly have been more startling.

So far as met the eye, Lydia was a painfully plain brunette who had never raised her voice in either joy or sorrow during 17 years of married life. The neighbors considered her positively dull. Some went so far as to say that even the meals she served her husband, nearing 60, and 20 years her senior, were monotonous.

But when Lydia was told that her phlegmatic better half had run away, from a riot he had been summoned to quell in a third-rate hotel, because a belligerent drunk had gone berserk in the bar-room and started slashing other guests with a razor, Lydia, in her own way, followed suit. In a voice that

could be heard throughout the Tenth Avenue tenement where they lived, she screamed: "You are, Ed Struck, a worthless bum!"

From that moment on, Madame Struck was a changed woman. Her placid features seemed to turn sharp overnight and her usual self-effacing manner became decidedly aggressive. Even her lack-lustre brown eyes shot sparks and her black hair, parted in the middle—and severely dressed—took on a bluish sheen.

Before her marriage, Lydia had been a trained nurse. So, when it became evident that her husband was permanently in disgrace with the police force, and his chances of securing another job nil, she reentered her profession.

During the second day of her employment in the office of Dr. L. A. Rodenstein, Lydia casually asked the physician a question that he later recalled with a shudder. It was: "What kind of poison shall I use, Doctor, to kill a rat?"

When Dr. Rodenstein readily suggested arsenic, Lydia smiled darkly and said, "Thank you, Doctor." Certainly that simple

reply gave no inkling of the plot that was churning in her mind.

On the way home from work that night, Lydia purchased a quarter's worth of arsenic at a drug store near her apartment. But she was too cunning a woman to begin dosing the "rat" at once. For Struck was a fine physical specimen of a man and his wife knew that death from sudden illness might provoke suspicion.

To launch her campaign of death, Lydia quietly began to make it appear that her man was brooding over the disgrace of dismissal from his job and not being able to secure another. That he was rapidly failing mentally, morally and physically.

Fiction became fact by the simple expedient of taunting her husband, normally a lethargic individual, to a point where he flew into violent rages and began throwing things at her. During these outbreaks, Lydia called in the neighbors, apparently for self-protection but actually to build up the fable that she was living with a sick man.

Two weeks after Edward Struck was fired from his job, he *was* really a sick man without benefit of arsenic. His wife's constant nagging had made food undesirable and sleep impossible.

WITH THE stage set for murder as she had planned it, Lydia rolled up the curtain for her third act. She became overwhelmingly solicitous about her husband's condition. This sudden reversal from shrew to ministering angel so startled and relieved Struck that he drank large quantities of mutton broth which his "devoted" wife carefully made

and seasoned liberally with salt, pepper and arsenic.

Between preparing arsenic-flavored broth and her duties in Dr. Rodenstein's office, Lydia Struck managed to select and make a down payment on a cemetery plot. And in just two days her husband, whose former beat had been Manhattan's 125th Street, was dead. By the end of May, he was buried and Lydia was planning an adventurous future, even while she put on a fine show of grief, in case someone might be suspicious of her husband's sudden death. In *this* act, Lydia discovered to her satisfaction—and future benefit—that she was a convincing actress.

Her erstwhile husband never had saved any money and didn't believe in insurance, so Lydia continued to work until she had saved enough to take the next step toward adventure. When she had sufficient money to live on for a time, she quit Dr. Rodenstein's office and went to the peaceful and affluent Housatonic River country in Connecticut. Once there, she began casting about for another husband. Soon Lydia's dark charms were focused on Dennis Hurlbut, a rich old skinflint who lived near the little settlement of Corum.

Already six years over the Biblical span of four-score, Hurlbut seemed to be falling apart and, as he had no heirs, there was some lively speculation in the community as to who would inherit the fortune he had accumulated. The only person who had answered that question definitely in her own mind was Lydia Struck.

To launch her second campaign, Lydia, took a room with a family

in Corum. She joined the local church and cleverly managed to meet Dennis Hurlbut. Two weeks later, she had moved quietly into the Hurlbut home as housekeeper. Within a month, the old gentleman left his wheelchair long enough to say "I do" at the altar, while his bride, 33 years his junior, smiled sweetly at him.

NOW TO GIVE THIS Jezebel her just dues, it apparently was not in her scheme this time to poison her husband. For the simple reason that she figured he would live but a few months, and she could wait that long to inherit his money. But love outwitted her on that score. Hurlbut was positively daffy about his bride and seemed to grow younger rather than aging. Six weeks after the marriage, he ran an ad in the local paper, offering his wheelchair for sale—cheap.

Lydia, to put it mildly, was in a bad corner. Efforts to simulate affection for her groom were trying and not always successful. Soon the local ladies, who had correctly surmised that Lydia's first show of love was more monetary than amatory, detected what they described as an attitude of disgust on the bride's part when her gay old groom grew demonstrative at public gatherings and church suppers.

However, hope of ridding herself, by natural means, of what the law calls an obstacle, didn't die in Lydia until the first anniversary of her marriage. When Hurlbut insisted on a big celebration in honor of the event, and ordered the best in food and liquor — that proved too much. Lydia proceeded to drink herself into a talking jag

and declared, "I'll be darned if there'll be another party next year at this time."

A month later, Mrs. Hurlbut began the spade work to make good that threat. She announced to several Corum villagers that the Hurlbut estate had suddenly become infested by rodents. Which fact made her purchase of Paris green at the local apothecary seem natural.

Keeping in the same groove established in disposing of her first husband, Lydia began circulating a story about Hurlbut's ill health. Putting on a deeply-concerned act, she announced at prayer meeting one Wednesday night that Dennis wasn't feeling quite himself. From that, she progressed to the report that he was suffering from general debility and attacks of dizziness. "And to make things worse," she was careful to explain, "he practically lives on raw clams and hard cider, which I don't think are any too good for him."

Then one bitterly cold January morning, almost 14 months after his marriage, old Hurlbut woke with a high fever and vicious stomach pains. A friend who happened to stop by insisted on calling a doctor, over-ruling Lydia's protests that the illness wasn't serious.

Dr. Church, the village doctor, was puzzled by Hurlbut's peculiar symptoms and, late in the afternoon, a second doctor was summoned for a consultation. He, too, was baffled.

That night, while the two physicians were conferring in Dr. Church's office, Dennis Hurlbut died. The next morning, through previous and astonishingly efficient

arrangements by his widow, the aged husband was buried before Dr. Church and the consulting physician reached the Hurlbut home to inquire about the patient.

There were, to be sure, unpleasant rumors about the Widow Hurlbut. But back in those days the science of crime detection had not developed to a point where gossip could be spiked as fact or fallacy. So Lydia collected the Hurlbut fortune and left town.

A few weeks later, Lydia had settled in the town of Derby, Connecticut, not far from Corum, and picked out her third victim. This time the unfortunate man was the town's most prominent widower—a convivial person named Nelson Sherman.

Again the two met at church, which Lydia made a point of attending for the sake of appearances; although they might just as well have met in the tables-for-ladies section of a tavern, since Sherman was addicted to wine more than he was to singing.

Drunk or sober, Sherman, who was the foreman of a local tack factory, had a habit of talking in terms of big money. According to his tales, he didn't really have to work. Consequently, Lydia, along with Derby citizenry generally, was under the impression that Sherman's fortune was in the 100-thousand-dollar bracket; when, actually, he was having a hard time making his weekly pay envelope cover expenses and satisfy his craving for drink at the same time.

Within a month of their first meeting, Sherman and Lydia were married. But on this trip to the altar, Lydia was taken in. After

the wedding, the groom promptly quit his job, and they hadn't been married a week before he asked her to lend him a few hundred dollars. That request led to an exhaustive investigation on his bride's part. When she learned the truth something died in her.

Sherman, in his drunken daze, couldn't understand why Lydia changed so suddenly from gaiety to sullen brooding. As for the bride, she couldn't make up her mind whether to kill her groom or just leave him. Finally, her Borgia tendencies won, since if she left him and married another man, she would be running the risk of arrest for bigamy. And—except for murder—Lydia Struck-Hurlbut-Sherman was a most law-abiding woman.

SWINGING INTO her old routine, Lydia announced publicly that the Sherman home, was rat-infested, and stocked up on arsenic. But every time she was at the point of finishing Sherman off, Lydia was stayed in the belief that his heavy drinking would accomplish the same purpose as poison and just about as quickly.

Procrastinating in that mood for nearly a year, Lydia finally came to the conclusion that she had underestimated Mr. Sherman's capacity for alcohol and the ruggedness of his constitution to withstand its ravages. She got down to business and gave him a feast of cold lobster, hot chocolate—and arsenic.

But when the doctor was called after this repast, he just looked the patient over and said to Lydia, "What on earth have you done to this man?"

Feigning complete innocence, she

sobbed, "It's his drinking, Doctor."

But the physician just glared and snapped, "Drinking has nothing to do with this; unless you put something in his drink."

When Sherman died, his relatives, tipped off by the doctor, demanded the body. The dead man's stomach was sent to Yale University for analysis. Lydia protested violently but to no avail. But by the time the report came back stating poison by arsenic, and the authorities went to the Sherman home to arrest the widow, she had vanished.

Legally free to marry again, Lydia was in the process of checking up on the financial status of a New Brunswick, New Jersey, widower, to whom she had become informally engaged, when Connecticut officials finally caught up with her there.

A check of railroad ticket offices and records relating to a trunk she had shipped to New Brunswick, together with questioning of train crews had turned the trick. Lydia was picked up and taken back to Connecticut so quietly that her fourth candidate for matrimony was on the verge of suicide, thinking that Lydia had deserted him for another man, before he learned that his erstwhile sweetheart was

in the post-graduate class as a poisoner.

As for Lydia, she fought a losing battle with Yale chemists. She was tried and convicted for the murder of Nelson Sherman. But it wasn't until the trial that her lurid past as a Borgia came to light. Connecticut authorities had backtracked on her activities all the way to the purchase of the first quarter's worth of arsenic that had preceded the death of Patrolman Edward Struck, husband-victim Number one.

SENTENCED TO life imprisonment at the state penitentiary in Wethersfield, Connecticut, records show that Lydia Struck-Hurlbut-Sherman, the poison queen, who lived only five years after she began her term, was a model prisoner, though a proud one. One of her principal boasts was that she had never been convicted of anything but murder.

While prison officials came to have a certain regard for her, they were obliged to refuse her last request. Just what Lydia had in mind when she made it was never definitely determined. One day she told the guard that there were rats in her cell and followed that by sweetly inquiring if she could please have some arsenic.

Rationalization

WHEN MEAT RATIONING first came in, a farmer reported to his local board that he had several hundred pounds of beef in cold storage. A few days later he received an official letter demanding to know why he had so much on hand.

His reply was terse: "It was necessary to kill the whole steer at one time."

—G. CLARK

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Market Masquerade



HERE'S A SUPER shopping list for you—50 items all in a row. But the catch (there's always a catch in quizzes) is that these otherwise familiar names of products and business corporations bear a strange disguise. Your task, of course, is to decipher the disguise, however silly or far-fetched it may be, and come up with the correct names. For example, "Rap-Rap Hats" would inevitably turn out to be Knox Hats.

Give yourself two points for each one you name correctly. A fair score is 60 or more; 74 or better is good, and anything over 86 is excellent. Answers are on page 140.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Patriotic Cracker Co. | 26. Lincoln Opponent Aircraft |
| 2. Termite Typewriters | 27. Egyptian Syrup |
| 3. Boom-Boom Mills | 28. George Herman Candy Bars |
| 4. Thrifty Tissue Co. | 29. You're Welcome Coffee |
| 5. Gulliver's Insurance Co. | 30. Stork Stationery |
| 6. Applause Baby Food | 31. Aviary-Ocular Foods |
| 7. Drop-in-the-Ocean Distillers Corp. | 32. Houdini Cook Stoves |
| 8. Faith, Hope and Charity Line | 33. Ducksoup Cold Cream |
| 9. Friendly Oats | 34. Scotch Clan Soups |
| 10. Victoria's Tobacco | 35. Rebel Drinking Cups |
| 11. Sailor Pens | 36. Rembrandt Cleanser |
| 12. Modern Reynard Film Co. | 37. Dood-it Washing Powder |
| 13. Educated Tomato Juice | 38. Necessity Biscuits |
| 14. Domesticated Milk | 39. Icy Breeze Refrigerator |
| 15. Flint Tires | 40. Archery Shirts |
| 16. Triple Duster Whisky | 41. Hump-Bump Cigarettes |
| 17. Gray Mound Lighters | 42. United Nations Records |
| 18. Squirmy Chewing Gum | 43. First Man Hats |
| 19. Gravedigger Peanuts | 44. Spring Game Washing Machines |
| 20. Angel of Mercy Shoes | 45. Valentine Soap |
| 21. Seventh Night Pillar | 46. Coyotes Aspirin |
| 22. Filibuster Playing Cards | 47. Hush-Hush Deodorant |
| 23. Pilgrim's Landing Automobiles | 48. Starry Path Candy Bars |
| 24. Bonanza Cigarettes | 49. Eiffel Garters |
| 25. Breadline Pineapple Co. | 50. Sparkler Razor Blades |

Game for Sportsmen



ARE YOU A GOOD SPORTSMAN? Below are 50 questions about sports, pastimes and indoor games. Sports fans will recognize quite a few of them at once, but there are some to make anyone think a little bit. Count two points for each you are able to answer correctly. Consider 76 or better a fair score; 86 or more very good. Answers are on page 140.

A. Name the game in which the following expressions are used:

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Fore!..... | 6. Checkmate!..... |
| 2. Slide!..... | 7. Double!..... |
| 3. Break!..... | 8. Tallyho!..... |
| 4. Service!..... | 9. Fifteen two!..... |
| 5. Sweep!..... | 10. First down!..... |

B. Name the game which is started in each of the following ways:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Jump at center..... | 6. Face off..... |
| 2. Kick off..... | 7. Tee off..... |
| 3. Play for serve..... | 8. Gong goes..... |
| 4. Low cut deals..... | 9. On the mark..... |
| 5. Break the balls..... | 10. Batter up..... |

C. Name the game in which each of the following is forbidden or illegal:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Shiny buttons on uniform..... | 6. Moving into check..... |
| 2. Leg before..... | 7. Feet past limit..... |
| 3. Reneging..... | 8. Touching net..... |
| 4. Hooking..... | 9. Touching ball with arm..... |
| 5. Improving lie..... | 10. Moistening ball..... |

D. Name the game in which each of the following is used:

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Epée..... | 6. Black ball..... |
| 2. Brassie..... | 7. Fly..... |
| 3. Bird..... | 8. Goal pads..... |
| 4. Silks..... | 9. Broom..... |
| 5. Rosin bag..... | 10. Mouthpiece..... |

E. Name the game which is measured off by each of the following:

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Rounds..... | 6. Periods..... |
| 2. Rubbers..... | 7. Sets..... |
| 3. Aces..... | 8. 18 holes..... |
| 4. Ends..... | 9. 121 holes..... |
| 5. Frames..... | 10. Quarters..... |

Crime without Punishment



IF YOU FEEL THE URGE to tackle an orgy of crime—but without punishment—this quiz is for you. Each person listed in the column at the right is mentioned in the left column. Your job is to match them up correctly. Score five for each correct answer. If you make 100, you probably belong in Alcatraz. From 85 to 95 is excellent; from 70 to 80 is good; from 55 to 65 is average. Below 55 proves that for you, at least, “crime does not pay.” Answers will be found on page 140.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1. He was known as “Pretty Boy.” | (a) Robin Hood |
| 2. He wrote <i>Crime and Punishment</i> . | (b) Bonnivard |
| 3. Public Enemy No. 1, he was killed in an alley near a Chicago theatre. | (c) Al Capone |
| 4. He was the killer in Poe’s <i>Murders in the Rue Morgue</i> . | (d) René Belbenoit |
| 5. He killed all his wives. | (e) Dr. Samuel A. Mudd |
| 6. He was a dapper, loveable safecracker in O. Henry fiction. | (f) Herman W. Mudgett |
| 7. Once kingpin of the underworld, he was sent to Alcatraz for income tax evasion. | (g) John Dillinger |
| 8. He created a famous monster. | (h) Feodor Dostoievsky |
| 9. He kidnaped Lindbergh’s baby. | (i) Floyd |
| 10. He was called “master of the murder castle” in Chicago. | (j) Jimmy Valentine |
| 11. In a famous French novel, he stole a loaf of bread. | (k) Frankenstein |
| 12. He was a prisoner on Devil’s Island and wrote <i>Dry Guillotine</i> . | (l) Cain |
| 13. He boasts that he was the world’s greatest impostor. | (m) Bruno Richard Hauptmann |
| 14. He was the “Prisoner of Chillon.” | (n) Bluebeard |
| 15. We know him as the first murderer. | (o) Tom the piper’s son |
| 16. They stole the Oatman sisters. | (p) Jean Valjean |
| 17. He haunted an opera house. | (q) An ape |
| 18. He was imprisoned on Dry Tortugas Islands for allegedly helping the assassinator of President Lincoln. | (r) Apache Indians |
| 19. He was a famous English outlaw who robbed the rich, gave to the poor. | (s) Prince Michael Romanoff |
| 20. He stole a pig “and away he run.” | (t) Phantom of the Opera |

Word Ladders



PRESENTING A TRICKY and ingenious word quiz remindful of the "rolling stone." It provides you with a gay time while it tests your vocabulary. You are asked to supply the 60 words defined below. Each word is to be built upon the word immediately preceding it. In Part A only one letter changes to form each new word. In Parts B and C, *two adjoining* letters change to form each new word. You are given the start-off word in each part. Find the second, and keep them rolling.

You'll find the answers on page 140. If you miss no more than five words, consider yourself a star performer; 10 wrong still keep you in the running, but more than 15 place you on the well-known lower shelf.

A. Change one letter to get the succeeding word, such as: flint, flirt

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------------------------|-------|
| 1. Cast forcibly | FLING | 11. Enjoy in common | |
| 2. Broken limb bandage | | 12. Land on edge of sea | |
| 3. Undignified words | | 13. Small job | |
| 4. Incline | | 14. Selected | |
| 5. Establish | | 15. Pursue | |
| 6. Tool to smooth wood | | 16. Discontinue | |
| 7. Shallow dish | | 17. A letting for rent | |
| 8. Kind of rock | | 18. Smallest degree | |
| 9. Speak | | 19. Animal | |
| 10. Fixed gaze | | 20. Loud sudden noise | |

B. Change *two adjoining* letters to get the succeeding word (glove, drove)

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------|-----------------------|-------|
| 1. Globules of liquid | DROPS | 11. Loose | |
| 2. Cuts in small pieces | | 12. Horrify | |
| 3. Small job | | 13. The shin-bone | |
| 4. Worship | | 14. A wrap | |
| 5. In flames | | 15. Move slowly | |
| 6. Steeple | | 16. Heron-like bird | |
| 7. Interval | | 17. Level surface | |
| 8. European country | | 18. Opposed to supine | |
| 9. Instruct | | 19. One over-modest | |
| 10. Rut made by wheel | | 20. Musical exercise | |

C. As in B, change *two adjoining* letters to get the succeeding word.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------|-------------------------|-------|
| 1. Handle lovingly | FONDLE | 11. Like better | |
| 2. A cylinder of tallow | | 12. Elementary reader | |
| 3. Sincere | | 13. Primitive | |
| 4. Preserved (food) | | 14. Quadraped | |
| 5. Summoned | | 15. Occurring yearly | |
| 6. Over-dressed | | 16. Real, certain | |
| 7. Monetary standard | | 17. Reciprocal | |
| 8. Underground room | | 18. Handbook | |
| 9. Column | | 19. Fertilizer | |
| 10. Take by petty theft | | 20. Holding, as of land | |

Answers to "Market Masquerade"

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. National Biscuit Co. | 13. College Inn | 25. Dole | 38. Uncead |
| 2. Underwood or Woodstock | 14. Pet | 26. Douglas | 39. Frigidaire |
| 3. Cannon Mills | 15. Firestone | 27. Karo | 40. Arrow |
| 4. Scott Tissue Co. | 16. Three Feathers | 28. Baby Ruth | 41. Camel |
| 5. Travelers | 17. Dunhill | 29. Sanka | 42. Victor |
| 6. Clapp's | 18. Wrigley's | 30. Crane | 43. Adam |
| 7. Seagram | 19. Planter's | 31. Birds-Eye | 44. Maytag |
| 8. Grace | 20. Red Cross | 32. Magic Chef | 45. Sweetheart |
| 9. Quaker | 21. Saturday Evening Post | 33. Pond's | 46. Bayers' |
| 10. Prince Albert | 22. Congress | 34. Campbell | 47. Mum |
| 11. Waterman | 23. Plymouth | 35. Dixie | 48. Milky Way |
| 12. 20th Century-Fox | 24. Lucky Strike | 36. Old Dutch | 49. Paris |
| | | 37. Duz | 50. Gem |

Answers to "Game for Sportsmen"

- | | | | | |
|----------------|------------------|------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| A. 1. golf | B. 1. basketball | C. 1. baseball | D. 1. fencing | E. 1. boxing |
| 2. baseball | 2. football | 2. cricket | 2. golf | 2. bridge |
| 3. boxing | 3. badminton | 3. cards | 3. badminton | 3. badminton |
| 4. tennis | 4. cribbage | 4. hockey | 4. horse racing | 4. curling or archery |
| 5. curling | 5. snooker | 5. golf | 5. baseball | 5. bowling |
| 6. chess | 6. hockey | 6. chess | 6. billiards | 6. hockey |
| 7. bridge | 7. golf | 7. fencing | 7. angling | 7. tennis |
| 8. fox hunting | 8. boxing | 8. tennis or badminton | 8. hockey | 8. golf |
| 9. cribbage | 9. track | 9. soccer | 9. curling | 9. cribbage |
| 10. football | 10. baseball | 10. baseball | 10. boxing | 10. football |

Answers to "Crime without Punishment"

- | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (i) | 3. (g) | 5. (n) | 7. (c) | 9. (m) | 11. (p) | 13. (s) | 15. (l) | 17. (t) | 19. (a) |
| 2. (h) | 4. (q) | 6. (j) | 8. (k) | 10. (f) | 12. (d) | 14. (b) | 16. (r) | 18. (e) | 20. (o) |

Answers to "Word Ladders"

- | | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|------------|------------|------------|
| A. 1. Fling | 5. Plant | 9. State | 13. Chore | 17. Lease |
| 2. Sling | 6. Plane | 10. Stare | 14. Chose | 18. Least |
| 3. Slang | 7. Plate | 11. Share | 15. Chase | 19. Beast |
| 4. Slant | 8. Slate | 12. Shore | 16. Cease | 20. Blast |
| B. 1. Drops | 5. Afire | 9. Train | 13. Shank | 17. Plane |
| 2. Chops | 6. Spire | 10. Track | 14. Shawl | 18. Prone |
| 3. Chore | 7. Space | 11. Slack | 15. Crawl | 19. Prude |
| 4. Adore | 8. Spain | 12. Shock | 16. Crane | 20. Etude |
| C. 1. Fondle | 5. Called | 9. Pillar | 13. Primal | 17. Mutual |
| 2. Candle | 6. Dolled | 10. Pilfer | 14. Animal | 18. Manual |
| 3. Candid | 7. Dollar | 11. Prefer | 15. Annual | 19. Manure |
| 4. Canned | 8. Cellar | 12. Primer | 16. Actual | 20. Tenure |

Book Excerpt:



SHORE LEAVE

by **FREDERIC WAKEMAN**

Fliers are a race apart. In the brief, intense days of shore leave four battered naval pilots snatch at life before returning to the battle against death. But the burning fever of war is not to be shaken off by a short respite. It is the fight which is real—the leave but a vacuum . . . an excerpt.



Shore Leave

by **FREDERIC WAKEMAN**

WE WENT OUT to the PBM in a launch, boarded her, met the skipper and some of the crew, then settled down as well as we could in the bucket seats for the take-off.

The PBM was loaded with mail and freight. We five were the only passengers.

She rose heavily and circled to head eastward—opposite to the morning sun, away from the islands and seas and air-oceans where the fighting was. She was headed home.

In flight, a PBM is a pretty thing to watch—smooth and clean and graceful. She is like a well-built woman who is big all over but not sloppy. You admire the easy way she gets around, but naturally you don't expect her to do cartwheels.

PBM is, of course, a Navy term: the P for Patrol, the B for Bomber, and the M for Martin.

On this flight, however, we were neither patrolling nor bombing. She was serving the NATS as a transport, and we were passengers on a Naval Airlines, Pearl Harbor to San Francisco branch.

We were all tired and hungover,

but I was too excited about the trip home to sleep. I went forward to the pilot's cabin to grab a smoke and make some conversation.

The skipper set the plane on automatic pilot and left his post to offer me a cigarette. The navigator joined us.

"Were you in the hospital at Pearl, too?" he asked me.

I told him no, that I was just a working stiff who'd been ordered back to a stinking shore job. "All the rest of the passengers are from the hospital, though."

"That fellow Crewson back there is famous in every wardroom in the South Pacific," the pilot said. "You heard about that one he pulled at Buna?"

"He looks like two silhouettes pasted together," the navigator said. "But he must've been some Joe in his time."

I finished my cigarette and went aft. The four fliers were still asleep.

Later on, in San Francisco, we all became very close friends. And I began to understand them, little by little. I was to learn that they

were living their life in a way that is sometimes hard for us outsiders to understand. By outsiders, I mean non-fliers such as myself—and everyone in and out of uniform who has not been in actual combat.

Mastery of an airplane seems to set men apart in certain very subtle ways, just as the shared experience of combat seems to pull men together. To a fighting man, there are really only two kinds of persons: those who've been in it, and those who haven't.

The unspoken feeling that lodges in their minds like shrapnel fragments cannot be denied. A fighting man is a very special fellow—and because he exists for destruction and lives with death, he can only be completely understood by his fellow-specialists who have met his own test of battle.

As I looked at these four fliers sleeping around me, I thought of what an old Australian colonel had told me in one of those officers' clubs you find in the South Pacific islands. We were playing jo jotte and he watched the fliers do the usual fast, two-handed drinking.

"They don't know it," he said, "but they're being pushed about, you know, by a bit of a statistic."

"A statistic? I never knew fliers to get involved in that type of figure, sir," I said.

"Not consciously," he said gravely. "But way back in the wee crannies of their minds lurks the biggest statistic of all. You know—what're the odds for me?"

Whatever else the Big Statistic may have been doing to these boys in the PBM, they were certainly losing no sleep over it. They had been dead to the world for hours.

An enlisted man came back with coffee and I woke them up. As I touched Mississipp, he sat up screaming from a bad dream. Crewson had recovered from his ague. Mac cussed his stiff knee and said that it must be going to rain.

"Outside of Wallace"—Crewson meant me—"this is what I'd call, to coin a phrase, a motley crew."

"What do you say we all just wear these old khakis on our shore leave," the P-Boat Pilot suggested. "If we all stick together we can get by with it."

I realized then they were proud of their faded, wrinkled fighting suits . . . that in a station glittering with untarnished gold braid, taut blues and greens, their stained khaki would give them a distinction that no flashy uniform could compete with. You couldn't mistake it, they were fighting men, gaunt and worn, with the mark of battle on them. In new uniforms they'd be just four more fliers.

"How much leave do you fellows rate?" I asked.

"Not much," the P-Boat Pilot said. "We're actually supposed to go to the hospital at San Diego and wait for our medical survey to see whether they'll send us out again. But we seduced a four striper into wangling us a shore leave in San Francisco until they call us down to Dago. It may be a week, two weeks, two years. You know how the Navy operates."

"Won't you be able to go home?"

"I've been in the Navy so long any place is home," he said. "And my wife is in Honolulu, as you well know, you wolf. But these boys here—I don't know their plans."

"Except getting drunk," Missis-

sip said. "My ol' girl is down near Jackson teaching school and can't come out heah to see me."

"Tell us where your wife is, Mac," Crewson said.

"You know damn well she's in Hartford, making those Pratt-Whitney engines you foul up."

"And what about you, Crewson," Mac asked. "Are you going to inflict yourself on that poor wife of yours back on Long Island, or are you planning to make a temporary arrangement with some other tomato?"

Since friendship between these four had long since reached the insult stage, the comment was passed over.

"My thinking hasn't reached that point yet," Crewson explained. "First we all go to the St. Mark and take a suite. Then we call for room service. Then we drink. Then we go out and collect some women. Then we take them to our rooms. Then we call room service. That's as far as my plans go. After that, anything can happen. I may even call my wife, who knows?"

And so, chatting of ships and women and planes, we killed time until the PBM circled over the bay. The bridge looked good as all familiar things do to homesick travelers.

When we said goodbye ashore, they asked me to join their party at the St. Mark after I had reported for duty at Alameda and found quarters.

They slouched off the field as only fliers can slouch. Fliers are without doubt the most unmilitary of all fighting men. They refuse to pattern themselves to the military way of sitting, standing, walking,

thinking. They'll do anything to make a uniform not uniform.

I for one admire this trait in fliers, because it is a sign of rebellion against the stupidities of war that make it necessary for such men to be pounded into the military mold.

IT WAS getting dark in San Francisco. There was a dim-out, but not a black-out. It was nice to be in a city again where kids didn't carry gas masks, and you could cross a street at night without a military pass.

We were on our way back to the St. Mark after dropping into a little bar to repair the damage done by food to the alcohol in our systems.

About a block from the hotel, sure enough, we were stopped by a lieutenant on Shore Patrol. "You're out of uniform," he informed Crewson. "I'm afraid I've got to put you on report."

"It's a fine damn thing," Crewson said, loud enough to make passers-by stop and listen. "A fine damn thing. A man loses all his uniforms in the drink, loses his pay accounts, doesn't get paid, and then the shore-going Navy expects him to own a set of blues or stay indoors. Sometimes I wonder if the Shore Patrol knows there's a war going on."

"What's your rank?"

"Jaygee."

"Oh, I didn't know, Lieutenant," the officer apologized. "We try to be reasonable, especially in cases like yours. It's just that so many of the fellows try to take advantage of us. Why, I had to put a three-striper on report tonight," he

bragged. "But I'm going to let you off, Lieutenant."

"Gee, thanks," Crewson said.

The officer walked to the corner and stood back of a Shore Patrol panel truck, talking to a couple of enlisted men who also wore the socially undesirable SP brassard on their left sleeves.

At just that point, a young apprentice seaman, a kid of about seventeen, staggered up to us. He stopped full and saluted. I returned it, but Crewson didn't see him. The kid then grabbed Crewson by the arm to get his attention, then stood and saluted again.

Crewson said in a light, even voice, "Hands off, son. You should have learned better at boot camp."

The kid said, "Salute me, you damned officer. Every time I salute you, you return it, see. That's the law."

He saluted again.

Crewson was still very composed and not at all angry. He said, "Look, son. The Shore Patrol's behind me, see. And if you walk past them, you'll wind up in the brig for sure. Just follow us and when you get away from here, we'll put you in a cab."

The kid said doggedly, "Salute me, you damned striped officer." He said it very loudly, and the Shore Patrol boys came up at once, grabbing him by the armpits, dragging him the few yards to the truck, and giving him the pitch inside. It was all over in ten seconds.

"I heard him curse an officer," the lieutenant said severely. "So did you, didn't you, Chief?"

"Yes, sir," the chief said miserably.

"Aw, just throw him in for safe-

keeping," Crewson said. "A kid like that doesn't know how to drink. He didn't know what he was doing."

"That'll come out at Captain's Mast," the lieutenant said.

Crewson turned and started walking towards the St. Mark. He still felt bad about the kid. "Only thirty seconds of fun he got out of it. It doesn't seem right. Can't you just see him soaking up liquor and with drunken cunning figuring out a way to get even for all the pushing around he's had from officers? So he decides to apply that old chestnut about making an officer return a salute. He's probably just out of boot camp, that kid, and he's been given the Navy treatment to the point where he just had to rebel."

"He's also hot off the prairies," I said. "Where most of the good sailors come from. Did you see his rosy cheeks?"

"So the poor kid had to pull that 'return-my salute' routine. He probably heard some tough guy with hair on his chest bragging in the barracks about how he got by with it."

"Well," I said. "Thirty seconds of fun, thirty days in the clink. It's still a fair enough deal. Quit being so social-conscious, Crewson."

NEXT MORNING, I woke up at eight. It was my day off so that was all right. I was completely recovered from the exhaustion and the drinking, but terribly thirsty.

I wandered into the living room looking for a clean glass. The room was empty of people, but full of that morning-after look. A man's white handkerchief, lipstick-

smeared, was on the window sill. I counted eleven glasses in the room, on tables, chairs, by the sofa on the floor. Some of the glasses were partly filled with unfinished drinks. One was a nauseous mixture of cigarette butts and liquor. The ashtrays were piled high with cigarette butts, the lipstick marked ones outnumbering the plain whites. There were bottles, and a tray with half a chicken sandwich on a bedraggled lettuce leaf. The sandwich had one bite out of it, and even that bitten crescent had lipstick around it.

Mississip had undressed in the living room, leaving his khaki trousers on a chair, his khaki shirt on the floor, his garterless black socks on the coffee table, his brown shoes by the door.

It was in a way just a morning-after room, no different physically, perhaps, from my own living room after a long and gay party. It was a room to appall the maid and disillusion the owner.

But there was a feeling in this room you didn't get in ordinary morning-after rooms. It was the feeling that all the people who had soiled this room were racing their supercharged lives at top speed.

It was the feeling that today is today and when it dribbles off into yesterday nothing can bring it back, nothing. That even if you regretted the way you had spent it, yet there was no other way to spend it. Crewson would call it a rat race and it was a rat race, a rat race with time.

This room said: yesterday, to hell with yesterday . . . tomorrow, to hell with tomorrow . . . money, to hell with money . . . security,

what's security? . . . to hell with those musty virtues that in other days sometimes seemed to have goodness, truth, and even beauty.

I am the soiled symbol of the omnipresent now, said the room. Understand me before you revile me. Look at me, smell me in all my staleness, wallow in all my disorder . . . but do not draw back in disgust; I am life-this-minute.

Into this room came the P-Boat Pilot, earliest riser of the group. He called room service and ordered breakfast for five sent up. "The usual," he instructed.

The P-Boat Pilot was a man who commanded respect. He rarely said anything that was bright, or complicated. But when he did speak, he weighed his words carefully.

"Shall I wake the boys up?"

"Let 'em sleep till breakfast gets here," he said. "Crewson didn't take Gwynneth home until six this morning; he must be tired."

"It's amazing how well he does look, considering the life he leads."

The P-Boat Pilot said, "Yes, it's been quite a party, hasn't it? One of those things that start deliberately. But nothing seems to stop them, even after everybody's tired of them."

"No one really wants to get so involved and mixed-up in this kind of a rat race," I said. "But it's damn easy for even the simplest things to become complicated, like your shore leave."

He thought about this for a moment and then disagreed.

"I wouldn't say we were being complicated, Walter. I'd say we were oversimplifying our lives . . . like all fighting men."

He had thought this thing

through carefully, and he was probably right.

Mac and Crewson and Mississipp and the P-Boat Pilot were living in the present. They tried to think of nothing except the immediate job ahead. On duty, it would be a mission; on shore leave, it would be getting drunk or being with women.

And no matter how complicated or dangerous their mission was, no matter how involved and mixed-up the shore leave seemed—essentially it was a very simple way to live life because they were not concerned with the responsibilities laid on them by the past, or the prospects promised by the future.

It was this scouting mission, that bombing run, tonight's girl, today's drinking.

Yes, the P-Boat Pilot was right: fighting men actually over-simplified their lives.

"Do you think you fellows'll ever pick it up where you left off, after the war?" I asked. "Say in the case of a chap like Crewson?"

"Well, Walter, it's like an air officer I was standing with on the flight deck of a carrier one day. We watched the boys take off . . . he was like a hen with chicks, that one. And when the last TBF left the deck, he turned to me and said, 'You know, it's going to be quite a jolt for those boys to go back home in this new air age and find out they're about one cut above a streetcar conductor.'"

"Another lost generation," I said, but he'd apparently never heard the phrase, as he repeated it as if it were a new idea to him.

I WENT UP to the party. Mississipp was telling a strange girl about the

mess boy on the *Yorktown* whose feet didn't fit the deck no moah.

"Did Crewson get orders?" Mac asked me.

"I didn't know he expected any."

"We all do. He's trying to hurry them along." Mac pulled me to one side and said in a low tone, "By the way, say something decent to Mississipp. He just lost his wings."

"How?"

"The medical board surveyed him out. Nervous instability. He's retired to inactive duty."

I interrupted the southern boy in the act of pouring himself a drink.

"Let's go into Crewson's room and have a quiet one," I said.

Mississipp's sad eyes looked out of place in his round, jolly face.

"They tell me," I said, "that the war's ended."

"The war is ovah, as of this afternoon," he said. "I knew it though. Don't think I didn't. I been drinking to keep it from ending. But heah it is."

"You've done more than your share, Mississipp," I told him. "Now you can go back and marry that schoolteacher. Fortunately, you'll be a live hero."

Mississipp's gear had come in on the ship, and he was wearing his blues. He felt the gold-embroidered wings and the service bars on his chest.

"I love these ol' wings," he said.. "I'd just die if somebody took these ol' wings away from me. I don't wanta lose them. I earned these ol' wings."

"You haven't lost them, boy. You've earned the right to them."

But he was beyond comfort.

"When I think how I slaved to

get these ol' wings. I'm no student, Walter. I jest sweated my way through Pensacola. I'd die before I give 'em up. Damn doctahs, anyway."

A man who has lost one love may be expected to recover. But Mississip had lost two. He had lost his plane and he had lost his ship.

"Now I guess I'm no good fur nothin', Walter. I feel jest like I did that sad day when about forty stinking little pigboats come up around the *Wasp*."

"She really took a beating. Four fish was four too many for her thin sides. My plane was on the flight deck refueling. She whooshed up in the air about five feet and when she came down she was nothing but a pore ol' cripple. Her landing gear was all broke up."

"Tough."

"There I was, Walter. Stranded, and my pore ol' TBF was all dressed up, torpedo 'n' everything. But she couldn't get no place. It was sad."

Sad, too, the hundred foot flame after the third torpedo. Sad the whitely burning gasoline, the burned men looking like gray hairless lepers with their skin hanging down in shreds. And sad the dentist, dying in his effort to bandage his burned and blinded shipmates in that hail of shrapnel caused by the *Wasp's* own shells exploding.

"We took off our ol' shoes, Walter. Our hot and burning shoes," Mississip said sadly. "We lined 'em up along the scuppers, jest like on the Old Lex. Every man jack of us. Yes sir, Walter, I left my ol' shoes with her."

He also left his heart with her, did ol' Mississip.

And now he would go back

home, and the newspapers would tell his story on the front page. And he would use the words "Medical Discharge" instead of "Nervous Instability."

And the folks back home would give him the returning-hero treatment at first, with many toasts. But that would soon end, and the grounded flier would find the ground more intolerable day by day.

Nobody knows the trouble Mississip would see, nobody knows the sorrow that lay ahead of him.

For Mississip had found his life on the *Yorktown* and the *Wasp* . . . had found his high, manly purpose in the queer exaltation of a water-level torpedo run.

And now the meaning was gone. Not being master of himself, and having lost the instrument he had learned to master, nothing was left for Mississip. He was trapped.

"I need your advice, Walter." This very seriously, leaning forward, clutching my shoulder, the gray, bloodshot, staring eyes looking out of the round smooth face into my eyes. "I wonder, Walter, should I go back home? It's kinda bad going back now and everything. Kinda bad."

"Whyn't you plan to go back home just for a short visit, Mississip?" I suggested. "Then go somewhere else where you can enjoy life. If you don't like it when you get back home, just go away from there, I'd say."

Mississip grabbed the idea with childish delight. "That's a swell idea, Walter ol' boy. I'll go home for a week. That's what I'll do. One week. Maybe two. Then whoosh—away I'll go."

Yes, and maybe three weeks,

maybe three hundred, maybe three thousand, if you live that long, Mississipp.

You don't mind the dead and dying, honest you don't. It's dirty, but it's quick. But the ones who lose themselves, the ones all mixed up and confused—the ones you know'll never have the prosaic kind of guts it takes to be dull and normal and mediocre again—they're the casualties that really make you feel like hell.

You know your own chances of coming out a whole man are only about fifty-fifty—not a live man, but a whole man—and that's what makes it so depressing.

Fifty-fifty, like these four fliers. Mac and the P-Boat Pilot: if they came back, they'd pick it up where they dropped it. So would I. Or would I? Lately, I'm not so sure of myself. But Crewson and Mississipp, they were the wanderers, the losers, the seekers, the never-finders. Not dead, not maimed, not shocked . . . just plain lost.

Poor Mississipp went back to the party. He was just a kid. A blubbery kid at that. But he'd lost enough to make many a man whimper. For just as the war-fever gets you, so does the Navy. Whether it's wings or hash marks or stripes, the Navy gets into you. It's a feeling and you can't reason with a feeling.

I OPENED THE portable typewriter I had left in Crewson's room and sat down to write a letter to my wife, feeling very blue.

Crewson came in alone.

"I'm getting tired of this rat race," he said. He lay down on the bed, looking at the ceiling. "It's a

slow, stupid, boring way to die."

"Where's Gwynneth?" I asked, getting up from the typewriter to look for a cigarette.

"She went home."

"So this is it?"

"Yeah, this is it. You know," he said in a wondering way, as if he'd just discovered it, "I could go for her. For always, I mean."

"Always for a week, you mean."

"You're right, Walter. Always for a week, that's right."

"Women are like shadows," he said. "Even when one of them stands out from the procession, even after every muscle of her body is totally familiar . . . still she is like a shadow. A room full of women, like that room in there, is like a room full of shadows."

"Gwynneth seems pretty real."

He reached for a cigarette on the stand by the bed, fumbled for it and matches because he would not open his eyes.

"Real now. But how about next shore leave? No, Walter, whether you know 'em one night, one month, or one year, doesn't seem to make any difference. In time they all turn into shadows."

He remembers Gwynneth now, as she is this minute. Lying on the bed, tired and thin and fretful, he remembers Gwynneth because Gwynneth is the last one. Forgetting the others, the degree being in the order of their succession.

But not forgetting the chief interests. Remembering each plane he has flown as normal men leading normal lives remember their children. Remembering the ship, as a man might remember his absent wife.

The ship, yes, that world Crew-

son remembers. It is the reality which turns the women into shadows marching backwards into the past.

"Eighteen Scouts flew off to war and only eight came back," he remembers of Midway.

Quote Lieutenant Crewson's conduct was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service unquote.

Remembers war, forgets peace. Wonders whether warriors can ever get used to peace, can ever find anything important in peace. Thinks: what a dopey subject to fret about. You gotta live first.

I sat watching him, saying nothing.

"Speak up, Walter. All you need is a cud. You ought to be a writer," he jeered. "It's a great field, especially for introverts."

"When did you give up your

ambition to be a writer, Crewson? Or have you?"

"I'm a flier, Walter. Fliers don't write."

"If I ever write a book, it'd be about you and Gwynneth."

"Sounds dull. Would you give it a rugged or a happy ending?"

"Both. I'd describe the great romance as it develops on shore leave. Then the happy hero returning via Reno for his one true love, Gwynneth."

He sprawled on the bed again, but this time with his eyes open.

"The trouble with that plot is that you'd never know till the war's over whether or not he actually returned."

"Oh, I'd imply that he was going to return. That nothing could keep him from returning."

"Not even a Zero?"

"Not even a Zero," I said.

Food for Thought

AN INMATE OF AN insane asylum was a record-breaking consumer of books. Every day he would visit the library and carry away an armload of books and pamphlets.

Finally one day, as a test, the librarian handed the patient a copy of the telephone directory. The man came back five hours later, thumped down the heavy volume and asked for another book.

"But surely you haven't read that one in this short time! What did you think of it?"

"Well," said the inmate judiciously, "I thought the plot was terrible. But, man alive! What a cast!"

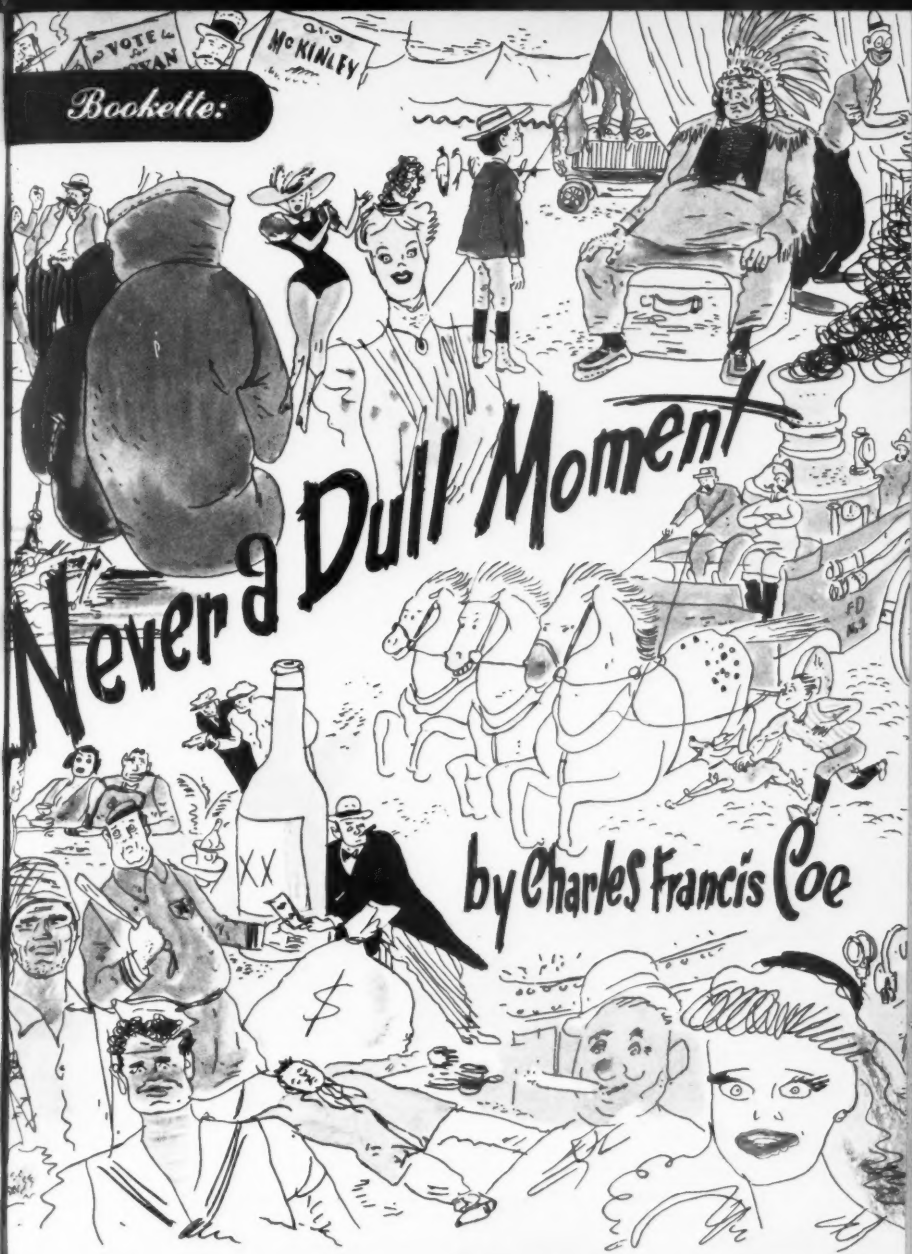
—FREDERICK KUH in *The Chicago Sun*

DURING ONE OF HIS illnesses, the late John Barrymore was placed on a diet and schedule noted chiefly for scantiness in everything but absolute rest and quiet. His nurse, removing his tray one day after a microscopic lunch, noticed that he was restless and irritated. Hoping to relieve the monotony, she asked, "And what would you like to do now, Mr. Barrymore?"

"Bring me a postage stamp!" growled the irrepressible John. "I think I'll do a little reading."

—L. R. INGLES

Bookette:



Never a Dull Moment

by Charles Francis Coe

"Socker" Coe, author of famous gangland and prize-ring stories, spins his most exciting yarn—his own life story. His "Huck" Finn boyhood, fistic triumphs, encounters with playboys, public enemies, actors, athletes and ambassadors—all are here in a smashing, 15-round book condensation.



Never a Dull Moment

AS A CHILD, I usually got into trouble in many church affairs but always it was the sort of trouble that could be forgiven; even enjoyed. I was wont, at the height of a religious tableau, to see something funny and burst into uncontrollable laughter. Father once said I would be a vast success if the entertainments were held in a mortuary where I would be less apt to see something amusing.

There was a time when a pompous neighbor whom I always disliked developed the habit of passing the collection plate in the Sunday School. The plates were of metal. One Sunday he set one metal plate near me while he collected from the other side of the room. I held an old-fashioned match under the rim of the plate; and another and another.

The pompous neighbor approached. I turned innocently away. With immense decorum he seized upon the plate exactly where I thought he would. He got half a step toward the platform and a

waiting Mr. Coppins, the superintendent. Suddenly he hurled the plate to the floor. There passed from his lips a name properly and often used in Sunday School but seldom with such emphasis. Mr. Coppins adjusted his glasses and trained a dire eye in my general direction. The silver and envelopes were widely scattered about the floor. I felt that the venture was a complete success.

During the last hymn, I scampered for the out-of-doors and pursued my usual leisurely way home. When I arrived, the pompous neighbor was just leaving. I saw that Father was showing him out and therein I sensed a fortunate break. Mother, apparently, knew nothing of the matter. Assuming a blithe innocence I entered. Father called me.

"Charlie," he said firmly, "Mr. Banks just came to see me. Did you heat that collection plate with matches?"

I hung my head. "Yes, sir."

"Good," said Father. "Don't say

by Charles Francis Coe

a damned thing about this to your mother. Here's a nickel."

It was years before I quite understood. Finally it came to me that what a man is, largely is what he does. The things the pompous neighbor had done sufficed to prompt everyone who knew him to badger him a bit. I can recall that when he moved away from our locality everyone was pleased.

Of such incidents was my childhood builded. In my schools I had nothing but trouble. "A bright pupil but practically incorrigible." That was a consensus verdict.

Once when I was in trouble, the principal had me transferred to another public school. There a principal named Browning used to address the whole student body at nine each morning. My first morning, feeling strange and upset I attended that assembly. Mr. Browning was talking about students treading upon the lawns of people who lived near the school. He explained that serious results would accrue for those who did. He wound up his remarks by saying, "That new boy from Public School 45. He couldn't be managed over there at 45 but I'll tell him right here that we'll find a way to manage him. We know how to handle roughies!"

"You old fool!" I screamed. "You can't manage me. If you call me things, I'll call you things. I haven't walked on anyone's lawn!"

He stepped down from the platform and came toward me. A way spread for him, but there was none for me to use as a retreat. He carried in his hand a wooden ruler.

"Don't you touch me!" I

warned. "Don't you hit me with that! If you do . . ."

He did hit me with the ruler. I clenched my fist, leaped upward and struck him on the face. His teeth came out, but he immediately put them back in.

"Go to my office!" he sputtered. A way opened for me through the children. I darted downstairs, out into the sunshine. Terror was consuming me. I was certain that this was the end of all home life.

I went to a livery stable run by a mulatto and told him my situation. He gave me a blanket and said I could sleep there. I was cleaning a stall the next morning when I saw my father.

"Come over here, Charlie," he said. "Sit down. What the hell's the matter with you? Can't you get along in any school?"

I told Father what had happened. Bluntly, he said, "I don't believe it. Go wash your face. We'll go see Browning."

I shall never forget that conference. Father was immense. I recall that finally he said, "Mr. Browning, any grown man that would do what you did, either is mad or sick. I shall certainly use what influence I have to see that you are transferred to some other position in the school system. You'll make criminals faster than students with that sort of treatment."

Of all my playmates, I admired most a lad named Charles Stafford. Once I saw him accept the challenge of a bigger fellow and fight with him until both were battered to bloodiness. Three days later the bigger fellow met me alone on the street. Recognizing me as one of the

bystanders who had cheered for Charlie, he grabbed me, cuffed my ear. We fought. In a matter of seconds I had him stretched in the snow, for it was winter and slippery. I thought he had slipped. He did not get up.

A man came to us. "I saw every bit of that," he avowed. "Who is this big bully? He got exactly what he deserved." He glanced at me. "I'll never know how you did it."

I refrained from telling the strange man that neither would I ever know how it happened. The story of my deed spread. Boys of the upper grades began to respect me. I heard whispers of my prowess. Somewhere we found boxing-gloves. Opposition could not come too big for me.

One afternoon, I encountered an uninvited combat with a boy from another school. I emerged a winner. He had cried quits. My brother Walter and myself started toward home. The boy I had fought and one or two of his friends began shouting at us from a short distance away. The boy held a short length of iron pipe, in his hand. He called us names. We offered them further belligerence, which was tauntingly declined. We turned our backs on them and continued toward home.

The boy hurled the pipe at us. He skidded it along the slippery sidewalk. The sawed end of the pipe contacted head-on with my heel. I recall an excruciating pain. There was a delirious taunt from the boys. We set out after them but I could not run well. We did not overtake them.

I swore Walter to secrecy be-

cause I feared the results of reporting another combat. In the dead of night the pain roused me. My heel was swollen and red. Infection of some sort set in. I was crippled for three weeks. Once or twice consultations were held and vaguely I knew that my trouble was serious.

For this I was deeply thankful. All the pain was more than worthwhile. I got more attention at home than I had ever had before. It was, probably, merely a different type of attention. During my illness and subsequent recuperation I came first.

The first time I was allowed downstairs to dine, I thought would be a family event. Quite the contrary eventuated. During dinner, Father remarked, "I hope this has been a lesson to you. You've had the whole house in a turmoil for weeks. Fighting for nothing certainly brought you something, and us too!" Father, the crusader.

The first job I ever had was office boy to a lawyer. I determined then to be a lawyer. I am a lawyer. The way has been fraught with detours, but I got there finally.

I read a sign once, the wording surrounded by decorations showing a bounding main, a swaying palm tree, a group of Chinese in their native land. There was also a sailor waving a flag with a yellow background and a black square. I was sure I could do that.

"See the world!" said this sign.

Well, I did. Much of it I saw through a porthole, but I saw it.

There, in the postoffice building, I submitted to physical examination, signed a few papers and so became a sailor. What I so

by **Charles Francis Coe**

casually signed that day was a quit claim on my childhood.

With a hand full of papers, I set out for the training station at Newport, Rhode Island. At Newport, I was appointed boy petty officer in charge of Barracks A. During our quarantine period, one of the fellows got angry about something and said I was hiding behind my petty officer authority. We went behind the barracks and staged a fight that lasted better than an hour. Our Chief, Benson, watched from a barracks' window and let the whole squad miss a drill period. We who fought were both battered no end.

After an hour of battling, my opponent went down a dozen times before finally he remained there.

"I'll be back," he muttered. "Lemme have a drink of water . . . This fight ain't over . . ."

Benson called from his window. "The fight's over. You're licked. In the Navy, we fight like men. Coe, help him up. Now, shake hands and mean it."

It was a rugged life but a good one. Throughout my enlistment, men with whom I made liberties exerted every friendly help to keep me from dissipation. They were constantly betting their money that I would win fights. It was distinctly a business proposition with them to see that I kept in top condition. My position was unique. I was a privileged spectator at a procession of life in the raw, and I paid nothing for my seat.

Shortly after my honorable discharge, at the age of 21, I was married. It did not take. There should be opprobrium attached

neither way. My daughter Betty was born. I drifted from job to job. In 1918, my son, Alan, was born.

Then I began to sell a fair portion of the things I wrote. An editor who was publishing some of my stories at that time, Bob Davis, told me to look up Ben Ames Williams, in Boston. Something in Ben enthused me about writing. Instead of returning to business, I went back to New York, took an apartment, bought a typewriter. My wife and I long since had agreed that we were incompatible.

Without a thought in the world but writing, in 1925 I settled in New York. Here was a business with no investment, no turn-over, no "hours." Once I wrote half a novel on a single Sunday.

THE SPEAKEASY ERA! I never sold a drop of liquor in my life but I made a fortune out of Prohibition. At first I favored Prohibition; I thought it would do what so sorely needed to be done. Very quickly I discovered that it would do exactly the opposite.

One day in Boston an old boxing opponent took me to a place called the Pickwick Club. I met all the boys there.

One in particular was later sentenced for life for a hold-up killing. He was convicted of a murder he never committed. This was not fiction, this was life in the raw. Each night I gathered there in the Pickwick Club. I gained the confidence of a hundred men, both from the upper and the lower worlds. I wrote of them as they were, and they were proud that I did.

There it was that I saw cokey

little gunmen rise from the alleys where they had taken root to the status of boulevardiers; from poverty to gaudy riches, all on the sale of booze sold through bribery and corruption. There the acorn whence sprang the gangster era.

On the night of one July third, I had taken passage on the midnight train from Boston to New York. I dropped into the Pickwick Club. I remained there until eight minutes before twelve.

As I walked through Grand Central Station in New York next morning, I picked up a newspaper. Glaring headlines told me that the Pickwick Club had collapsed at twelve-five the preceding evening, just 13 minutes after I left the place.

Within two years, two of the biggest of the "big shots" in New York were punks I had met in the Pickwick. Alky cooks were making a fortune with their slow poison. When murder became an implement of commerce, I thought the time had come to call a halt.

My first year as a fiction writer for pulp magazines netted me something like 37 thousand dollars. Then the lady who now is my wife suggested that it might not be a bad idea to make writing my profession. The best way to start, she said, was to take enough time with something I had written.

After that, I aimed at the *Saturday Evening Post*. I wrote *Classics of a Ring Collection*. It was in six parts and the *Post* bought it. I had prepared several articles on the crime situation and these the *Post* also bought. But few cared about what they said. The gangster, the money murderer and the corrupt

politician continued to multiply. I told George Horace Lorimer of these things. Finally, I conceived the idea of putting the truth in fictional form. I wrote *Me, Gangster*. It was an immense hit.

One of the purposes of *Me, Gangster* was to show that, just as the public was willing to scoff at law in fulfilment of its own desires, so was the criminal eager and willing to do likewise. The result was that lack of respect for the Prohibition law quickly engendered a lack of respect for all laws. My second of the long series was *The River Pirate*.

In all these tales I wrote but one sequel. That was a tale called *Vigilante* and it was a sequel to *Showdown*. I was in Rome when *Showdown* appeared on the newsstands. At its conclusion, I began getting cables from Lorimer. The purpose of *Showdown* was to indicate how little chance an honest police commissioner had against the political forces of a great city. It achieved that purpose so completely that readers were bombarding the *Post* with inquiries as to what could be done to cure conditions.

Thus came *Vigilante*, which showed the breaking of the boss and gang rule by average people of determination and courage.

Probably the most important of my yarns was one called *Pay-Off*. The story grew out of the following experience:

After one of the particularly insolent gang depredations in Chicago, a leader of that community asked me to meet with a group of Chicago's outstanding men that ways and means might be for-

mulated to stop rampant crime. When I arrived in Chicago, I went into conference. My host said, "Frank Loesch wants half a million dollars for the Chicago Crime Commission. I have invited 16 men to dinner tonight. They'll give the money if convinced of the need."

That evening the luck was my way. Loesch introduced me, saying, "Now, Socker, take the lid off. What we want is facts."

"Those," I said, "are simple. You are all devoted to your city. You are all rich. Give the Commission the money it wants. After that is done, I'll show you the way to put your big, bad man in prison for four thousand dollars."

I had plenty of offers for the four thousand. There in a private dining room of one of the big clubs we entered into a bargain. That settled, I pointed out how evasion of income tax payment could be invoked to lock up the lord of liquor, the rajah of rackets and the god of gangrenous gold. After necessary evidence was safe in the hands of the federal government, I wrote *Pay-Off* to show how it had been done.

Out of the story based upon the police upset in Philadelphia rose perhaps the most sensational occurrence of my writing experience. The story was called *Hooch*. It centered around a typical bootleg gang with a set of crooked cops playing ball with the bootleggers. The story *Hooch* was appearing on the news-stands and had reached the fifth of six installments. In that fifth installment a wholesale slaughter of gunmen took place.

The Chief, crack train of the

Santa Fé, was pulling into Chicago with me on board returning from Hollywood. I had by wire pre-arranged a luncheon with General Charles G. Dawes. Whenever I passed through Chicago I had the delight of these little luncheons, interspersed with the most delightful conversations, generally harking back to a fishing trip to New Mexico I had made with the General and a group of friends.

I went into the diner with Chicago but a short distance ahead.

"Damndest thing I ever heard of," the steward declared loudly to another passenger. "They took it right from the story . . . word for word . . . a story called *Hooch* . . . *Saturday Evening Post*."

I motioned to him.

"I unavoidably overheard your conversation," I explained. "I'm also reading that story *Hooch*. What about it?"

"Why," he said, "they killed 'em! Seven of 'em! Yesterday. . . . Saint Valentine's Day. . . . In a garage. . . . Exactly the same thing. . . . Only they killed seven instead of only four. . . ."

He spread before me the ghastly headlines. In typical fashion, the newspapers had played up the similarity of detail between the fictional version I gave in advance and the actual killings.

General Dawes was deeply stirred by events. He had a righteous indignation against the sort of thing which Chicago then was undergoing and a genuine affection for me. I explained briefly my reaction then, and that reaction has not changed. First, I agreed to settle for one gold medal, in spite

of the fact that seven thugs had been planted. Second, I stated that I was not in the least certain that the killers had not utilized my idea for detail, but stated quite frankly that my writings necessarily were prophetic because they dealt in actual conditions which must inevitably serve as causes for such developments as the slaughter. Third, I was ready to assume responsibility for the idea if the proper persons showed equal alacrity in assuming responsibility for the presence of the booze drop which was the scene of the crime, the political protection which had made such gangs possible, and the general disregard of law which could spring only from the futility of its enforcement. There ensued a satisfactory silence.

To do what I had to do in gathering my factual information for writing was simple in one sense and involved in another. I had to contact the crooks and gain a degree of their confidence. I had to do the same with the police.

To provide a common meeting-ground, I rented an office in one of the largest office buildings in uptown New York. I picked one above reproach, busy enough so that a person entering it would not attract undue attention. I had a large private room overlooking Broadway and the Hudson River. The entryway was sufficiently wide for me to erect a wall dividing it. This wall completely enclosed a long narrow room the presence of which none would suspect. That room I turned into a bar.

In the big room I did my writing. Some very amusing and some

very dramatic people filled the procession to my office during the early 1930's.

One morning my chauffeur greeted me with, "They're after this Jack 'Legs' Diamond now. They want him in connection with some new murder."

Shortly after nine I was in the office. The door opened. My secretary, Rose Berghorn, got up, went to meet the caller.

He entered the private office. It was Jack Legs Diamond. His eyes fastened on the bar door.

"That's a little bar I have," I said. "Want a drink?"

"No. Open the door, will you?"

I unlocked the door and we stepped inside.

"Quite a layout. I guess I might have a little snort, at that." He drank a Scotch straight and his hand trembled as he did so.

"I got a steer to you," he said. "I might take it on the chin comin' here. But I gotta have help, see. I got plenty in the damper, but I can't get to the damper. I finally sneaked out. I gotta have a few C's till this blows over. If I get back to my spot, they'll never find me. It's groceries I need. Food."

I thought that over. Parts of it I did not believe. I knew that under no circumstances would I give him money. On the other hand, under no circumstances could I risk destroying the contacts I had with his world.

"Are you goin' to go for it, or not?" queried Legs.

"No. In the first place, I haven't any cash on me, Legs. In the second, I wouldn't aid a fugitive from justice. If you'll tell me the

groceries you want, I'll have them sent to you, or your friend can call for them. They'll be paid for."

An incredulous sneer wreathed his thin lips. "They told me you was a wise guy. Think I'm passin' out addresses?"

"There's no other way . . ."

There came a soft tapping at the door. Legs galvanized. An accusation sprang to his lips.

"Don't be a mugg," I begged him. "There's been no tip-off. Here, duck in the bar."

Rose opened the outer door. Behind it stood a lieutenant of the New York Police Department, Criminal Investigation Department. The smile never left his face but his eye seemed cold as it roved over the room and came to rest on the bar door. "It ain't often," he said, "that I drink in the morning. But today..."

"Today," I said, "you can drink elsewhere. Go on. I'm not kidding. I'm busy as hell."

"There's somebody in there?" he said, jerking his head at the bar.

"The big Sherlock?" I asked, feigning surprise. "Mebbe it's Mahatma Gandhi."

"Open it, Socker."

It was a showdown. I pondered that. I dreaded with an infinite dread Legs' arrest in my office. It would put me in a false light before both upper and underworld. I was innocent of any wilful part in this mess. I was victimized completely.

"Fair's fair," I suggested. "Will you trust me?"

"With anything."

"Then listen. If you've got a straight steer, I'll admit things and open up. If not, you be a sport and move along. Come back in an hour

and I'll tell you who it was if you guess wrong."

"I'll take you up," he smiled. "It's Joe Bailey."

He must have seen the relief in my eyes. "Wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong, pal. Wrong as hell. Now scram. Come back in an hour. I'll tell you then."

I opened the bar door after he had gone. Legs was there, crouched. Together we took a drink. He handed me a slip with his address. "Enough for a week, anyway."

He waited 15 minutes, then left. To the best of my knowledge and belief, he found his path unimpeded. It was not long before the police found him. Then, I think he surrendered. As I remember it, I got one of the orderlies or waiters at a club to order large quantities of essentials and deliver them as indicated on the paper.

WHEN SHARKEY and Schmeling were matched, William F. Carey was president of Madison Square Garden. Nine days before the fight, he told me that the advance sale indicated a complete "bloomer." Was there, he wanted to know, anything I could think of to do about things?

Well, there was. It seemed to me that a check-up on the stifled publicity of the fight clearly showed that the press was "off" the contest. I went to Deac Aylesworth, then president of the National Broadcasting System.

"Deac," I said, "give me time on the air for this fight. Let's show the papers that radio can take a dead issue and burn the country with it in nine days. I'll announce each pro-

gram myself. Deac, it's a natural."

I got Jim Corbett, Benny Leonard, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Jimmie Bronson, and a few others, to start with. In three days the fight was the talk of the town. The fight played to short of half a million dollars. The decision went to Sharkey.

A VERY DEAR friend, Leon Errol, telephoned me from Boston that *Fioretta*, a show in which he was starring, was in its final week.

"Lee, General Dawes is Ambassador to the Court of Saint James—and that don't mean the night court," I said. "He's been asking me to come over and visit him. What say?"

"Send for the porter," Leon snapped. "We'll take the *Leviathan* the next trip she makes."

So we did.

We landed at Southampton and took the boat train. The General's car met us and drove us to the Embassy. The General was in the study eagerly waiting our arrival. He never had met Leon, but with two such men, that was corrected within 30 seconds.

This social invasion of the Empire occurred just after the financial crash in our own country, 1929 or 1930. General Dawes is one of the keenest men I ever have met. He has a "grass-root" philosophy which is typically American. His philosophy, I think, coupled with the Ambassador's realization that the British Empire was incipiently possessed of sleeping sickness, impelled him to various nonsensical gestures with a much deeper meaning than anyone then realized.

I believe that Winston Churchill

saw what Dawes was doing. I am sure Ramsay MacDonald understood. Dawes was trying to get the eye of aristocracy off the grandstand and onto the ball.

The Astors had been in attendance at dinner at the U. S. Embassy the evening before our Cliveden visit. To many people this dinner was a shocking thing. To me, it was two other things. First, it was another evidence of the struggle of Dawes to rouse a lethargic people threatened by their own lethargy. Second, it was the greatest performance ever given by an actor.

It began with a suggestion from the Ambassador that we have a stag dinner at which the notables of the Empire would be in attendance and Leon would act as second butler, to the ensuing discomfiture of the guests.

A lady member of the Spanish royalty learned from General Dawes of this proposed stag dinner. She immediately insisted that ladies be included. To this the Ambassador, always gallant, acceded. When we learned of it, our best efforts were futile in dissuading him.

So we had the dinner. Amid a tinkling and shimmering and stalking that was breathtaking, the powers of the Empire arrived at Fourteen Prince's Gate West. The Prime Minister and the Spanish princess alone were in on the secret of Leon's part. I was to be the butt of Leon's fumbling. Seated on my left was Lady Astor. On my right Mlle. de Fleurian, daughter of the Ambassador from France.

I found myself missing a necessary fork. Lady Astor noticed my difficulty and paused. Leon leaned

over my shoulder and said, "Ow, what a pity! 'Arf a 'mo. I'll 'ave you fixed prime an' right."

Lady Astor's eyes rose in expressive arcs. At exactly the moment the course was being removed, Leon appeared with my fork. Lady Astor spoke sharply to him.

"My man, the course is being removed. Why did you not bring the fork immediately?"

This time he spoke loudly. "Ow, course h'over, ay? Well," reaching for the dish before me, "then you'll not be needin' the fork!"

There have been many exaggerated tales told of that dinner. I have heard that Leon dropped port on the Prime Minister's shirtfront, an entrée in the rear of royalty's chair. All this is nonsense. Leon is an artist. He never overplayed.

As a matter of fact, the guests never did tumble to what was going on.

Frenzied, Lady Astor insisted that I "do something." "Our hostess hasn't noticed. It is tragic. It will ruin all of us, Mister Socker," she pleaded. "We're Americans."

By sheer timing and mastery of every trick of the comedian, the dinner had progressed almost to conclusion and, though I had been served every course, I had been unable to get a mouthful of food. Then Leon seized the pyramided, fabulous china. He started for the huge screen at the end of the room, cutting loose the famous Errol knee. He tottered, weaved, twisted, sank toward the floor but never quite reached it. We saw him reach the edge of the screen, lurch behind it. Then came the crash.

I knew that Leon had merely

dropped some kitchen china back of the screen.

"My man," Dawes growled, "how long have you been with me?"

"Abaht two weeks, sir."

"In my country," Dawes said, "we don't believe in dismissing a man for his first mistake. I'll give you another chance. See that white-haired fellow down at the end of the table?" He pointed broadly at the Prime Minister of England.

"That cove?" Leon asked.

"That's the one. If you can go down there and pour him a glass of water without getting either of you into trouble, I'll not dismiss you."

"That's an easy," Errol chanted.

One or two at table were on the verge of flight or collapse. Dawes took the situation in typical fashion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you have had an experience. This is one of the world's great artists of the stage. I present to you my dear friend and treasured house guest, Mr. Leon Errol. Leon, pull up a chair beside the Prime Minister there and we'll get you something to eat."

The dinner, then, and now, was not a success from a social standpoint. I have heard of it in the various continental countries, always to its detriment.

ALONG ABOUT 1933 or 1932 Grantland Rice Clarence Budington Kelland, Tommy Armour and myself were in the locker-room of the Deepdale Golf Club on Long Island following a round of golf. Ed Hutton approached us.

"I've got to have some help," he said flatly. "I let them talk me into

the general charimanship of the Salvation Army Drive. Half a million dollars has got to be raised. What I want is a spectacular stunt to start the ball rolling."

From some strange place where ideas germinate, I got a flash.

"Ed," I said, "what you want is something never before done. For several years now, people the world over have been tuning on their radios. Millions of people know the voices of radio personalities. *But they've never seen their faces.* Let's get Madison Square Garden from Bill Carey. Let's get Deac Aylesworth to stage a Radioland and materialize for the world the voices they've grown to love. Hell, it would be the greatest show ever produced."

Out of that grew Radioland. Three thousand, three hundred-odd artists appeared in person. We began by having Deac Aylesworth introduce Al Smith and Jimmie Walker as the Amos 'n Andy of politics. There were 23 thousand people inside the Garden and twice as many outside, where voices were carried over loud-speakers."

I CONCEIVED the idea of writing the life of Jack Dempsey. I talked with Lorimer and he liked the idea. I arranged a series of conferences between Dempsey and Lorimer and they clicked at once. But there was discussion about the serial's actual money value. Lorimer was not a man easy to bargain with.

All these things I explained to Dempsey. We agreed that I should do the talking and he stand in the background as the resistant force against any price lesser than we thought was top the freight would

bear. To Jack, I said: "Agree to nothing until I say the word. I will agree to my end of it but you must hold out for more. Then, whatever excess they pay you, we can split."

Lorimer's original offer was generous. But I suggested certain upward revisions on the ground that I would be put to considerable expense getting the material and necessarily must split fifty-fifty with Jack. To these suggestions Lorimer agreed and went up ten thousand.

Finally, I arranged another luncheon. Lorimer, Costain, Dempsey and I sat ourselves in the private dining room of the Curtis Company overlooking Independence Square in Philadelphia and the big financial sparring match was on.

There was much friendly banter. Jack and I had arranged that he was to stand pat for ten thousand more but not actually close the door to acceptance of the present offer.

Neither of us realized the skill of the man we were trying to outsmart. At the height of our vulnerability, he said amiably to Jack, "I presume the price arrangements are satisfactory to you. We feel that we have been generous."

"I figgered," Jack said, "that Socker is the greatest writer in the world, but I done the fightin'. It's the fightin' that'll make the story. I ought to get more than him."

"That," said Lorimer, "is something you can settle between yourselves. The price we are to pay, then, is settled?"

"I'd like to think about it," Jack said.

"Take all the time you want," Lorimer smiled. "But I thought the purpose of this gathering was to

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settle matters. It is on that basis that we would feel warranted in proceeding. Think all you want."

We had been beautifully outsmarted for the moment. Then Jack made one of the greatest remarks it has been my lot to hear. With those jet eyes fastened squarely upon Lorimer, he said, "Okay, I'll do that. But you see, Mr. Lorimer, I'm physical, I ain't mental."

Costain roared, so did Lorimer, so did I.

I capitalized the moment. "Boss," I said, "we've done a lot of business together and whether we do anything with this hunch or not, we'll do lots more. I'm very anxious to do this story. If you'll make a concession, it will contribute just that much to an enthusiastic attitude on Jack's part as we work together. Give him five thousand more than you give me, and I think he'll go."

"If that suits Socker," Jack grunted, "it suits me."

"All right, gentlemen, hop to it," Lorimer laughed, "We are agreed."

It is my judgment that Eddie Rickenbacker is the outstanding American hero. Time and time again Eddie laid his life on the altar of death-defying aerial combats but he did what he did for his country, not for his reputation.

ONE EVENING in 1933 we dined at the Rickenbacker home in Bronxville. At the table, Adelaide, Eddie's wife, said suddenly: "Socker, I've exactly the job for you. You see, I'm having a lovely leather volume bound. It contains all Eddie's citations from the various governments, and his medals as well. I want you to name it for us."

"I've already suggested *Hooley*," Eddie grunted.

Later, Adelaide secured the new volume and brought also the citations and medals which would give it substance. Eddie turned, caught them from the table and regarded the double handful he possessed. Suddenly he dropped the medals upon the bridge table in disarray.

"It would be a better world," he said slowly, "if nobody ever got a medal. Not that I don't appreciate the idea and the kindness. It's just all wrong. . . . They'd be better off," he nodded toward the stairs his two children had mounted, "if they never saw the damned medals. Medals make cannon fodder. I've seen it. I know. I was at the air races in Cleveland the other day. Before a hundred thousand people I had to walk to the center of that great field and shake hands with the German ace, Udet."

"I was thinking of the days I chased that bird over France figuring on a way to shoot him down. Had I been able to do that, Socker, I would have got a medal as big as the garage door."

"But here we stood shaking hands, Udet and I, while the very people who had cheered me on to kill him, cheered us both as we stood. I thought, here is this guy Udet. Why not shoot him now? What's the difference? He's the same bird he was then, and so am I. Had I done these things, they would have sent me to the electric chair. But, unless I miss my guess, it won't be long now till they're offering medals again for Mr. Udet. . . . And I've two little boys upstairs that tomorrow will be gun-

fodder age. I'd give them gladly enough if I could see just what the hell makes such giving necessary."

I turned to Adelaide. "I've a title for your book," I grunted. Call it, "*C'est la Guerre*."

At risk of his personal displeasure, I want to write briefly of the man I believe to be the greatest flier alive. James H. Doolittle, when first I knew him, was a shavetail lieutenant with the heart and head of a field marshal. Jimmie is an amazing guy. He has, in addition to his talents for flying and engineering, a sense of humor which scintillates, a serious side that will serve our land in fabulous measure as the present world crisis develops.

Were I to attempt to list the "firsts" that are credited to Jimmie's name, virtually the rest of this volume might well be consumed. I shall refrain because once, when Lorimer had agreed to purchase an article by Jimmie and me, Jimmie kicked the whole scheme in the face at the first reading because I had been so indiscreet as to mention merely that he had been a flier quite a long time and was the first to go from coast to coast within a 24 hour period. Mentioning anything which Jimmie has accomplished is akin to slapping his face.

"When I drop into an airport," he said once, "I meet the boys. They help me all the time and I try to help them. There is a hell of a lot more to aviation than just flying a ship. The man who flies it is no more important than the men who do the other parts. Write about them."

If I had to pick a man to head the aviation branches of our service

in a time of emergency, I would create a Secretary for Air, and to it appoint Major James H. Doolittle, birdman supreme.

I BEGAN TO spend more time in Florida. I told Cindy that I was going to build my home there. I sketched the house I wanted built at Hobe Sound.

Stained in natural weather-beaten color, "The Hut" stands on about nine acres of land, one side of which is white ocean beach and the other lake shore on the inland waterway from the north. The rest is Florida jungle, cleared only for the buildings, a wide lawn and a driveway. Cindy never saw the place until I drove her into it for occupancy. She loved it as dearly as I did.

At night, I studied law. I had been watching various young men of the profession and decided upon one known as Evans Crary. He practiced in the small town of Stuart, some 17 miles north of The Hut. Finally I made a deal with Evans. We tackled together the Florida Constitution, Statutes and Rules of Procedure.

One other younger man of the State had impressed me. He is Kenneth Ballinger. At that time he was political editor of the Miami *Herald*. I got him to study with us. Soon, I knew, would come the end of ambition's trail. After 30 years of planning, I would make my great try at qualification for law.

In due course, during the summer of 1937, that imposing envelope announcing that my application and check had been received, that the examinations would be held

at Tallahassee, Florida, arrived.

When a man past forty starts cramming on anything as technical as the law and taking examinations of two-day duration to show his stuff, he knows what weariness can be. But I had determination. I had a strong constitution. My preliminary answers sufficed to have my application granted. I received instructions to interview the Honorable N. Vernon Hawthorne, member of the Examining Board from my district.

I met Mr. Hawthorne with a certain amount of trepidation. Before long, I found him probing without any evidence of the probe. We became friends.

The next time I saw Hawthorne was when the examinations pended. Evans and Tally, his wife, Cindy and myself motored to Tallahassee.

The examination was held in the chamber of the legislature and there was a class in excess of 40 applicants. The questions were passed out. I read them. There was not one single one that at first reading I could understand, much less answer. Not one.

To myself, I whispered, "It's only law. Read them over again."

Light began to appear. I knew the answer. Or thought I did. That gave me confidence. I read the second, and had better luck again. I began to write. As I wrote, I gained confidence. Writing is my medium, naturally, and thoughts concentrate by habit when I begin penning them. The afternoon session was a little easier for me. Next morning about the same.

There came a wait of six dreary weeks, or perhaps seven. One Sat-

urday I got a telephone call from Ken Ballinger.

"They are going to announce the winners on Monday. I'm told they send those who passed a telegram."

Monday morning came. Ballinger called me again. He had received his wire. I spent a dreary day. At four there was a telephone call. It was my friend at Western Union in Stuart. He said, "We have a wire for you, Mr. Coe. It has been delayed in transmission."

"Never mind the delay," I gurgled, "read the wire."

I was a lawyer.

SHORTLY AFTER my practice began, and I meant it to be strictly a civil practice, a ghastly crime roused the nation. Little "Skeegie" Cash, golden-haired tot of a successful, home-loving South Florida family had disappeared. A ransom note had been found. In two technical fashions, this affected my affairs. First, I had long cooperated with the sheriffs of the State in the solution of crimes. Second, the president of the State Bar Association had appointed me chairman of a strong committee to examine into the public relations of the fraternity and ferret out the causes of unjust criticism leveled at the profession.

Franklin Pierce McCall was apprehended and charged with the kidnaping. He confessed. While McCall was in the death house at the State Farm at Raiford, Vernon Hawthorne and I journeyed there to question him. We sought not particularly to ascertain his guilt, but rather why he had done it.

We went to the death house and questioned this killer of a defenseless

babe. I paid a penalty for my interest in that crime. Because I had been so active, I was asked by interests I could not disregard to witness the execution of McCall.

Revulsion assailed me poignantly. Damon Runyon and I drove to the prison in the early morning. We pass through the gate of the prison and walk to Chap's office.

"There was no official postponement," Chap explains, for the press is there drinking in every word and the case is international "news." In an aside he tells me that he has been requested to set a later date in the week during which the law stipulated execution. "I have set it for next Friday at this same time," Chap says.

I knew deep relief. I pretended regret that I would be unable to return the following Friday.

"The other fellow will go," Chap said. "You can witness that." My heart sank. I looked at Damon.

So we start, Chap's hand inside my arm, Damon a step behind. Out into the sunshine again; excessively bright, it now seems.

"It will not be bad, Socker," Chap says. "You will be surprised how simply and quickly it is done."

In the center of an enclosure lies the death cell block. From the bright, green grass and clear sunlight we step into a rectangular room. The walls are white and the floor concrete. Directly beside a window is "the chair." Chap stands at my shoulder. In a corner a man has a black helmet in his hands, and a sponge, and a bucket.

A man appears in the doorway that is open from the condemned cell. He is a little man; almost a

shrunken man. His head is shaved. He sat in the chair. Guards stepped to his side. They gathered straps and electrodes and these they fastened tight about his arms and his legs. His eyes roved about the room, the gaze lingering nowhere. Once he saw the striped men at the window and he regarded them intently; long enough for me to conclude that he was not regarding them at all but was seeing the sky, the sunlight and the grass, and perhaps, even the mocking-bird beyond them.

A fly circled about his face. He moved his right side as though to lift his hand and drive away the fly. His arm was strapped. A guard snatched at the fly. Surprisingly enough, he caught it. In his palm he crushed it, then dropped it to the floor. The man in the chair said, "Thank you." Life was cheap enough, surely. The whole thing seemed suddenly relative.

Now the sloshing in the bucket ceased. A black helmet was slipped over the head of the man in the chair. The guards settled the helmet firmly against the shoulders, tightened a wing nut in the crown, fastened a chin strap against the man in the chair.

Then there was a mechanical click. Then a loud hum. The wheel turned. The man in the chair rose upward against those straps. His throat turned slightly pink and the cords of his neck stood out. Then he sagged slowly back. Then his body rose again against the straps. Then he sagged again and there recurred the mechanical click and the red light on the panel near the wheel blinked out. Symbolic. The doctor stepped to the man in the

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by Charles Francis Coe

chair. He slipped a stethoscope into the open shirt front and said, "This man is dead."

I had seen him die. He died simply, on prearranged schedule by mechanized perfection. I had seen it all. And I was unshaken. There was no horror. I do think executions should be held privately, without publicity of details, and in the daylight amid sunshine, clean air and birds that chirp merrily while killing beetles and butterflies.

We must all die. Compared to the deaths the man in the chair meted out, his was infinitely preferable. Compared with the lingering deaths of some ailments, his was inexpressibly kinder.

IN 1942, I WENT to New York. I talked with Will Hays; with J. Robert Rubin, Austin Keough and Joseph Hazen, Lawyer's Committee of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. On April first, 1942, I became assistant to Mr. Hays and general coun-

sel of the Association. A few months later I was elected vice-president and general counsel. Those titles I hold still.

Life has surrounded me. I am of the world, a chip adrift from a hearthstone. To me life has been a robust adventure, a constant challenge and beckon, an incessant unfoldment of the new.

At fourteen I went on my own. At seventeen I enlisted in the U. S. Navy. At twenty-one I was discharged, and earned no small amounts of money as a boxer between 1911 and 1915. At thirty I was branch manager of an automobile factory. At thirty-five I was a successful fiction writer. At forty I was a highly paid writer and scenarist in Hollywood. At forty-five I began the practice of law. Mostly I have overcome competition by doing things others never tried, where there was no competition. It has been a good life because it has been a hard one. I have loved it. I love it still.

It's Time for the Coronet Story Teller!

For everyone who likes a good story, well told, the Coronet Story Teller brings five minutes of fascinating entertainment, five nights a week. No matter what your particular taste in stories is, you'll find one to your liking on the Coronet Story Teller's nightly program. Drama, adventure, mystery, romance, surprise . . . they're all present in the offerings of the Coronet Story Teller.

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**June
Round Table
Roundup**

With the Wagner-Murray-Dingell health bill exciting wide-spread comment, *Coronet* asked its readers "Should Medical Care Be Available to All Regardless of Ability To Pay?"—to which question 89 per cent of our readers replied "Yes." "The health of our citizens is one of our most important natural resources and one for which the government must assume responsibility, if private facilities fail to," ran the majority opinion letters, which cited the high rejection rate of men by the armed forces—for reasons of health deficiencies—as proof that the nation's health is not up to standard. That such a plan is one

"which does not underestimate the value of a single man." The government, they felt, is just as responsible for the health of its citizens as it is for the schooling of its children, and private philanthropy has failed to provide adequate care for the needy.

An 11 per cent minority felt that government health services would "foster lack of family responsibility"; "that the plan was one that would turn doctors into mere government clerks, standardize medical care and take away personal responsibility between doctor and patient."

They were also of the opinion that it would tax the few for the benefit of the many, and be inimical to our system of free enterprise.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR JUNE

For the best letters on "Should Medical Care Be Available to All Regardless of Ability To Pay?", first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Dr. J. Nedelman of Los Angeles, Cal.; second prize of \$50 to S. E. B. Tottman, R.C.A.F., of Charlottetown, Canada; third prize of \$25 to Victor Weldon of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and prizes of \$5 each to W. J. McKeehan of Baltimore, Md.; Virginia Leverette of Weatherford, Texas; William Rounsley of Harrisburg, Pa.; Pharmacist's Mate Arthur Emmes, Farragut, Idaho; and Herman M. Schwartz of Swarthmore, Pa.

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The Coronet Round Table

Is Spanking Necessary?

An opinion by Channing Pollock, playwright, novelist and author of "Harvest of My Years"

THE MORE I COME into contact with modern youth, the more I regret that nowadays both the paternal hairbrush and the paternal heir are so rarely turned bottom side up. My ultra-progressive friends will be horrified at this old-fashioned view. But I ask them why the era of "spare the rod and spoil the child" produced so fine a race of men and women, while the fruits of the newer theory appear to be less dependable.

Naturally, where the force of example can replace the force of the right arm, so much the better. And



I certainly do not advocate actual flogging under any circumstances. But a slap or two from the rear inflicts no injury—and the threat of it may very often do away with the necessity for it.

J. Edgar Hoover points out that failure on the part of parents to punish their children is fairly sure to result in more painful punishment from other sources later in life. We have chosen a very poor time indeed in which to abandon the only form of punishment no child can misunderstand—a well placed smack at the seat of the trouble.

200 Dollars for the Best Letters on This Subject!

Modern youth has been the despair of every generation. The flappers of the Mad Twenties or the dashing blades of the Gay Nineties were the "lost generations" of their day, yet both were reared in fear of the rod. Do you agree with Channing Pollock that an occasional smacking is a good thing, or do you take your stand with the non-spankers? For the best letter of 200 words or less, Coronet will pay 100 dollars. Second best will net 50 dollars, 25 dollars to the third and for the five next best, five dollars each. September 25th is the deadline, and all entries should be addressed to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Frederic Wakeman (p. 141)



Charles Francis Coe (p. 151)



Aiken Welch (p. 126)



Emil Ludwig (p. 18)

Between These Covers

- ... *Shore Leave* is ad-man Frederic Wakeman's first and last fiction work, since he "doubts he'll have time to do another." He wrote his novel about fliers-on-leave while recuperating from a stretch of Pacific duty . . . "Socker" Coe, whose gangland and prize ring yarns have been avidly followed by the millions, tells why his life has packed "Never a Dull Moment," a book about his own wordy career . . . Aiken Welch spends her time these days being a doctor's wife. She used to cover Paris openings for a New York journal . . . Emil Ludwig, German-born biographer of great men, now devotes his writing-time to the problems of "How To Treat the Germans After Defeat."

